IOANNES OWENVS CAMBRO BRITANNVS OXONIENSIS.

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John Owen's

LATINE

EPIGRAMS

Engliſhed By

THO. HARVEY, Gent.

Dedicated

By the Author Mr. *John Owen*

unto the Lady *Mary Nevil*,

Daughter of the Earl

of *DORSET.*

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere— Horat. de Arte Poet.

Licenſed *May* 25. 1677. *Roger L' Eſtrange.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Robert White*, for *Nevil Simmons* at the Sign of the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and *Thomas Sawbridge* at the three Flower de Luces in *Little-Britain*. 1677.

THE LATINE EPIGRAMS OF John Owen,

LATE

One of the Fellows of *New Colledge* in OXFORD.

Rendred into Engliſh by

Thomas Harvey, Gent. Once a Commoner in the Colledge at *Wincheſter*; Both Colledges being Founded and Indowed by *William Wickam*, heretofore Biſhop of *Winton*, in *Anno Dom.* 1389. *Anno* 12°. *Richardi ſecundi Regis Angliæ.*

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori. Horat.

LONDON,
Printed by *Robert White*, for *Nevil Simons* at the Sign of the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and for *Thomas Sawbridge* at the Three *Flower-de-Luces* in *Little-Britain*. 1677.

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Anno 1[illegible] Richardi Secundi Regis Angliæ.

Digitum in dictum Mosaicum mori. Horat.

LONDON,

Printed by [illegible] for Regis Stranger, Sign of the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Church-yard, and for [illegible] at the Three Pigeons [illegible] in Little-Britain. 1577.

To Mr. *Thomas Harvey* upon his Tranſlation of *Owen*'s Epigrams.

VVHo could divine a Branch ſo old could bring
Such ſpecious Bloſſoms as might ſuit the Spring
Of youths beſt Fancy? for here ſtand at vye
The Cream of wit, and Oyl of Induſtry.
I wonder how this Engliſh Muſe could ſink
Into Owens *depths, into each hole and chink*
Of his hid ſenſe: Sure All thy year is May,
And owns no darkneſs; For I needs muſt ſay
When I read Owen; *I conceiv'd each part*
Of his Laconick Epigrams ſo ſmart,
So ſharp, ſo ſhort, ſo comprehenſive, that
No Engliſh Genius could it adequate.
Pardon my Country, that my Thoughts ſo rov'd
And undervalu'd Thee; For here 'tis prov'd,
An Engliſh Pen makes That inventive Brain,
For all its intricate Conceits, ſo plain
That now each Epigram, each Riddle lies
Anatomiz'd to All unclouded eyes.
His Criticiſmes diſſected and made bare,
And ſo Diaphanous, that now They are
(Although not word for word, yet ſenſe for ſenſe)
Unriddled, and with ſuch quaint Eloquence,
That as I read Both, I could ſwear almoſt
That Harvey's *Muſe conſulted* Owen's *Ghoſt;*
For but Compare Them, and you'l cenſure, that
Harvey *hath hit what* Owen *aimed at.*

David Lochard.

To Mr. *Thomas Harvey* of his Engliſhing *Owen*'s Latine Epigrams.

Smooth Ogleby *for* Virgil; Sandys *won*
The Garland, what for Ovid *he hath done.*
And Martial's *Epigrams hath* Fletcher *dreſt*
In Engliſh Garb: Horace *is ſo expreſt*
By divers Perſons, eminent for worth
Ingenious Brome *(deceas'd) did ſet them forth.*
But as for Owen's *Epigrams, there's none*
As yet, hath vent'red a Tranſlation,
But only Harvey; *and He* Mantuan *thus*
Hath made moſt happily conſpicuous.
The Sun's unclouded now, what Owen *writ*
In ſhadowed myſteries of Roman wit,
His dext'rous hand Tranſlated hath, and Pen'd
That which none yet attempted, few can mend.

Robert Coxſhall.

Of the ſame.

OWen *compos'd*, Harvey *Tranſlated well*;
The queſtion's, which of theſe doth moſt excell?
The anſwer in few words is quickly done,
which like you beſt the Shadow *or the* Sun?

Robert Coxſhall.

To

To the Book.

OWen had many Patrons, I have None:
None that will be my Patron, no, not One.
None that to Me will give a Quire of Paper,
Nor Pens, nor Ink, nor a poor Farthing Taper.

To the Reader.

THough I These Epigrams which Owen *writ*
Have done int' Engliſh, Thou muſt not expect
Like quaint Conceits, like Criticiſmes of wit
In the Tranſlator, as in th' Architect.

For in their Idiome and Dialect
Each Language diff'rent is, as man from man:
One from Another differs in Aſpect,
In Nature, in Condition; nor Can

Tranſlations with th' original hold weight;
In ſenſe They may Conſent, not in Conceit.
But take't as 'tis, and with a Candid Eye
Read, Ruminate, Remember and apply.

Septemb. 26. 1672. Sic dixit

Tho. Harvey.

To his Patroness.

MIne English Owen *Patron-less did pine,*
wanting an Heros, or an Heroine
To Potronize It : Almost in despair :
until a candid Nymph (Mecænas *heir*)
Not willing Papers fitted for the Press
Should be suppress'd, became my Patroness.

Tho. Harvey.

INvendring mine, with Owen, *parallels,*
I am like One than rings or chimes the Bells ;
If I do jangle (*venial's the sin*)
It is to roule a better Ringer in.

Tho. Harvey.

In

In Praiſe of the Author.

To the Reader.

A *Clerick art? or Laick? read This Book;*
Here Thou ſhalt find thy Will, if well Thou look.

D. Du-Tr. Med.

2. To D. *John Owen* of his Book.

What hinders, but thy Book ſhould paſs the Preſs?
If I know Verſe, This Age will ſay no leſs.
Suppoſe not, ſo great hazard's of thy wit:
Yet This my judgement is, I think it fit.

John Hoskins, J. C.

3. To *John Owen* of his three Books of Epigrams.

Reſults of Love, the Graces effluence,
The Muſes mirth, Apollo's *Eloquence,*
Wiſe Sentences, and Criticiſms of Art,
The Genius of an ingenious Heart;
All Theſe Thy Book, O Owen, *repreſents*
Unt' us, repleniſh'd with rare Arguments.

John Bowman, *Theol.*

4. To *John Owen.*

Owen, *doſt ask what Epigrams w' approve?*
Thoſe, which That Engine of thy wit doth move,
What's ſhort, chaſt, learned, quick, polite withal,
That many Satyres hath, yet free from Gall.
Thy Muſe, thy Genius gives This; no leſs
By Thee 'tis promis'd to thy Patroneſs.

Thine, *William James,* Theol.

5. In Praiſe of the Author.

What was, is, ſhall be ſtill the Poets uſe,
Women and Men are Cenſur'd by thy Muſe:
Yet in my Judgement, thy rare wit, thy Pen
Deſerveth Praiſe of Women and of Men.

Jane Owen *of* Oxford.

6. To the Reader, in Praiſe of the Author, whoſe Epigrams were publiſhed the ſecond Time within a Month 1606.

Greek, Latine Authors, Epigrams have writ,
whoſe work took up their Life to finiſh it:
Owen *except, he ſole unparallel'd,*
Hath equaliz'd Them All, if not excell'd.

D. Du-Tr. Med.

7. Of the Third Edition of theſe Epigrams.

To the Author.

This Book is like the world, moves, and is mov'd:
Though ſilent, It is by the Printer prov'd:
For Theſe thine Epigrams have had Acceſs
Thrice to the Printer, and half tir'd the Preſs.

John Hoskins, J. C.

THE

EPIGRAMS

OF

John Owen.

The First Book.

To the Lady Mary Neville.

I Dedicate, leſt Patron-leſs It be,
My Book to th' Reader, and My Self to Thee.

2. *To the Readir.*

Thy Folly's blam'd, if Thou Commendeſt all
That here Thou readeſt, no Thing if, thy Gall.

3. *Of his Book, to* John Hoskins, *a Lawyer.*

This Book is as The World: as Men, The Verſe:
Good Verſes Here, as There good Men, are ſcarce.

To

4. *To the Lady* Mary Neville.

If us *Pythagoras* doth not delude,
Thou, *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Venus*, dost include:
For in Thee, though but One, Three vertues be:
Where, One of Them is rare, in other Three.

5. *To the same.*

As in the Skies the Sun, i' th' Sun the Light,
So vertue's splendor in thy Face seems scite:
Who comes a Looker on; becomes a Lover:
Thy Vertue, or thy Beauty's the sole Mover.

6. *To her Son* Thomas Neville.

Such rare Things of thy Genius are Pen'd,
That though All true, they All belief transcend.
Hope in a Child, not present Worth, is prais'd:
Thee present Worth, not Hope alone hath rais'd.

7. *To her Daughter* Cecily.

Thou like thy Mother art, and needst none other
Applause: It is enough, th' art like thy Mother.

8. *Know thy Self. Of* Harpalus.

Thou worthy to be known art not of worth:
Fit for thy knowledge then seek something forth.

9. *To a Lawyer.*

If happy's he who knows of Things the Cause:
How happy thou Cause-Pleader with Applause?

10. *Of* John Prote.

To lead a Wife, that is, to marry One,
Oft hast Thou menac'd; Drunkards can do none:
Rather a Wife must marry Thee, to lead
Thee drunken from the City to thy Bed.

11. *To* Aulus *an ignoble Noble-man.*

Thou to thine Ancestors ow'st All: to Thee
Posterity shall not indebted be.

12. *To* Hernicus.

Thou bought'st a Fool for Twenty Pounds, but I
Will not at such a price the Buyer buy.

13. *Of* Venus.

Love's first Sweet's better; bitter is in Fine:
Venus comes smiling, mourning doth decline;
So run fresh Rivers to the Sea, whose Taste
Returns Them brackish-brinish at the last.

14. *To Mr.* Gilbert.

Thou th' Earth denyſt to ſtand: prodigious Note,
Thus writing, Thou perhaps wert in a Boat.

15. *To Phyſicians and Lawyers.*

Galen, thine Health doth from our ſickneſs riſe;
Juſtinian, our Folly makes Thee wiſe.

16. *O Times, O Manners!*

Learn'd *Scaliger* The Worlds deformed Times
Reformed: Who ſhall Now reform Mens Crimes?

17. Paris *his judgement.*

When *Paris* was elect a Judge to be
Between Three Goddeſſes, and of the Three,
Doubtful which to preferr; *Pallas* was wiſe,
Juno majeſtick: *Venus* wan the Prize.
Love Conquer'd All: were't now to vote again,
One money'd *Juno* would the Prize obtain.

18. *Germanical Truth.*

Democritus affirm'd that Truth was drown'd
In ſome profound Abyſs, not to be found.
If hid in Wine, as Proverbs have aſſign'd,
The *Teutons* have It found, or will It find.

19. *To* Linus.

Thou, *Linus*, haſt (1) *Librorum* ſtore, but more
Wouldſt learned be (2) *Librarum* hadſt ſuch ſtore.

(1) *Books.* (2) *Pounds.*

20. *To a certain young Noble-man.*

Old Age, not Death's Thee wiſh'd: the Sickneſs, Age,
Not Death, the Cure, is wiſh'd Thee by the Sage.

21. *To a certain poor Phyſician.*

Thou that of late (1) *Mendicus* cam'ſt to Town,
Thy Name but changing (2) *Medicus* art grown:
Phyſick Thou giv'ſt the Sick, he gives Thee Coin,
Thus his Diſeaſe Thou cureſt, and he Thine.

(1) *A Beggar.* (2) *A Phyſician.*

22. *Of a certain Woman.*

Thy Form brought forth thy Fame: But O the Child
Did kill the Mother: fair Form, Fame defil'd.

23. On *Marcus.*

In Nature why doſt (1) Emptineſs deny,
Sith in thine Head's ſo much vacuity?

(1) *Vacuum.*

24. *upon*

24. *upon modern Writers. To the Reader.*

Whether the vulgar more untruths unmask
In Quart', Octav', or Folio doſt ask?
In *Sexto-decimo* ſome Writers I
Suſpect in ev'ry Folio to lie.

25. *Of* Phillis.

Phillis, Thou wilt not give, but tak'ſt a kiſs,
Knowing that taking One, a giving is.

26. *To the ſame.*

If Love be Fire (as doth the Proverb prove)
Ah, woe to Me, how Cold a Fire's thy Love?

27. *A wicked Atheiſt.*

Uſe preſent Times and Things: A Time will be
When there will be no Time at all for Thee:
Grammarians, Paſt, Future Times diſplay,
But I will uſe the Preſent while I may.

28. *The Atheiſt's Epitaph.*

He died, as if dead, no Life There were:
As if There were no Death, He lived Here.

29. *The Optative Mood.*

Th' Infinitive is near th' Optative Mood,
For Infinite's the wiſh of Goods or Good.

30. *Of* Alana.

Wedlock to be th' intoleracleſt yoke
Alana cries all day: but doth revoke
When Night is come her Clamorous Regreet,
And ſaith, No yoke like Wedlock is ſo ſweet.

31. *Prophets, Poets.*

Prohets of Things to come the Truth predict:
But Poets of Things paſt write falſe and fict.

32. *Of Life and Death.*

Life tends to Death, as Rivers to the Seas:
For Life is ſweet, Death bitter, doth diſpleaſe.

33. *Of* Vulcan.

Vulcan made ſplendid Arms for *Mars* his Breaſt,
Mars gave unt' him a ſpecious-ſpacious Creſt:
Thou wert well paid O *Vulcan* for thy pains,
Horns for thine Iron; Were ſuch *Glaucus* gains?

34. *An English Grammer.*

The Feminine doth unt' It ſelf deſign
What's proper to the Gender Maſculine.

35. *Free will.*

Freedom of will, which is The worlds Conteſt,
Husbands have loſt, but Wives have It poſſeſt.

36. *Of Life and Love.*

Though ev'ry Action unt' its End doth tend,
Yet Life and Love abominate their End.

37. *The* Elyſian *Fields.*

Through Hells dark-diſmal Cell *Æneas* walk'd
Into th' *Elyſian* Fields, as Poets talk'd:
For when He ſhot *Eliſa*'s Gulph, who can
Deny, He was i' th' Fields *Elyſian?*

38. *An Husband, and an Adulterer.* *The Husband.*

I have A wife, others her Love: ſo rather
For Others not Themſelves Bees Honey gather.

The Adulterer.

This Seed I rais'd, but in Anothers Field:
So Birds for Others, not Themſelves do build.

39. *New Rhetorick.*

His Arguments, who Money wants, are ſick:
Gifts Now, not words, are the New Rhetorick.

40. *Of* Cotta *lately made a Monk.*

Cotta perplex'd with's wife a (1) Cucule bought,
That dying He might die no Cuckold thought.

(1) *A Monks Hood.*

41. Geneva's *Arms.*

Geneva in her Enſign doth diſplay
Th' Imperial Eagle, and the Popedoms Key:
But how *Geneva* Them to keep doſt hope,
Should (1) *Rodolph* claim his Bird, his Key the Pope?

(1) *The Emperour.*

42. *Upon the Trifles of* Borbonius *a Poet.*

Thou Trifles thought'ſt not, what Thou ſo didſt call:
I call Them not, but think Them Trifles All.

43. *Of Faith.*

Not Faiths, but Faith is mention'd on Record:
For former Times did but one Faith afford.

44. *Of* Paulinus *a Physician.*

Wherefore's a ſick Man call'd thy Patient,
Sith He's impatient at thine Advent?
By ſuff'ring He's thy Patient, for He
Doth ſuffer more, than by's diſeaſe, by Thee.

45. *Of* Cottula.

If what *Apollo* ſaid of (1) One be true,
Th'art Wiſe: Thou knowſt, Thou Nothing knowſt: Adiew

(1) *Socrates*

46. *Of* Fabiana.

If Fields be fertile call'd that bear much Corn,
Then *Fab'an*'s fertile; for ſhe hath many born.

47. *A Joque upon Covetous Men.*

The Vulgar, Nature pleas'd with little praiſe,
And on the Covetous a Scandal raiſe:
Yet ſole the Covetous pleas'd with leaſt we ſee;
Nature, Enough thinks little, Nothing He.

48. *To* Philopater.

Though for Ones Country noble 'tis to die,
Yet nobler 'tis to live for It, think I.

49. *The World.*

I' th' world's no Conſtancy; All's Circular:
What wonder Then no Rectitude is There?

50. *Of* Aretinus.

In All Things there's a Mediocrity,
Excepting in the Thing call'd Venery:
Luſt hath found out a Thouſand means, with Art
To do, what ſhould be done on Natures part.

51. *Of* Silius.

Th'art Atheiſt: For Papiſt Thou mayſt not be;
And to b' a Proteſtant diſliketh Thee.

52. *Againſt Atheiſts.*

No Houſe doth want Its Lord; ſhall Then (alone)
This ſpecious-ſpacious Houſe the World have None?

53. *A Phyſician.*

Phyſicians take Gold, but ſeldom give:
They Phyſick give, take none; yet healthy live.
A Diet They preſcribe; the Sick muſt for't
Give Gold; Each other Thus ſupply-ſupport.

54. Of

54. *Of Lawyers*

Lawyers are prudent, provident beſide,
For prudently They for Themſelves provide.

55. *A Courtier.*

If good, Thou mayſt be better, but not greater:
If great, more great; not better, nor compleater.

56. *To* Marcus *a Monoculiſt.*

Thou *Marcus* wantſt an Eye; Enough's one Eye:
Both Eyes may more, not better Things eſpye:
I have both Ears, but hear no Truth now told;
Both Eyes, but ran with Them no good behold.

57. *Of* Paulus.

Thou to preſerve thy Fame, haſt built thy Tomb:
As if that Tombs ſhould not to ruine come.

58. *A Secret againſt Grey Hairs. To* Bithynicus.

Leſt in old Age thine hairs ſhould ſilver'd be,
Thy youth hath made Thee bald: O happy Thee!

59. *Of* Theodore.

Thou newly married didſt think th' hadſt found
A narrow Paſſage to the Starry Round:
But that New Paſſage led t' another Road,
T' a lower, not the ſtrait way, but the broad.

60. *Of* Apollo *and the Muſes.*

The Muſes Femes, *Apollo*'s Maſculine:
For One *Apollo*'s worth the Muſes Nine.

61. *Of* Alanus, *grown old.*

His Cubit with's Wives Cubit meaſuring,
Alanus ſaid, O ſweet concubiting!

62. *The Calends of* January. *Of* Olus *and* Quintus.

To th' Rich *Ole* gives not, leſt his Gifts ask more;
Nor to the Poor, becauſe Himſelf is poor.
But *Quintus* gives expecting by that ſhift,
For what He durſt not ask, a better Gift.

63. *Of* Pontia.

One wiſh'd All Cuckolds caſt i' th' Sea; but t' Him
His Wife thus ſaid, Learn (Husband) firſt to Swim.

64. *A work of Darkneſs.*

Tis to preſerve the Species a profit,
But th' Individuum's th' Oppoſer of it.

65. *Thou Lyest.*

Beware, t' a Souldier give not the Lye:
He takes it for the great'st Indignity:
Ye that the Lye for such Disgrace esteem,
Why then to Lye so great a grace d'ye deem?

66. *Of an Hypocrite.*

Thou wilt not swear, 'tis Sin: but thou wilt Lye:
Is this Religion or Hypocrisie?

67. *Androgynus.*

Who *Venus*-like, and *Mercury*'s in sight,
Nor Man nor Woman, 's an Hermaphrodite.

68. *Venus.*

Love like the Sea doth flow, doth Ebb again:
What wonder? For *Venus* sprung from the Main.
No Trust's in Her, she's light; and plac'd (with *Mars*)
Among the Planets, not the fixed Stars.

69. *Of Rivals.*

Each unt' himself would *Phillis* have, but There
Doth more of Envy than of Love appear.

70. *A Woman.*

A woman from mans Womb was nam'd: but *Eve*
Did from Mans Bone, not Flesh, her Form receive.

71. *The Alliance of Physicians and Lawyers.*

Physicians and Lawyers in their Trade
Are like, their gain of others loss is made.
To Patients Those, to Clients These apply
Their helping-hand, but help themselves thereby.

72. *Of* Pamphilus *to* Philippe.

Nature doth no Vacuities admit:
Pamph' therefore as his Leader follows It.

73. *To one Bald.*

Leaves to the Trees, and Grass returns to Ground:
But not one hair on thy bald pate is found.

74. Nilus *in the Eyes.* Ætna *in the Heart.*

Cold *Nilus* entred hath my burning Eyes,
Mine Heart with *Ætna*'s Flames inflamed frye:
No Floods of Tears can quench so great a Fire,
Nor burning Love can make those Floods retire;
So though discording Fire and Water be,
Concording yet They shew their force in me.

Cæteris

75. Cæteris paribus.

The rest alike.

Of Camilla.

Two Suiters did *Camilla* love and Court;
One beautiful, in Stature yet but short:
That other not so fair, but taller prov'd:
The Maid b'ing ask'd which of them best she lov'd,
Before looking on the Taller, when she spies
His Nose, Arms, Legs, Feet, all of longest size,
Before thus, or Impudent, or prudent spake,
I all be like, I will this long Man take.

76. *Of Gyants and Dwarfs.*

Gyants and Dwarfs are Monsters in their Forms,
Those are like Elephants, and these like Worms.

77. *Of an Abbat's two Bastards.*

When in the Temple with the rest you pray,
You two, not fistly, Abba, Father say.

78. *Of Priests.*

Priests wedded are: what thereby gain they more?
They had as much as that in Tenths before.

79. *A Participle.*

A Verb if *Eras*, *Mus* a Noun's declin'd,
What is *Erasmus* let the Reader find.

80. *A Case. To the Lawyers.*

A Man lies with a Wife, which is his own
Whom he suppos'd Anothers, till 'twas known:
Whether the Child by such mistake begot,
Be spurious, legitimate, or not?

81. *Of the Morning.*

Most wonder why the Light's expatiated
Th' Morn before the Sun? 'twas First created.

82. *Of the Day.*

Though Night than *Argus* be more full of Eyes,
The Day's One Eye more clearly things descries.

83. *Of the Night.*

Why doth dark Night put on her black Array?
Is Widow-like mourns for departed Day:
Should not the Stars inlighten mourning Night,
Grief would oppress us e're the Mornings light.

84. *To* Marcus.

Thy Verſes praiſe Me, but I think becauſe
I ſhould thy Verſes praiſe with mine Applauſe.

85. *Of Death.*

Thieves ſhall reſtore their Theft, Robbers their Prey,
But Nothing Death; For Death takes All away.

86. *To his Friend.*

Half of thy Dear, whom Thou doſt dearly love,
Sith th' art, and Half thine own, how Mine doſt prove
Yet writ'ſt thy ſelf ſtill Mine: while having thine
Own Wife, art ſcarce thine own, how canſt be Mine?

87. *A good Man.*

If what is Rare 's preclare, and of Account,
A good Man doth all Rarities ſurmount.

88. *Of a certain Old man.*

Thy Beard once black, Age hath made white: thy Mind
Once white 's now black; once candid, now's unkind.

89. *Of* Paulinus.

When I thy Friend a Boon from Thee would borrow,
Thine Anſwer is, It ſhall be done to Morrow:
Wilt that I Thanks condigne ſhould Thee repay?
Thou ſhalt have Thanks to Morrow, not to day.

90. *Of painted Ladies.*

You that your Faces paint, may well, nay muſt
With (1) *Flaccus* ſay, We Shadows are and Duſt.

(1) *Hora*

91. *Of* Cotta.

Thy Wives Thou Wholly, but not ſolely art:
She's ſolely Thine, not wholly, but in part.

92. *A Politician.*

Diſſemble, Feign: Thy Self comport-comply
With Humours, with the Times: 'tis Policy.
If Thou be wiſe, thy Self comply-comport
To ſerve the Times, that Times may ſerve Thee for't.

93. *Of* Venus.

Why follows *Venus Mars* his lawleſs Flame?
Becauſe t' his lawful *Venus Vulcan*'s lame.

94. *Of* Marinus.

None can Two Maſters ſerve (without diſaſter)
But Thou Two Miſtreſſes doſt ſerve, no Maſter.

95.

95. *Of* Marcus.

Beard doth grow, thine hairs from head do fall:
ve bearded, but light-headed th' art withal.

96. *To Mr.* John Hoskins.

en I convers'd with Thee (my Friend inſtil'd)
uth at (1) *Oxon*, (2) *Winton* at a Child:
without doubts, in doubts I found thy love,
Friendſhip without Fraud I oft did prove:
that thy Love, which then thou ſhew'd'ſt to Me,
mands, commends Theſe grateful Lines to Thee.

(1) *New Colledge* in *Oxford*. (2) *Wincheſter* Colledge where the Scholars are called Children.

97. *Of Death to* Epicharmus.

wouldſt not die, but yet be dead? O why
ldſt without dying, *Epicharmus*, die?
bringeth Death; Death Grief extinguiſheth:
therefore (*Epicharme*) is worſe than Death.

98. *Of* Phyllis.

rthians in their Flight ſhoot, wound their Foe,
Lovers, *Phyllis* fleeing, woundeth ſo.

99. *Of* Hallus *the Grammaticaſter.*

ous am while faſting, but when full,
faith *Hallus*, Infamous and dull.

100. *Of the Loadſtone.*

Court *Magnates* Gold to Them attract,
on the *Magnetes*; All exact:
not deal with Such, in Asking learn'd,
iving ſlack, in Taking moſt concern'd:
to Them go, none from them come again,
I nill ask them, leſt I ask in vain.

101. *Of Death.*

sk what's Death? till dead I know not (1) *Verè*,
to Me then, I will reſolve thy Quere.

(2) *Certainly.*

102. *Of Clients.*

s before a Thief run ſinging home,
om the City Money-leſs they come.

103. *To* Zoilus.

I bad Manners check, thou carp'ſt at Me,
nſcious for reprehending Thee.

Why fear'ſt thou more than others? T'perhaps
Blaming bad Manners, blame mine own Relapſe.

104. *Children and Fools tell Truth.*

Our Proverb calls Truth-tellers Fools: What then?
Is't Folly to tell Truth in Engliſh Men?

105. *To one Bald-headed.*

Thy Front had certain Meaſure, till a blaſt,
I know not of what Wind thy Leaves off caſt:
Thy Front hath ſithence All thine Head ingroſt,
And is perpetual at laſt, not loſt:
Thou canſt not tell the largeneſs of thy Front,
No Truſt is therefore to be built upon't.

106. *To the ſame.*

Mine hairs I cannot number, 'cauſe ſo many:
Nor canſt Thou number thine, becauſe not any.

107. *Fortunes Apology.*

Dame Fortune doth an equiballance bear,
Shee fills the Poor with Hope, the Rich with Fear.

108. *On* Cotta.

Cotta the Stews advent'ring in, return'd
T' his houſe ('tis ſaid) with ſomething that was burn'd

109. *On* Procillus *a Noble-man.*

If thou to Lyers wouldſt not lend thine Ear,
None with a Lye before Thee durſt appear.

110. *To* Paulus *a Lawyer.*

Between thy ſelf and Wife thou doſt disjoyn
The year, ſo that ſcarce Half is wholly Thine:
One part's thy Wives, Vacation call'd, t' apply
Thy Wives Vocation, or Vacuity.
That other part's not wholly thine; thy Bride
Neglected, Thou by Clients art employ'd.
This Part o' th' year the Term is call'd, and why?
Becauſe It Terminates thy Venery.

111. *To the ſame.*

No Terms determine, no Vacation's vain,
Thou wholly Vacant art by Strifes to gain.

112. *To* Marinus.

As oft as from the Bed thy wife doth riſe
Untouch'd by Thee, her Nails aſſault thine Eyes:

Thou ſpeak'ſt her Fair, but words in vain proceed,
She muſt be pleas'd in doing of the Deed.

113. *A Chirurgion.*

Shall I wiſh Wars, or Peace? Each ſerves for me:
Fierce *Mars*, fair *Venus*, both my Patrons be.

114. *The Venetian diſeaſe.*

My Country's *Italy*, my Parents *Gauls*,
'Tis doubt which of thoſe Names to me befalls.

115. *Back-biters, Flatterers.*

(1) One ſaid, The Snow was Black; an Author ſad:
This Age hath Many ſeen as ſad, as bad:
The Fox a Crow's white Feathers prais'd: Ah me,
How many Foxes in this Age have we?

(1) *Anaxagoras.*

116. *To* Ponticus.

Thou ſaid'ſt thou would'ſt repent: I ſcarce believe Thee,
For I did never yet ſo wiſe perceive Thee.

117. *An Herculean labour.*

To tame a ſhrewd Wives Tongue, and haughty mind,
A Thirteenth Labour *Hercules* will find.

118. *Mars, Mors.*
War, Death.

War bringeth Dearth, Dearth Death to Men on Earth;
War therefore's worſe than either Death or Dearth.
Our Troubles War begins, Death finiſheth,
In War ſmall diſtance is 'twixt Dearth and Death.

119. *To* Cynthia.

O that thy Feats were like thy Feature: And
O that thine Heart were candid like thine Hand.

120. *To* Gellia.

In ſecret ſins thou think'ſt thy ſelf ſecure;
Though Nothing's done in ſecret that's impure.

121. *Of* Albinus.

A Friend *Albinus* meeting, ſaid, Retire,
Thine ſhakes, for O thy Neighbours Wall's on Fire:
Albinus haſting home, his wife did take
In th' Act; O Now, quoth He, my Wall doth ſhake.

122. *Of* Claudius *a Philoſophaſter.*

Sick *Claudius*, poor, fooliſh, parts by's Art
Good in Three Parts; but of Them hath no Part.

123. *Of*

123. *Of* Bardella *A Thief at* Mantua.

A Monk the Thief *Bardella* judg'd to die
Thus Comforted, O thou shalt Sup on high:
Bardella then reply'd, I fast this day,
Please you to Sup There in my Place, you may.

124. *Of Flitting* Flora.

In thy Coition thou didst boast thine Act,
Thy boasting was more sinful than thy Fact.

125. *Of* Quintillus.

He nothing gives t' his Friend, but liberal
T' his Friendless, gives Himself, his Wealth, his All.

126. *To* Aulus *of old* Quintius.

Though *Quintius* a young wild Wife did Wed,
Why sentst an Epithalamy t' his Bed?
An Epitaph were fitter to confer:
For his own Grave he digg'd in Bedding her.

127. *Of* Cossus.

Thou sinn'st impunely, but thy Fore-man paid
Thy Pennance with his Head: 'twas burnt'd, 'tis said.

128. *An Answer to* Cynthia's *Letter.*

Thy Paper's white, thy Letter's black within:
This doth denote thine Heart, and That thy Skin.

129. *To* Sextilian *a Bastard.*

Not to Create Thee, but to recreate
Himself, thy Father thee begot ('twas Fate,)
If Givers Minds than Gifts b' accepted rather,
Thou dost not owe thy Life unto thy Father.

130. *Of* Porcia *an Hypocrite.*

Thou, 'cause my Book a Fore-man Names, dost flout it:
Books Thou wouldst have, but not a Man without it.

131. *Of* Saturns *Three Sons.*

Divines, Physicians, Lawyers; These Three
Do regulate the World in their degree.

132. *Of a single Life. To a Married man.*

Woe to the sole, said * He, that had a Wife:
Saint *Paul* doth much Commend a single Life:
(2) That, Woe unt' us, saith: This, but Woe to Me:
That's double, This, but single Woe can be.

* Solomon, *Eccles.* (2) *A Welch Proverb,* Gwelh iw gnai fi, na gua ni, *that is,* Better is woe to me than woe to us.

133. *Of*

133. *Of* Corneus.

Hear, mark, be ſilent: he whoſe Feminine
Is wanton, to theſe three muſt moſt incline.

134. *Of* Cajus.

When *Cajus* was accus'd of Bigamy,
Confeſſing, he profeſſing did reply,
A Biſhop Husband of One wife may be:
May not a Lay-man then have Two or Three?

135. *Of* Pomponia.

She's punctual, her ſelf that proſtitutes:
Becauſe with profit, pleaſure ſhe commutes.

136. *Of* Pinotus *ſick with the Colick.*

Thy Life was ſav'd by breathing out thy Breath:
That was thy Life which proves unt' others Death.

137. *Of* Pomponia.

A Plume of Feathers brave *Pomponia* wears:
What *Mars* his Enſign was now *Venus* bears:
As *Mars* his favour She doth wear't, that ſhe
May ſhew how friendly *Mars* and *Venus* be.

* *Suum Cuique pulchrum.*

* Cic. Tuſc. quæſt. lib. 5.

138. *To* H. L.

Thou lov'ſt thy Neighbours wife, he thine doth love:
So that ones own doth not ſtill pleaſing prove.

139. *Venus.*

Sith *Venus* is expos'd to ſale like Wine,
Why hangs there not before her door a Sign?

140. *To* Marinus. *Difficilia quæ pulchra.*

If difficult what's fair, on this Reſult
Take Facile thou, give me the Difficult.

141. *To* Theodorus.

By th' now-new Law thou maiſt not wed, what then?
By th' old thou maiſt without offending men.
But twice 'gainſt * *Moſes* Law th' haſt done amiſs,
Thy firſt wife was a whore, a widow this.

* Levit. 21. 7, 13, 14.

142. *Kal. Jan To* Germanicus.

Inſtead of Gifts I Verſes ſend to thee:
Send Gifts inſtead of Verſes unto Me.

143. *Sara.*

She that her Maid would unt' her Husband give,
As did rare *Sara*, now doth rarely live.

144. *To* D. T.

Thy Titles, Scholars Servant, Masters Lord,
Mine Envy and my Pity both afford.

145. *Of* Paula *an Atheist.*

Whether a Man two Wives, or Husbands two
A Maid should have, 'twas ask'd: This knot t' undo,
Thus *Paula* said, A Maid two Men should have,
Else how can two consist in one Concave?

146. *In Medio virtus.*

Between two Men a pompous Woman sate,
Vertue the middle Place hath lost of late.

147. *Of* Acerra.

He's blest, whom others Horns have made afraid,
Unwedded *Acer* oft t' his Father said.

148. *To* Pinotus.

Dost ask, What I would have a Feminine?
Not Venale, Vendible I would have Mine.

149. *Of* Quintus *and* Quintina.

Quintus his Wifes Intreaties for Commands,
Her words for Laws, her Beck for Statute stands:
She leads, she drives at will, the silly Sot,
As if she had an Husband, and had not:
'Gainst Nature, Laws, Arts Rules: Grammarian
Avaunt: For Here's He Woman, and She Man.

150. *A Paradox to his absent Mistress.*

I burn with Love: And I the more am burn'd,
The more remote from me the Fire is turn'd.

151. *Of* Paulina.

False to the First false to the second Bed:
Both void, She liv'd unblam'd-unblemished,
Not for the fear of Sin; but fear of Shame
Preferr'd Her without Blemish, without Blame:
Though many did her treat, did her intreat,
She granted unto none the Vacant Seat.

152. *Of* Gellia.

If it be Simony to Merchandize,
And at a price Things consecrate to prize,

We well may call thee Simoniacal,
Who ſelleſt Love, For Love's Spiritual.

153. *Of a certain Woman.*

In ſmall time how immenſe thy Things did grow?
Of late but Omicron, Omega now.

154. *Ænigma.*

Tell where that Creature is, on Hill, or Vale,
Whoſe Father Female, Mother is a Male?

155. *To* Ponticus.

That Both thine Eyes thou haſt I wonder: Why?
Becauſe thy Parents Each had but One Eye.

156. *Of D.* Vitus.

I know not whether Horn'd, I know (by ſigns)
That th' art a Bull, having Three Vitulines.

157. *Of a Dactyle, to a certain Lover.*

Wouldſt with a pleaſing Verſe thy Miſtris Court?
T were fit to know what Feet ſhould it ſupport:
Of all the Meaſures which a Verſe do ſummon,
The Dactyle Meaſure beſt delights a woman.

158. *Of Love deſcending.*

From th' Eyes Love riſeth, by the Mouth deſcends
Into Loves Center, where It hath it's Ends.

159. *Of Balba.*

Balba, leave taking of her Spouſe, ſaid Thus
Phi-Philip you'l b' I hope ſoon-ſoon with us.

160. *Of Theft, a Problem, to Lawyers.*

Who takes a thing, nilling his Lord, 's a Thief:
But what if's Lordeſs in that Act be Chief?

161. *Of* Ponticus.

Of Promiſe thou doſt no Performance make:
Phyſician-like, who gives not, yet ſaith Take.

162. *Of* Cerellia, *married to an Eunuch.*

Now to the Spartane Cuſtoms I agree,
That Men, Maids, when they wed ſhould naked be:
For *Cerill* having late eſpous'd a Frank,
Thiking t o gain a Prize, got but a Blank.

163. *Of Horns, a Probleme.*

When any Wife betrays the Marriage Bed,
Why wears her Husband Horns? Becauſe he's Head.

164. *To* Germanicus, *Calend. Jan.*

Or give m' a Gift, my Verſes or reſtore,
Which I on that condition gave before.

165. *Chriſt-Church Colledge in* Oxford.

Though this imperfect Houſe to ruine tend,
Its large Quadrangle yet doth it commend.

166. *Of* Phyllis.

Phyllis pretends my Verſe her Fancy moves;
She loves a Verſe, but ſomething more ſhe loves.

167. *Of Himſelf.*

I ſpend the Time in Trifles, and in Folly:
Thus leſt my Time be loſt, I loſe it wholly.

168. *To the Reader, of Himſelf.*

My Brevity perchance ſeems Sloth t' imply:
Believe me no ſmall labour, 's Brevity:
I not as ſome, ſpeak much in fooliſh ſort:
Perhaps my Speech is fooliſh, but 'tis ſhort.

169. *Of boaſting* Thraſo.

Why doth Sir *Thraſo* wear great Spurs? Becauſe
Glory doth wear great Spurs to gain Applauſe.

170. *Of Himſelf.*

Ask, ſaith Saint *James*, it ſhall be given thee:
O that King *James* would ſay the ſame to me.

171. *Court Muſick conſiſting of two Voices.*

The Favourite's advanc'd, and *Elah* ſings:
Another, all his Tunes t' a Cadence brings.

172. *To the Reader.*

Leſt this my Book ſhould make Tobaco vapour,
Wipe rather thy Poſteriours with my Paper.

173. *To his Book.*

My Book, Me living, thou maiſt die perhaps:
What then? A Child doth oft to death elapſe
Before his Father: So then, whether I
Survive Thee, or Thou me, We both muſt die.

The End of the First Book.

To Mr. *Thomas Harvey* on his Translation of the First Book of *Owen*'s Epigrams.

WHen what's begun, tha' ast finish't, Owen'
(shal
Be the Translation, thine th' original:
Thy Native Tongue the vigour doth express
More of his Fancy, than his Latine dress.
So from thy Version, he derives this Good,
To be esteem'd, in being understood.

T. M.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE EPIGRAMS OF John Owen.

Engliſhed by *Thomas Harvey*, Gent.

Incept. 10. *Novemb.* 1672.

1. *To the Reader.*

LEſt this my Book pleaſe Fools, whereof are Many,
I would not have It many pleaſe, if any:
Few Readers are enough, but One (if wiſe)
If none do read me, none ſhall me ſuffice.

2. *To the Lady* Mary Neville.

The Praiſe of many's rais'd by Poets Art,
But all thy Praiſe ſprings from thine own deſert.

3. *To the ſame.*

Thou to thy Foes, if any be, doſt will-
Doſt wiſh none ill, to Friends art Candid ſtill:
This one thou never doſt forget: That other
Thou never didſt remember, Maid nor Mother.

4. *To the ſame.*

In Tables men fair Faces paint and place,
There to ſurvive, when Fates the Face deface:
I cannot paint, but I can Poetize,
And Verſes can give Life, when Picture dies:
Though ſole *Apollo*, ſole *Apelles* able's
Thee to deſcribe in Verſe, to paint in Tables.

5. *To D. J. H.*

I am no learned Poet, but a Learner:
No Learner Thou, but Poets learn'd Diſcerner.

6. *What News?*

The fooliſh People, as I paſs the Street,
Inquiſitive, thus ask (when me they meet)
What News? I tell them I know nothing New:
Or if I knew, I ſay no News I knew.

7. *The Court.*

He that complies not in the Princes Hall
With All the witty, hath no wit at all.

8. *Of* Aulus.

Wert Knighted, that thy wife ſhould love thee more?
She loves thee leſs, her ſelf more than before:
Her Garb, her Garments muſt new faſhion'd be,
So that thy Dear will be more dear to thee.

9. *Of the Chymiſt.*

The Chymiſt Gold decocts, till (leaving none)
He loſeth all his Gold to find a Stone.

10. *A* Trojan.

Troy loſt, at laſt the *Trojans* Wiſer grew:
What man is not in this a *Trojan* true?

11. *Loves Remedy.*

Take Wood from Fire (thy Luſt with Faſting tame)
Sit from a Woman far, as from a Flame:

If

If nor the former cool thee, nor the later,
Then take a wife, ſhe will b' inſtead of water.

12. *Troynovant.*
To the Londoners.

As Phœnix Aſhes do the Phœnix breed,
So from old *Troy* new *London* did proceed.

13. *The Lawyers Deity.*

Rome had one God, call'd *Terminus* of old:
But *Weſtminſter* more Terms than one doth hold.

14. *Of the Earth.*

In all things we the Middle things commend,
For they to Mediocrity do tend:
Th' Earth therefore than the Skyes hath greater grace,
Becauſe i' th' world it holds the middle Place.

15. *To King* James, *Defender of the Faith.*

Thou greateſt art of Chriſtian Kings, in this
That to thy Faith the Faith committed is.

16. *To the Lord Treaſurer of* England.

Th' art Kings and Kingdoms faithful Treaſurer:
Thy Faith before all Treaſures I prefer.

17. *To the Kings Principal Secretary.*

Thou ſecret keep'ſt the Kingdoms Secrets, even
So ſecret, that Faith to thy Faith is given.

18. *To the Venetians.*

Your Cities Scituation (O wonder)
Is Founded unconfounded; th' Ocean's under:
Leſt only Fiſh ſhould in the water dwell,
Y' have ſeated in the Sea your Citadel:
Where th' Ocean was, a City's now compleat,
What Nature made a Sea, Art made a Seat:
Y' have conſtituted (to your grand Renown)
Th' Inconſtant water conſtant to your Town:
What wonder then by Laws your City ſtands,
When it the lawleſs waters countermands.

19. *To the Lord Chancellour of* England.

Leſt Force the greateſt Enemy to Law,
Should violate it, Law keeps Force in awe:
But thou the Laws Extreams haſt pow'r t' abate,
And in the Chancery to moderate.

20. *To* Richard Sackeville *Earl of* Dorſet.

Though thou from Noble Anceſtors wert born,
And doſt thy Birth with Noble Parts adorn:
Yet thou (which was a wonder heretofore,
And for a Prodigy now ſtands, or more)
Merit to Mercenaries, Peace to War,
Vertue to Strength, Worth doſt to Birth prefer.

21. Cæcil *Treaſurer of* England 1597.

Arms are, and Stratagems of ſmall concern,
If *Cæcil*'s Counſel ſits not at the Stern:
Cæcil and *Atlas* nobly both prognate,
This doth ſupport the Skyes, and that the State.

22. *To* Guil. Cæcil: *Virtut: Duce, Comite Fortuna.*

Great Queen *Eliſa* Fortune made a Count,
Why Vertue did She not t' a Dukedom mount?

23. *To* Richard Vaughan *Biſhop of* London.

O, of the Britiſh Thou th' immortal Grace,
Art the Firſt Britiſh Biſhop of (1) this Place.

(1) *London.*

24. *To the ſame.*

I like thoſe Preachers beſt, who Preach and Act;
Not thoſe that only Preach but wave the Fact:
Thou therefore doſt excell, for thou doſt teach
What ſhould be done, and doſt what thou doſt Preach.

25. *To* Thomas Bilſon *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.

Bilſon, I was thy Scholar heretofore,
And to thy Precepts owe theſe Lines, and more.

26. *The Life of* William Wickham, *formerly Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *written in Latine by* Thomas Martin, *Dr. in the Civil Law.*

Life to the Dead to give, the Dead to raiſe
From Death to Life, 's a Work deſerving Praiſe:
Which hadſt not done, thou *Martin* hadſt been dead:
But now both in this one Book live, are read.

27. Wincheſter *Colledge.*

Europes prime School: whereof a little Part
I was to my great'ſt praiſe in Learnings Art:
Zoilus himſelf will not to thee deny,
(Thy Founder *Wickham* known) this Primacy.

28. T

28. *To Sir* Philip Sidney.

Great *Alexander* call'd *Achilles* bleſt,
Whom *Homer* prais'd in Verſe above the reſt:
Unhappy I, becauſe thou half Divine,
Canſt not made happy be by Verſe of Mine.

29. *To Sir* Philip Sidney.

Whoſe Deeds worth writing, Lines worth reading are,
Is Rare: Thou therefore doing both art Rare:
Thy Lines worth reading, Deeds worth writing ſhew
Thee learned, candid: equaliz'd by Few.

30. *Upon the Marriage of* William *Earl of* Pembroke, *and* Mary, *daughter of the Earl of* Shrewsbury 1605.

In Manners, Perſonage, Wit, Age, Eſtates,
And in Nobility, you Both are Mates,
Yet thou deſerv'ſt a better Bride than Shee:
A better Bridegroom She deſerve than Thee.

31. *To* Elizabeth *Counteſs of* Rutland, *Sir* Philip Sidney's *Daughter.*

'Twas *Philip*'s Praiſe thou wert his Child: But rather
Thine, that thou Daughter wert of ſuch a Father.

32. *To* Lucy *Counteſs of* Bedford.

Lucy, thy ſplendid Name *à Luce* came,
That ſplendent through the World might be thy Name:
Thy Noble Parents brought thee forth to ſight,
But thee thy Vertues brought into the Light.

33. *A Knights Ring. To* Henry Goodyeer, *Knight.*

Nobility the Gold, the Gem be Grace:
This Ring upon thy Finger ever place.

34. *To D.* J. H.

Thy Verſe is Nameleſs, though not worthleſs, while
Others their worthleſs Verſe with Names inſtile.

35. *To* D. B.

Thou liveſt well, if one well hid, well lives:
And thy great wit conceal'd more ſplendour gives.

36. *To* Th. M. *the Princes Tutor.*

Thou ſo doſt form, inform the Prince, that He
King of his Realms, and of Himſelf will be:
This Fifth to prize before thoſe Kingdoms Four,
And of Himſelf, as well of them t' have Power.

37. *To*

37. *To* Th. M: *the Princes Tutor.*

Thou ſo doſt teach (for times of Sword and Gown)
The docile Prince, prime Hope of *Britains* Crown,
That ſcarce in future times 'twill be diſcern'd,
Whether He be more great, more good, more learn'd.

38. *To* Walter Gwyn.

Th' Increaſe of the good Prince thou voteſt fair,
And ſay'ſt, * Increaſe to ſit in *Arthur*'s Chair;
Nature gave Wit, may Grace attend his youth,
Grow may thine Honour with the Princes growth.

* *Seeming a fatal Anagram of the Prince, as appeareth in the Book of Anagrams of Mr.* Walter Gwyn, *publiſhed in* Scotland *before* Britain *reborn.*

39. *Francis Drake* 1581.

Thy Travels, *Drake*, have reach'd Earths utmoſt bound,
Have ſeen both ſides of the Terreſtrial Round:
If men be mute, the Stars will blaze thy Name;
And both the Poles will ſound-reſound thy Fame
Beyond (1) the *Gades*: Thou maiſt theſe words repeat,
I greater am than *Hercules* the Great.

(1) *Hercules* Pillars.

40. Britains *Strength.*

To the Prince.

The (1) Ports are *Englands* Gates; the Ships her Walls;
Camp, Seas; Forts, Bodies; Hearts, the Generals.

(1) *Havens.*

41. *The Terreſtrial Globe.*

Of Water and of Earth's the Globe, (Sea, Land)
That movable, this unremov'd doth ſtand.

42. *Health, unhealthy.*

The more thou drink'ſt of drunken Healths, the leſs
Of Health, of Happineſs thou doſt poſſeſs:
I wiſh a thouſand of ſuch Healths to thee,
And envy not: One Health's enough for me:
One Health's enough for ſober men and ſane:
No Health's in Drinking Healths, no Boon, but Bane.

43. *The Divine.*

To know thine's nothing, if not known 'tis known.

The Politician.

If known 'tis nothing then to know thine own.

44. *All*

44. *All Things affect good.*

From *Opto*'s *Optimus*, without conteſt,
For he that's wiſe doth wiſh himſelf the beſt.

45. *A Phœnix on Earth.*

A certain Maid of *Burgundy* ſurpriz'd
With Maiden Sickneſs, helpleſs and adviſ'd
To take a little Ment, an Herb, a thing
Helpful to many (taken in the Spring)
She rather than to live by ſin, would die:
Death being all the Purchaſe ſin did buy.

46. *Democritus*, and *Heraclitus.*

That only laugh'd, this only wept: but whether
Shall be laugh'd at, or wept for? Both, or Neither?

47. *Of* Langa.

Langa (ſhe Papiſt) 'ſpous'd t' a Lutheran,
T' avoid conteſting, thus to ſpeak began:
Leſt future Diſcords ſhould diſturb our Peace,
To me be facile, and I thee will pleaſe;
Grant me the Liberty of Conſcience,
And with all other things I will diſpence.

48. *King* Arthur's *Round-Table.*

Why thy Round Table doſt t' a Square prefer?
Men made things Square, God made * the Circular.

* *The World.*

49. *To* Theophila B. C.

He muſt love much, and have no vulgar ſpirit,
Who doth thee praiſe, and love as thou doſt merit.

50. *Of* Hernicus.

His Soul to God, his Body to the Ground
Hernick bequeath'd: And lying in a Swound
He heard ſome whiſp'ring, that his wife had gain'd
A new-another Husband, which diſdain'd
By th' envious Man, he gave his wife the Lye:
Reviv'd, whereas before he thought to die.

51. *Of Love and Faith.*

Love is from Faith divorc'd: that ever is
Suſpicious, not once ſuſpected this.

52. *A Lover.*

Uncertain Hope, Fear conſtant, flying Pleaſure,
Sad Joyes, ſweet Grief, Love bitter. Where's the Treaſure?

53. *The Golden Age.*

Before the virtue was of Gold diſclos'd,
Why was that Age the Golden Age ſuppos'd?

54. *Of* Alana.

In Bed *Alana*'s Place is loweſt, yet
At Table in the high'ſt Place She's ſet:
Her facile Husband parts with her the Sway,
He rules by Night, She governs all the day.

55. *Germanick Death, to* Polynicus.

Death's not to be, ſaith *Seneca*; ſome think,
(And *Germans* too) that Death is not to drink.

56. *Of* Philodemus.

Rare things, 'cauſe dear, thou ſhunneſt, ſeekeſt common,
To thee more dear's a vile than dearer Woman.

57. *Of* Battus.

Thou ſecrets tell'ſt, crave'ſt pardon for the wrong:
Wouldſt have no need of Pardon? Hold thy Tongue.

58. *The Gordian Knot.*

The Gordian Knot cut once with Sword; Is it
Now rather to be loos'd by Sword, or Wit?
None can diſſolve this Knot by Wit or Word:
Nor yet can *Alexander* with his Sword.

59. *Love.*

Wars, Peace again: theſe things occur in Love:
Content, Contention in one Circle move.

60. *Strifes, Laws, to* J. C.

Strife Laws produc'd, and Law produceth Strife:
None without One of theſe can live this Life.

61. *The Miſer and Prodigal.*

My ſtudy's Rhetorick ſaith Prodigal:
And mine the Miſer ſaith is Logical.
Logick, cloſe-fiſted Avarice deſcries,
And Rhetorick mens Prodigalities.

62. *Labour.*

Though th' active *Romans* Grief no Labour deem'd,
Th' inactive *Greeks* Labour a Grief eſteem'd.

63. *A good, ſtrong, wiſe man.*

Good Men want Wealth (but have divine ſupplies)
Wit to the Strong, Faith's wanting to the Wiſe.

64. *The*

64. *The Order of the Golden Fleece.*

Philip the Duke of *Burgundy*, 'tis feign'd,
That Order of the Golden Fleece ordain'd:
Whoſe Heirs the Golden Indies now poſſeſs:
This Order was an Oracle: no leſs.

65. *The Motto of* Thomas *Earl of* Dorſet.

Nec temerè, nec timidè.
Not haſtily, nor heartleſly.

Wiſely ſuſpect, and ſtoutly things expect;
Be circumſpect, lei thee no Fear deject.

66. *The Motto of* Henry Neville, *Knight.*

Ne vile velis: *Not vile's thy will.*

Neville, thy will *ne-vile*, or vain brings forth:
Sith vile things little, vain are Nothing worth.

67. *To Sir* Philip Sidney *of his* Arcadia.

Thou did'ſt command, when paſſing to thine Urne,
(Witneſs thy Wife) they ſhould th' *Arcadia* burn,
If it ſhould die, for kindling Lovers Flames,
It ought not to be burn'd, but drown'd in *Thames*:
(In this thy Book no Line, no Letter's found
That merits either to be burn'd or drown'd.)
What ever cenſure on thy Book may fall,
Thy Wit nor cenſure merits, Death, nor Gall.

68. *To* Jane Owen *a moſt learned woman.*

None of thy Siſters have I heard or ſeen,
Though Five to th' aged Father born have been.
How many then I know, but what they be
I know not: yet I know, if like to thee.

69. *To his Friend.*

I'le be none's Enemy, nor twice a Friend;
My Friendſhip where it doth begin ſhall end.

70. *The uſurers Grammer.*

Things Creeping, Swimming, Going, Fleeing, All
Love Theſe, Thoſe, all things, all Men doth inthral:
He, She, That, Coyn, Money, and Gold, theſe Three
Do conquer Love, by whom all conquer'd be.

71. *To one like neither Parent.*

Why did thy Parents thee, not like unt' Either
Beget, when they Conſented Both together?

Thou

Thou no right form of Either Parent haſt,
While both of them to form thee did what's paſt.

72. *To two (nameleſs) returning from* Venice.

That your Adventure fourfold might return,
Your Journey you to *Venice* did adjourn;
From whence, when with your gain you came again,
Your Friends, though to their loſs, rejoyc'd amain.

73. *Adultery and Fornication.*

What differs baſe Adulterers from vile
Fornicators? Tragick as from Comick ſtile.

74. *Of* Hercules, *to* C. D.

No force could force, or *Hercules* remove:
What was the greateſt of his Labours? Love:
A Lioneſs, not Manneſs he could tame:
No Monſtreſs, him a Miſtreſs overcame.

75. *A Saluting Kiſs.*

Give me three Kiſſes, *Phyllis*: if not three,
So many as thy Lips are, give to Me:
Thou giv'ſt and takeſt one, deny'ſt one more,
Or take thou thine, or mine to me reſtore.

76. *A Problem to Naturaliſts, of Kiſſes.*

If Kiſſes to the Taſt bring nothing ſweet,
Why Kiſs we with our mouth when Friends we meet?

77. *Of* Labienus.

This Thief the Gallows mounting, there to die,
Thus, thus, ſaid he, we ſcale the Starry Sky.

78. *Of* Alexander.

One World, one *Alexander* not confin'd:
O than the world, immenſer was his mind.
To this one World, one Man was not compleat:
Great *Alexander*, but the World more great.

79. *To* Firmicus, *of* Aulus.

Thou *Firmick* credit'ſt none, all credit thee:
Aulus truſts all, but cannot truſted be.

80. *Of a certain Poetaſter.*

Thou potteſt ſo as if no Pot, no Poet
No Poetry; as if Pots only ſhow it.
Drunken (1) *Carminifex*, from out this word
Take *Mi*, the reſt to thee will well accord.

(1) *Carnifex*, an Hangman.

81. *Of*

81. *Of ones Lying Letters.*

Thy falſe Epiſtle oft comes to my ſight:
Or rare, or never thou doſt Goſpel write.

82. *Phyſician heal thy ſelf, to* Gilbertus.

Vain is advice to thee, thy ſelf to cure,
For 'tis thy greateſt care, that cure t' enſure.

83. *Of a certain uſurer.*

The thouſand Pounds thou did'ſt to *Flava* lend,
Thou for it with full Uſury doſt ſend.
If like for like ſhe gave, th'art paid thereby:
Thou hadſt her Bodies uſe for th' Uſury.

84. *Of an Hypocrite.*

All things he doth diſſemble, or ſurmiſe:
Though Labour hence, thence Dolour doth ariſe.

85. *Of* Eraſmus *his Book of Follies.*

Eraſmus was the firſt who Folly prais'd:
This Folly ſhew'd his wit, his wiſedom rais'd.

86. *Of Anagrammatiſts.*

Whither, O whither will your wits inforce
Vowels and Letters here and there to courſe?
As when *Auguſtus* leiſure gave, in one
Thyrſis his Sheep, his Goats brought *Corydon*,

87. *Of a certain indoctrin'd Doctor.*

Maſter in Art, thou Beardleſs-Artleſs wert:
Now Bearded Doctor th'art, but more inert.

88. *Of naked Love.*

Nature the Fields, the Birds, the Sheep, the Beaſts,
With Graſs, with Plume, with Fleece, with hair inveſts:
What ever under th' Air is born or bred,
By Nature, or with Art is covered.
Why are all cloath'd but naked Love? expreſs,
The more Love naked is 'tis call'd the leſs.

89. *Of the Exchequer, to Sir* William Pits, *Knight.*

Into the Treaſury collected Coyn
Runs, as freſh Rivers run into the (1) Brine:
Out of the Treaſury the Coyn diſpers'd,
Runs as the Rivers from the Sea revers'd:
Nor all thoſe Rivers can the Sea ſupply,
Nor are the Fountains in the Mountains dry.

(1) *The Sea.*

90. *Of*

90. *Of a perfidious Person.*

I learn by trusting, not to trust Pretences:
My false and hapless Hope beguil'd my Senses.

91. *The Silver Sin.*

No Whoremongers did *Saturns* Kingdom stain:
The World was chast till *Jupiter* did Reign.

92. *A Bawd.*

No part from Sale is of thy Body Free,
Nor is thy Soul, if one would buy't of thee:
Thy Soul's expos'd to Sale, but none will buy it,
For all, except the Devil, will deny it.

93. *Self-Love.*

I the First Person, Second Thou, Third He;
Yet Each t' himself seems First of all the Three.

94. *Wisdom.*

Who's Rich? the Wise: Who's Poor? the Fool: by (which
If I be wise, I shall be quickly Rich.
Who's wise? the Rich: Who's Fool? the Poor: then see
If Rich I am not, I a Fool must be.

95. *The Etymology of* Venus.

Venus (saith (1) one) spontan'ous doth advene
Unt' all things: doth he not unt' all men mean?

(1) *Cicero* de Nat. Deorum Lib. 2.

96. *Of a certain Drunkard.*

If Potable, as Optable were Gold,
What Mines of Gold would thy vast Guts infold?

97. *To* Polla.

A Kiss thou nor deny'st, nor givest one;
But turn'st thy Cheek, arid as is a Bone.
If new things must have new Names (not the same)
Kisses must have a New, another Name.

98. *A Friend and a Wife.*

Life's dear unt' us, a Friend is therefore dear:
A Wife t' her Husband's dear, why? 'cause so near.

99. *Anger.*

Because that Anger Valour doth precur,
Call'd *Aristotle* Anger, Valours Spur?

100. *The Roman* Flora.

Proud *Rome*, to which the world did Tribute pay,
Paid Tribute unto thee by night by day.

For

For All that was contributed to thee,
For Portage thou may'ſt call thy Tribute Free.

101. *The Etymology of the Engliſh word Anger* (Ira.)

Angry men Anguiſh have in Deed in Name:
Anger and (1 *Angor*) then are near the ſame.

(1) *Vexing.*

102. *Of Himſelf.*

I grave in Trifles. Study playing: when
In grave things trifling, I play ſtudying then.

103. *Womens Titles.*

A Count, when ſpous'd, his Wife a Counteſs makes:
A Counteſs makes no Count the Spouſe ſhe takes.
So from the Sun, the Moon receives her Light:
The Sun's Light is his own, no borrow'd Right.

104. *To* Zoilus.

The Praiſer Praiſe, the Lover Love doth merit:
Praiſe then if Praiſe; Love, if thou't Love inherit.

105. *Of the middle Age an indefinite Definition.*

While drawing is our frail Life's lateſt Line,
No Line the Middle Place can it aſſign.
That which th' unlearn'd and learn'd call Middle Age,
None knows, till finiſh'd is his Pilgrimage.

106. *To a Grey-hair'd Dier.*

Thy Beard, once colour'd Black, 's now colour'd White:
This Nature, not thine Art wrought, brought to Light.

107. *To* Aulus.

New *Rome* expell'd her King, proud ſhe the proud:
What wonder? Pride Kings lov'd not, nor allow'd:
Tell why ſo few Kings Friends are found? 'cauſe there's
Few that are Kings Competitors, or Peers.

108. *The Bed.*

What th' *Engliſh* Bed, the *Welch* call Sepulcher:
The Bed a Tomb, and Sleep doth Death infer.

109. Riders *Library.*

What means arrided *Riders* Book, thus ſtil'd
A Library, ſith but one Book's compil'd,
And that of words? It therefore ſhould not carry
The Name of Library, but Dictionary.

110. *Nummus,*

110. Nummus, *Money.*

Do Latine Criticks (1) *Nume* and *Numiſme* name
That, which the Greeks *Nome* and *Nomiſme* proclaim?
Or is't O *Nummus* 'cauſe thou numbred art,
Thy Name from Numb'ring comes, in whole or part?
Or is't becauſe the world eſteems Queen Coyn
To be ſome Goddeſs, *Numen*, or Divine?

(1) *Money.*

111. *Of* J. S. *a Covetous Man.*

An Iron Cheſt thy Gold, Iron bars inviron
Thy Gate, Houſe and Houſe-holder all are Iron.

112. *Of Roman* Flora, *to Grammarians.*

The Romans for the Flowers of their Fruit
Did *Flora* for a Goddeſs conſtitute.
She too too prodigal of Fleſh and Fame,
Did neither bear good Fruit, nor keep good Name:
But proſtitute i' th' Flower of her youth
She loſt both Fruit and Flowers in their growth.

113. *Of* J. Protus.

As Leaves from Trees in Autumn by the wind
Are whiffled all away, none left behind;
The bald-man ſo, by ſhaking of his head
Hath ſhook off all thoſe Hairs which there were bred.

114. *Of* Theodorus.

When *David* threeſcore years and Ten was old,
A fair young Virgin kept him from the cold:
Thou to be like that *Prophet* great and ſage,
A young wife haſt eſpous'd in thine old Age.

115. *Of the Plague in* England 1603.

This Plague ſo many men and women ſlew,
That ſcarce is place for any Plague anew.

116. *To a certain Woman.*

If Fortune had thee favour'd, as did Nature,
England had not a more accompliſh'd Creature:
When *Trojan* Wars began hadſt thou been born,
Troy for thy ſake might have been ſack'd and torn.

117. *Of a Perjured Perſon Convicted by his own Hand-writing.*

In vain perfidious; thy words deny
That Truth which thine own hand doth teſtifie:

That

That words more constancy than Deeds should have,
One Mouth to thee, not two thy Maker gave,
But one Tongue, though two hands to thee belong;
Why single are thine Hands, double thy Tongue?

118. *Of* Cottula, *a Grammaticaster.*

Thus *Cottula* did Labyrinth expound,
Because (quoth he) great labour in't is found.

119. *Anagram of* Rome, *to the* Carthaginians.

Stout *Annibal* in a few hours delay'd
His fortune, having not *Romes* wealth survey'd:
He knew to conquer, knew not how to prize
His Conquest, though an *African* and wise.
Alas, what loss had he? Procrastination
Though small, preserv'd great *Rome* from Devastation.

120. *Of a great Clark.*

Sick Stomachs much receive, not much concoct;
So thou know'st much, I know, yet art indoct.

121. *Of one called* Davis.

From *London Davisses* thou bragg'st Descent,
And dost dissent from *British* Orient.
Ignoble thou, a noble Stock and pure
Disclaim'st, and claim'st from Parents more obscure:
Thou with thy native soyle dost well agree,
For thou of it, and it's asham'd of thee.

122. *Of* Aulus.

Thee wise men think a fool: Fools think thee wise:
What art? what think'st thou of thy self? Advise.

123. *Of* Linus *a Doctor.*

Why dost for form things frame? so coveting
Wit slightest: Form gives Essence to the thing.
If thou deny this Philosophick Norme,
I vouch it; thou wert Doctor made for Form.

124. *Of* Thais.

O would thou wert less fair, or honest more,
For no thing's fouler than the fairest Whore.

125. *Of a nameless Voluminous Writer.*

When dire-dure Hunger, and sad wants oppress thee,
When Thirst insatiated did molest thee,
Thy Books thou (self-distracted) didst distract,
What should'st thou do? Famine advis'd that Act.

Thee

Thee Poverty compell'd, thy Books (with ſweat
Compil'd) firſt pen'd, after to vend, and eat.

126. *On a Bald Pate.*

Lo, not an hair thine heads bald Crown doth Crown:
Thy Faithleſs Front hath not one hair thine own:
Before, Behind thine hair's blown off with Blaſt,
What's left thee to be loſt? thine Head at laſt.

127. *To* Claudius *and* Linus.

Lewd *Claud*, to make thee good, thou want'ſt ſole will:
Thou *Linus* want'ſt ſole Power to make thee ill.

128. *To* George.

(1) *George*, whether thou deſir'ſt to b' in my Book,
Wherein a Verſe averſe is, if thou look:
(2) Or whether of thy Kindred I ſhould raiſe
Trophys in Verſe, oft ſounding Thine-their Praiſe:
(3) Or whether I to thee would recommend
Due thanks, my Verſe cannot due thanks repend:
(4) 'Tis well no Verſe of mine thee doth accuſe:
In this thy Name well pleaſeth Me-my Muſe.
(5) If generous, O *George*, thou would'ſt be call'd
Thou in th' extremeſt Place ſhalt ſtill b' inſtall'd.
(6) Wo's me, that I my Verſe cannot inforce
Longer to hold with thee a long Diſcourſe.

(1) *Nom.* (2) *Gen.* (3) *Dat.* (4) *Accuſ.*
(5) *Vocat.* (6) *Ablat.*

129. *A Lover is a Warrior.*

Souldiers with Harlots, *Aulus* well compar'd:
Mars bodies arm'd, *Venus* unarm'd doth guard.

130. *The Military Oath.*

The Latines Sacrament, call'd ſacred Oath,
Which Souldiers to their Captain did betroth:
If Sacrament be but an Oath, then there
More Sacraments than two will ſoon appear.

131. *Of* Alanus, *Covetous and Lame.*

Give but a Gift t' *Alanus*, He, though Lame,
Is hundred-handed to receive the ſame:
But if for Gift a Gift he muſt reſtore,
He's Lame that hundred-handed was before.

132. *The*

132. *The Condition of Kings.*

While This forbears, That fears Truth to relate
To Kings, O miſerable Kingly ſtate!

133. *Vis*, *Jus*, Force, Right, *to* J. C.

Vis, Force; *Jus*, Right are adverſe: yet the Name
Of *Vis* and *Jus* inverted, is the ſame.

134. *Of* Marcus.

Wives, Widows, Maids, Whores, Wenches, (women-kind)
Thou lov'ſt, but thine own Wife thou leav'ſt behind:
Among ſo many kinds of *Venus* ſports,
Why leav'ſt the lawful, lov'ſt th' unlawful ſorts?

135. *Deſperate Debt.*

Who's not in Debt t' his wife? who (1) ſolvent is?
None ſolid, but inſolvent is in This.

(1) *Solvency or Payment is not to be underſtood, but of one that is able to pay the whole debt.* Jabol. de verb. ſignif. 1. ſolvendo.

136. *Of* Culianus.

Wiſe men are (1) wonders: wonders now are none:
Then now there is no wiſe man; no, not one.
But *Culian*, th' art wiſe: then wonders are;
Or thou from wiſdom, *Culian*, art far.

(1) *Cic. de Divin. lib.* 2.

137. *Of* Marcus, *a man venuſt or comely.*

Too much of *Venus* (1) *uſted* part of Thee,
That in ſome Part thou maiſt *Venuſtus* be.

(1) *Burnt.*

138. *Of* Adrian 5.

Derided Epigrams, derided Verſe
Thou writeſt, which with mirth have no commerce:
No mirth is in them; yet the Reader ſmil'd,
Becauſe both wit and mirth from them's exil'd.

139. *I*, *Thou*, *He.*

There's no man but prefers Himſelf unt' All
Hence the firſt Perſon, I, we count and call.
Thou ſam'ſt thy preſent, blam'ſt thine abſent Friend,
He Thou next Me, and He next Thee doth tend.

140. *Petite.*

140. Petite & dabitur vobis.
Ask and it ſhall be given you.

That which was promis'd Askers heretofore
Is given now to Givers: men no more
Will *gratis* give: what's *gratis* comes from Heaven:
Of nought comes nought: Give, and it ſhall be given.
Date & dabitur vobis

141. *Married Perſons, Children, Parents.*

Husband and wife once two, are now but one:
Once one, two now are Father and his Son.

142. *Of* Marcus *a Lawyer.*

Thou pleadeſt for thy ſelf not Client; he
Not for himſelf, but brings his Gold for thee:
The certain Laws uncertain Cauſes croſs:
Thou ſure of gain, thy Client's ſure of loſs.

143. *To his Father.*

As man more excellent than woman is,
I ſo thy ſon do more excel in this.

144. *An* Italian.

Th' *Italians* of their wives (as Books comprize)
The parts *incluſe-ſecluſe* Monopolize:
This, what God ſaid unt' *Eve*, the woman gains
By this, I will multiplicate thy pains.

145. *What wife the Author would have.*

I like a woman facile to be lov'd,
To love difficile, comely, well approv'd:
Rivals in love I like; deſerve ſhe ſhould
The love of all, not love alone I would.

146. *To one complaining that his Children were not like him.*

Would'ſt on thy wife beget a Self-like Child?
Firſt get a wife like thee compos'd-compil'd.

147. *To the Married.*
Of Conjugal Love.

When *Adam* had eſpouſed *Eve* his Bride,
No woman was for him to love beſide:
Love Conjugal is therefore Firſt and beſt:
Paternal doth the Second Love atteſt.

148.

148. *Sir* Francis Drake's *Epitaph.*

Though Papistry should rage in time to come,
It would not, *Drake*, I think, dig up thy Tomb:
Thou need'st not fear it should thy Body burn,
For in the water safe from Fire's thine Urne.

149. *A Childs Epitaph dying before his Grandfather and Father.*

Death keeps no method, Logick's Art denies:
A Son before his Sire and Grandsire dies.

150. *Epitaph of* Maurus.

His Soul of 's Corps, his Corps of 's Soul's bereft;
Maurus wants both: his Name is only left.

151. *Epitaph of* Pyramus *and* Thisbe.

Death friendly-foe from you that grief remov'd
Which brought on Death before: because you lov'd.

152. Tho. Moor, *dying.*

Moor had his Head from's Body severed:
But would not have his Hair cut from his Head.

153. *Three Languages Crucified.*

Hebrew, Greek, Latine, First, Next, Third commixt;
Sacred, Learn'd, Roman, all three Crucifixt.

154. *Don* Antonio *King of* Portugal.

Between thee and thy Kingdom a Divorce
Was lately made against thy will, by force:
Now thou maist of thy Kingdom (took away)
What Christ Himself (1) did of his Kingdom say.

(1) *My Kingdom is not of this World.*

155. *Alexander, Aristotle.*

He great'st of Kings, of Sophists this compleater,
Great *Alexander*, *Aristotle* greater:
This learn'd, made *Alexander* more compleat;
Great He, made *Aristotle* not more great.

156. *Of* Plato.

The Bees which swarm'd on *Plato*'s lips, do still
Distill rare Sweets from his mellifluous Quill.

157. Virgil's *Georgicks.*

Thou, *Maro*, writ'st rich Verse of Husbandry,
And dost manure the Readers wit thereby.

158. Perſius *the Poet.*

Dark *Perſius* I read, but not conceive:
I' th' dark he doth his Readers lead and leave.

159. *Tacitus.*

Thee Candor made Truth-telling, Nature-wiſe,
Briefneſs obſcure, and Gravity conciſe.

160. *To* Martial.

Perſons thou know'ſt to ſpare, to ſpeak of things,
All thy Conceits are honyed, have no Stings.

161. *To* Petrarch.

While O thy *Laura*'s read, the doubt will be,
Lawrel or *Laura* whether fitt'ſt for thee.

162. Pliny, *Engliſht by* Philemon Holland, *a Phyſician.*

Pliny writes many things, is long: is ſhort
Much writing: *Holland*'s (*a*) longer, (*b*) ſhorter for't
Becauſe (a) *more plene*, (b) *more pla*

163. *Of* Cicero, *to* Catullus.

What thou didſt tell *Catullus*, and foretell
Of *Cicero*, was true: for it befell.

164. *Of Hiſtorians in this Age.*

Hiſtorians of old wrote truth, no lyes:
Now to write lies, no truth, it doth ſuffice.
This Nay, that Yea concludes: O which I pray
Shall the next Age believe of Yea or Nay?
The certain Reader is uncertain, whether
He Neither of them ſhall believe, or Either.

165. *Kings. People.*

By Kings unlearn'd the People's led-miſled,
Like faultring feet by a diſtemp'red Head.

166. *The Senate.*

Kings Reign alone, why rule they not alone?
He ruleth beſt, who's rul'd by more than one.

167. *To an Hiſtorian.*

Thou converſant in Hiſtories doſt read,
And travelſt without danger, without dread:
An Hiſtory doth teach in Time, though ſhort,
More than long Times Experience doth comport.

16

168. *Of Diet, to* J. H.

If old thou wouldſt be ſlowly, then uſe all
Med'cines, like *Modicums*, Reciprocal.
Like too much meat, Med'cines may health infeſt;
And meat like Med'cines us'd is moſt times beſt.

169. *The Peers of* France.

Not altogether Peers: for it appears
Imparity with Parity co-heres.

170. *P. Magnus, C. Major, F. Maximus, Pompey, Cato, Fabius.*

This great'ſt, leſs than the great, greater than he
The Greater: which is greateſt of the three?

171. *To* T. S.

Thy wit and Judgement in my Verſe to ſhow
My wit and Judgement are too weak, too low.
Thy wit and Judgement I tranſcendent find,
Or elſe my wit and Judgement both are blind:
But whatſo'ere my Judgement is, or wit,
I to thy wit and Judgement mine ſubmit.

172. *Of himſelf.*

What wonder if bad Verſe my Muſe unveils?
For I nor claw mine Head, nor gnaw my Nails.

173. *The Five Senſes.*

Theſe Five to will and pleaſure that relate,
Do they their Office, or officiate?

174. *Seeing.*

The more the ſight aſſimilates the Mind,
The more it draws it, makes it more inclin'd.

175. *Hearing.*

How ſoon ſounds vocal vaniſh from our Ear?
Like Air they come, like Air they diſappear.

176. *Smelling.*

Between the mouth and Eyes th' expanded Nare
Doth carnal with ſpiritual things compare.

177. *Taſting.*

That meat may be more pleaſing to the Taſt,
Hunger, like Sauce, will ſweeten the repaſt.

178. *Touching.*

Some Touch ſole pleaſeth, ſome hath Titillation:
This youth, that Age affects with Delectation.

179. *Objects of the Senſes.*

Sight, Hearing, Smelling, Taſting, Touching, theſe
Affect, infect my Senſes as they pleaſe.

180. *Touching and Taſting.*

Some are, who can nor Smell, nor Hear, nor See:
And of five Senſes are depriv'd of three:
Why want none Taſting, Touching? 'cauſe of theſe
That th' individ, this guards the Species.

181. *Epigrams, Satyres.*

Satyres are but long Epigrams; And theſe
Are but ſhort Satyres, to diſpleaſe, or pleaſe:
Satyres avail not, if they be not tart;
Nor Epigrams, unleſs like Satyres, ſmart.

182. *A dumb man.*

He moves his Lips, but utters no true ſound,
Let *Apollonius* his mind expound.

183. *Blind and Deaf.*

Why this with's Eyes, with's Ears more quick is he?
This hears with's Eyes, he with his Ears doth ſee.

184. *Teeth and Tongue.*

(1) *Dens* comes from *Edens*, Eating; *Lingua*, Tongue,
From Licking; each from what doth t' it belong.

(1) *A Tooth.*

185. *The Phœnix and the Viper.*

The dying Phœnix leaves a living ſeed;
But living Vipers dying are to breed.

186. *The Silk-worm.*

Me skill doth kill, I make my ſelf my Tomb,
I draw my fatal Thread, ſpin Death my Doom.

187. *The Right-Hand.*

To give or take I uſe my Right-Hand; Why?
Leſt what my Right-Hand doth, my left ſhould 'ſpy.

188. *The Left-Hand.*

From Pleaſantneſs the Left-Hand hath its name;
An idle Hand, and in all Labour lame.

189. *Sunday.*

189. *Sunday.*

Why's that day call'd (when Light was first dilated)
Sunday, when yet the Sun was not created?

190. *Terra di Lavoro.*

Why is *Campania* so fully fam'd
For Pleasure, now the Land of Labour nam'd?

191. *Garments.*

New things wax old, and old things are renew'd:
Thus men are pleas'd with a vicissitude.

192. *Wine.*

Wine from sad hearts expelleth Grief; and mine
Letificates, dilating when supine.

193. *A Sheep.*

Want we flesh, skins, young, dung, dice, Musick-strings,
Wooll, Milk? one Sheep supplies with all these things.

194. *Soyling of Fields.*

Dung's a vile Excrement; yet hath its worth:
Its Element mine Aliment brings forth.

195. *Harmony.*

Discording Concords best concur in Nature:
So man and woman generate a creature.

196. *A Parret.*

If words t' invert be lawful, and unblam'd,
A Parret then a prater shall be nam'd.

197. *Ink and Paper.*

That it may more apparent be, we write
With cole-black Ink on Paper Snow-like white.

198. *A Comedy.*

The Scene our facts obscene describes-descries:
Our faults are found not feign'd in Comedies.

199. *A Cloak.*

My Cloak from th' Earth, than I my self more far's:

A Gown.

My Gown sweeps th' Earth, my Mind transcends the (Stars.

200. *A Satyre.*

One reason Satyres did produce and Laws:
Ill Manners of both's being were the Cause.

201. *An Eunuch.*

My Teſticles I want, yet I atteſt
My ſelf a Man, a Maſculine at leaſt.

202. *An Hour-glaſs.*

Falſe is the trueſt Hour-glaſs: for with uſe
The Sand wears ſmaller, wider grows the Sluce.

203. *A Merchant.*

'Tis hard to ſay That Merchant's rich or poor,
Who to the truſtleſs Seas intruſts his ſtore.

204. *Luſt.*

That thing's deform'd, fair form'd by night ſhould ſeem,
'Tis not black Nights, but 'tis blind Luſt's eſteem.

205. *Donna, Lady.*

By how much more man's Lord of 's wife, why than
His wife, his Lady calls th' uxorious Man?

206. *A Souldier.*

Though Wars give bloody Skarrs, yet more are harm'd
By naked *Venus*, than by *Mars* when arm'd.

207. *An Army.*

Huge Hulk, Faith faithleſs, inhumane, too greedy
Of bloodſhed, to ſhed humane blood too ſpeedy.

208. *Lovers Tears.*

As fervent fire from wood the moiſture drills,
So Love within the Tears from th' Eyes diſtills.

209. *The Stars.*

He that affects th' odd Number (that is) God
Created all the Stars, in number odd.

210. *The* Venetians.

As Seas with Waters, Skyes with Stars abound:
So Riches the *Venetians* ſurround.

211. *An Harp.*

Sith th' Harps diſcording Strings concording be,
Is't not a ſhame for men to diſagree?

212. *A Fowler.*

Shun cruel Flames, not knowing ſports events,
All Elements give thy ſport Aliments.

213. *The Echo.*

No skill nor Art a voice can form, or found:
Sole Echo doth reiterate the ſound.

214. *A*

214. *A Looking-glaſs.*

Than *Phid'ias* or *Apelles* wiſer, thou
The Bodies moti'on form'ſt, they knew not how.

215. *The Echo, and Looking-glaſs.*

Nothing of Life hath th' Echo, but to ſqueake:
The Glaſs would ſeem to live, if it could ſpeak.

216. *Muſick.*

The name of Muſick from the Muſes came;
Beſt Art; none other Science hath this Name.

217. Albion, *To the King.*

England was once an Heptarchy: that while
Into nine Parts was parted all this Iſle.
Unhappy *Britain* when divided thus;
United, happy made by thee for us.

The End of the Second Book.

THE THIRD BOOK OF JOH. OWEN'S Epigrams.

1. *To the Lady* Mary Neville.

I Gloze not, lye not thee when I applaud:
None more deserveth, less desireth laud.
Thou seek'st not praise, though thou deserv'st it best;
And of thy praises this is not the least.

2. *To the same.*

Thou who before thy Birth a burden wert
Unto thy Parent, born, her honour art.

3. *To the Reader, of his Book.*

Leſt this my Book diſpleaſe the candid Eye
I fear; and fear leſt it with Fools comply.

4. *The Virgin Birth of* Elizabeth, *Queen of* England 1602.

England and *Scotland* are united by
Th' auſpicious Birth of thy Virginity.
T' unite then multiply's of greater worth:
And thou beſt Parent by not bringing forth.

5. *To the* Hollander 1602.

Thou not againſt *Minerva*'s will didſt fight,
Whil'ſt *Englands Pallas* back'd thee with her might.
But thy fate chang'd; Death (like *Ulyſſes* come)
Took hence thy *Pallas* and *Palladium*.

6. *To* James *King of Great* Britain, *&c.*

The Golden Age is come, long ſince foretold,
When but one King ſhould wear *Brute*'s Crown of Gold:
Who ſhould the *Britains*, that divided were
Unite; of Peace ſhould th' Olive Branches bear:
That having Peace, all good unt' us comes forth,
We now may ſay (moſt truly) from (*a*) the North.

(*a*) *For* Owen, *Grandfather to King* Henry *the ſeventh came from North* Wales: *And King* James *from the North of great* Britain.

7. *To the Prince.*

Great *Britaines* Hope, ſon of ſo great a Sire,
Half of each Parent; for Example higher
Almoſt than imitation; in rare Parts
Follow'd by few, belov'd in all mens hearts.
Hadſt thou theſe vertues from thy Sires inſtinct?
Or from thy Mothers Breaſts? from both I think't.

8. Baſilicon Doron, *to the King.*

None needs this Author, none this Book proclaim:
He This, This Him reſounds with Trump of Fame.

9. *To the Lady* Mary Neville.

Thy Glaſs reflects thee fair, fame calls thee chaſt;
Thou nor from Glaſs, nor Fame a fable haſt;
Fame that of all things hath the ſwifteſt wing,
Dares not preſume thy fame to ſtain, or ſting.

10. Of

10. *Of her daughter* Cecily.

No Painter can delineate the mind:
Yet in this Picture thou thy ſelf maiſt find.

11. *To the Candid Reader.*

My good Verſe, beſt: indifferent mine ill,
Kind Reader thou doſt call with candid will.

To the malevolent Reader.

My bad Verſe, worſt: indifferent, my good
Thou call'ſt, (black Reader) ſo thy cenſure ſtood.

12. Hercules *By-way.*

Some in Quadruples, ſome in Triples erre:
Th' *Herculean Duple* is moſt ſiniſter.

13. *Of Vertue.*

Vertue contemneth praiſe, though praiſe incline
To Vertue Shadows as to Bodies joyn;
For Vertue's real, praiſe but verbal, bare
As Bodies ſomething, Shadows nothing are.

14. *Lifes Dyal.*

From Eaſt to Weſt without return am I,
Born yeſterday, live this day, next day die.

15. *Of God.*

So great thy Greatneſs *Euclide* could not ſhow:
And ſuch as *Ariſtotle* did not know.

16. *Of an Atheiſt.*

There is no God the Fool in ſecret ſaith:
But none ſo fooliſh as to make't his Faith.
If none a God deny, who's th' Atheiſt? he
Who doth deſire that there no God ſhould be.

17. *Charity.*

As Wives where loveleſs, there do faithleſs prove,
So's Faith depriv'd of Charitable love.

18. Dives *and* Lazarus.

The Goſpel doth a nameleſs Rich man blame,
Where *Lazarus* hath an eternal Name.

19. *Increaſe and Multiply.*

The firſt man was at firſt but one, till God
Of him made two, evening the number odd:
After when God unt' *Eve* did *Adam* tye,
God made them one again to multiply:

God

God first made one, then two, then (as before)
He made them one to multiply the more.

20. *Union.*

Divine is Union, Division evil's :
For there's one God, innumerable Devils.

21. *Three Tempters.*

The World, Flesh, Devil, are three Sophisters ;
In Logick he, in Rhet'rick they converse.

22. *The Spirit and Flesh.*

Me Flesh and Spirit hither, thither force ;
Jove, *Cæsar* are in me Competitors :
Peace to you both : were you but once at Peace,
Peace then in all the world would soon increase.

23. *Man to Man a* { *God*, / *wolf.* }

Man is to man a God, a Wolf : why ? when ?
For Christ's a God, *Adam* a Wolf to men.

24. *God's word.*

Men few things see, God all things sees foresees :
Hence men speak often, God but once decrees.

25. *The Broad and Narrow way.*

The Scripture bids us strive ('tis our concern)
To walk the Narrow way to Life eterne :
If that way leads us not t' inherit Bliss,
The broader way will lead us down to *Dis*.

26. *St.* John Baptist.

The *Baptist* Christ preceded, as the Light
Precedes the Sun, brings day, dispells the night.

27. *Of Autumn.*

Autumn shakes off the Leaves, and for man's use
Produceth fruit : let us the like produce.

28. *The Misery of Life.*

Who long would live, wretched although and poor,
That is, he would be wretched more and more :
Poor-wretched *Iris* dies against his will :
That is, he would be poor and wretched still.

29. *Of*

29. *Of Nature and Grace.*

Nature like to the Moon gives pallid Light:
Grace like the Sun more ſplendid ſhines and bright.

30. *The Catechiſm.*

Twelve things thou muſt believe, muſt pray for ſeven,
And ten things do if thou wilt enter Heaven.

31. *A Rich Man.*

Why are few rich men ſav'd? becauſe their bent
Repents Expences, nothing elſe repent.

32. *O guileful Hopes!*

O rather guileful things; our Hope a friend
Moſt faithful, us concomitates to th' end.

33. *The Redeemer.*

One man by dying, man from Death hath freed,
Which was to man for one mans ſin decreed:
Chriſt all things did poſt-pone, loſt man to win,
Contemn'd-condemn'd, O *Adam*, for thy ſin.

34. *The Holy Spirit.*

As Doves to whiteſt Houſes ſooneſt come,
So th' holy God makes cleaneſt Hearts his home.

35. *Fortitude.*

The Wiſe doth know, the Juſt will do what's right,
Who dares thus, ſhall b' eſteem'd a man of might.

36. *Of a King.*

Law, where's no King's like light when Sun's away:
King, where's no Law's like Sun without a Ray.
People firſt choſe a King; The King with them
Made Laws, yet ſubject to the Diadem.

37. *A Welch Man.*

Engliſh and *Scots* by name are one with thee:
Now *Welch* man, ſole thou ſhalt not Britiſh be.

38. *Engliſh-Scots.*

Disjoyn'd in Laws, what Law ſhall them conjoyn?
The Kingdoms ſafety beſt of Laws divine.

39. Henry *the Roſes*, James *the Kingdoms*. *To the King.*

The Roſes, *Engliſh* colours Red and White,
Like *Cadmus* new-ſprung Hoſt ingag'd in Fight,
And as the Twins, which one Egge did include,
Do Riſe and Set in a viciſſitude,

As Day the Night, as Night ſucceeds the Day,
The Roſes ſo did bear alternate ſway,
Till Mother *Mona* (*a*) Britiſh *Angles'y*,
An Iſle which *Tacitus* not tacitely
Recordeth, happy Mother, happier
By bearing Britiſh *Owen Theodor*:
From whom aroſe a Noble Prince, a Roſe
Whoſe Wife and Mother ſprung from Stem of thoſe,
Who thouſand dangers paſs'd in Nuptial Bed,
United (*b*) both the Roſes White and Red.
Which Union, leſt Change or Chance divide
The Roſes, His: The Kingdoms are thy Bride.

(a) *A Britiſh Proverb*, Mon Mam Gymri, *in Engliſh thus*, Angliſey *the Mother of* Wales. (b) *Remarkable here that the Triple Empire of* Britain *by a certain occult Fate was reſtored to the Britiſh Blood*, (1) *The Kingdom of* Scotland *by* Stuart. (2) *The Kingdom of* England *by* Tyder. (3) *The Empire of the whole Iſland by* James *the firſt, deſcended from both.*

40. *The Apocalypſe of* John Napeir.

Ninety two years the World continue ſhall,
If as thou Calculat'ſt, it ſtand and fall:
Why doſt not th' End to be more near ſurmize?
Leſt thou a Lyer ſhould'ſt be found: th' art wiſe.

41. *God, Man.*

God cannot die, nor man Death conquer can:
But Chriſt did both, he was both God and Man.

42. *Death.*

Death unto bad men bane, to good men bliſs:
An endleſs Ill, or End of all Ill is.

43. *God.*

God is Immenſe, all meaſuring alone:
And He's Innumerable; for but but one.

44. *Miracle.*

Let others Miracles admire: but I
Admire their Maker only, God on high.

45. Adam's *Fall.*

Mens Bodies, Goods, and Souls, *Adam*'s foul fall
To Phyſick, Law, Divines did firſt inthrall.

46. *To* Adam.

False *Eve*, Death's Parent, thee deceiv'd by Fruit;
And foully ruin'd with a fair salute.

47. *To Preachers.*

The Cock (the Mornings Herald) claps his wings,
To rouze himself before he Crows or Sings:
Preachers should do the like, first should begin
To rouze themselves; next others raise from sin.

48. *The Tempter.*

As Mice in Walls, so Satan in man's heart
Orfinds, or makes a way with his black Art.

49. *Mortification.*

We live to die, and die to live: O why,
Then learn we not to die, before we die?

50. Hodie, *to Day.*

This Day was yesterday to Morrow nam'd:
To Morrow shall be yesterday proclaim'd:
To Morrow not yet come, nor far away,
What shall to Morrow then be call'd? To Day.

51. *Against thee only have I sinned.*

Subjects do sin 'gainst God, the King, the Laws:
A King 'gainst God alone: A King because.

52. *Prayer.*

As Christ transpierc'd the Doors fast shut at Even:
So Prayers pierce th' Impenetrable Heaven.

53. Mary Magdalens *Tears.*

Vain wandring Eyes sinning by seeing vain:
Wip'd off, by weeping with those Eyes, sins stain:
I err, if not that weeping faculty,
Because th' Eye first did sin, 's infus'd in th' Eye.

54. *Of Hope and Fear.*

Riches and Fear, Hope want concomitate:
Hope's to be wish'd for, Fear's a froward fate.
Poor men have Hopes, the Rich men Fears: But I
These Fears had rather than those Hopes apply.

55. Mathusalem *is dead.*

Life is not long, but still to live: what profit
Is in long life, when Death's the sequel of it?

56. *Of Law and Justice.*

The way to Law than Justice more we trace,
Though this the shorter, that's the longer Race.

57. *Intemperance.*

We who desire long life before we die,
Why do we shorten it by Luxury?
We will, and will not lengthen our short spans:
We nill our selves, will, by Physicians.

58. *To* Ponticus.

Art poor? 'tis hard to make thee rich: but when
Th' art rich, 'tis easie to be richer then.

59. *The Pharisees.*

They say, but do not: 'tis our Ages sin:
First say, then do: Faith so doth enter in.

60. *Liberty.*

If happy's he that all things hath at will,
Why do men will, yet are repining still?
The best-great'st vertue's Liberty: sole he
Can live at will, whose will is well to be.

61. *Christ, whence.*

Conceiv'd at *Nazareth*, at *Beth'lem* born:
Thy Natures two, two Countries did adorn.

62. *Christ Crucified.*

To th' Erring, Dying, Sick, the Way, Life, Cure,
The Crosses Cross, Deaths Death didst Cross endure.

63. *Christs Cross.*

The Cross bare Christ, Christ bare the Cross: and thus
Christ bare the Cross, the Cross Christ: all for us.

64. *Of Religion.*

A pleasant Tree planted in pious breast,
Whose Root hath labour, fruit hath honours Crest:
Fear first brought Gods into the world: no lye:
For to fear God is the prime Piety.
In Piety's root's Gall, Honey's above:
For Fear's Religion's Fount, the River, Love.

65. *On the Prodigal and Miser.*

This till his death gives nothing; that at's death
Hath nothing left to give, or to bequeath.

66. *The Married.*

Let man love's wife, let wife ſubmiſſive be
To her husband; he's her Head, his Heart is ſhe.

67. *Study.*

Students grow mad by ſtudying much to know;
None mad by ſtudying to be good doth grow.

68. *Remember Death.*

Death of uncertains hath moſt certainty;
Uncertain when, but certain once to die:
None from his birth, none from his death is far,
Yet none of this is a Remembrancer.

69. *The Bleſſed Virgin.*

Gods Spouſe, her Fathers Parent, her Sons Child,
Virgin by man, without man Mother ſtil'd.

70. *What's rare, not dear.*
A Paradox.

Vice common is, yet nothing is more dear:
Vertue ſeems vile, yet rare it doth appear.

71. *A Beaſt.*

Paſt hope, what's paſt; ſole future Hope doth reſt,
Things hopeleſs paſs, hopes fruitleſs with the Beaſt.
While paſt things vex, future perplex with care
Ills men; Beaſts, wiſer, pleas'd with preſent are.

72. *Reaſon.*

Reaſon's the Queen of things; their Mother's Nature:
This brings them forth; that is their Regulater.

73. *Nature.*

Wiſe Nature hath with Reaſon us ſupply'd;
Which wills us to take Nature for our Guide.

74. *Freedom of Speech.*

Thou ſeem'ſt t' have freedom fables to relate;
But free enough's the Tongue that leſs doth prate.

75. *To Marcus, a Problem.*

Be'ſt good or bad what matter's it? For thoſe
Force like the Lawes, theſe Laws like force oppoſe.

76. *Upon Old and New Faſhions.*

'Tis fooliſh Envy new things to deſpiſe;
And envious folly new things ſole to prize.

57. *A Christians Death.*

Death, like the way, leads thee to life; and is
No dying, but an Entrance into Bliss.

78. *To Christ.*

Anchor of Hope, Faiths Ship, Loves shoreless Sea,
Earth's Salt, Heavens Sun, the Souls sole saving Plea:
Death, by thy death is kill'd, Death dead doth lie:
Yet who would think that ever Death could die?

79. *Self-Love.*

Who sees not his own faults, but others spies,
Is wise unt' others, but t' himself unwise.

80. *Saints Lives.*

'Tis vain Saints Lives to read, and not to lead;
Do both; the lives of Saints read, lead: lead, read.

81. *Our Country.*

A good man's still at home, not in Exile:
Each Land each Sea is as his native soyle:
Exile's where ill, our Country where contrary:
In this Good, Bad are each ubiquitary.

82. *upon an Atheist.*

No faith of past, nor hopes of future move
Within thy Soul, the present's thy sole love.

83. *Of Hereticks.*

Virgil from *Ennius* dross did Gold extract:
But Hereticks from Gold do dross compact.

84. *An Encomiastick.*

The Good by praise is better, worse the bad,
The Crafty craftier, the fool more mad.

85. *Not too fast.*

None's on the sudden good: hast not too fast,
Although in Vertues way thou makest hast:
Good counsel us'd in hast, proves bad we find:
First recollect, and then correct thy mind.

86. *The Envious, and Fool.*

This wants right Reason, that a candid heart:
This cannot, and that will not Truth assert.

87. λόγος, *Sermo, Speech.*

Gods Speech all Reason's, ours all Oraizon:
So what God speaks, and man's a speaking Tone.

88. *Opinion.*

88. *Opinion.*

None will believe, yet all would be believ'd:
So faith like friendſhip is by gain atchiev'd.

89. *Art.*

God hath all Arts laid up in Natures breaſt,
That man might thence require, acquire the beſt.

90. Adams *Apology.*

Why am I blam'd as Author of mans ſin?
I ſin'd not firſt: *Eve* did to me begin.

91. *The Serpent.*

Thou thy ſelf-tempter, ſelf-deceiver wert,
None did attempt to tempt, or thee pervert.

92. *Still the ſame.*

One God in all the World was, is, and ſhall:
Why is not then the ſame one faith for all?
One faith, like day, the world t' enlighten, even
As one Sun's in the Sky, one God in Heaven.

93. *Mental Prayer.*

Let Soul be pure, Houſe Oratory, Reader
The Spirit, cleanſed Heart, Prayers the Pleader.

94. *The five Wounds.*

Balſoms not wounds were th' wounds which Chriſt endur'd,
For by thoſe wounds our wounds are clos'd, are cur'd.

95. *Feigned Friendſhip.*

While the dark World, the Suns bright beams accend,
The ſhadow on the body doth attend:
But when Clouds intervening ſhade the ſhine,
The ſhadow doth thy body then decline:
While Fortune ſmiles, thy friends will follow thee,
As ſhadows Bodies, when Sun ſhines, we ſee.

96. *Vertue.*

Vertue conſiſteth not in words but Deeds:
Faith, Hope, and Charity are Herbs not Weeds.

97. *Rachel.*

Why doſt bewail thy loſs in thy loſt Son?
Thou brought'ſt him forth with pain, with grief he's gone.

98. *Solomon.*

So many Miracles, as wiſe men, are:
For than a wiſe man, what's more ſtrange, more rare?

But

But *Solomon*'s before the ſeven Sages,
He's then the firſt, not the Eighth by our Suffrages.

99. *Hope.*

Sith in things future, artleſs is my Skill,
Why ſhould I hope for good, or fear what's ill?
Yet I deſpair not, without hope I die:
Long hope prolongs my ſhort Lifes Brevity.

100. *Mans Ignorance.*

I ſcarce know what's to live: no wonder I
Then know not what 'tis to be born, or die.

101. *Chriſt the Way.*

Would'ſt know the way which doth unt' Heaven tend?
The Way from Heaven doth to thee deſcend.

102. *Of Fame.*

Seek vertue, but the praiſe thereof diſclaim:
Not of the man the praiſe is, but the Name.

103. *Faith.*

Faith in *Pythag'ras* principles's a Prince:
His *Ipſe dixit* did convince-evince.

104. *Æquanimity.*

Whether Deaths hour be come or not, abhor it
To be too willing, or unwilling for it.

105. *Newſt Times.*

The Times which firſt produced things in view,
Were the New Times, for then the world was new:
Tell me learn'd Reader of the Books inroll'd,
Whether our Times be the New Times, or Old?

106. *The Will.*

Wilt thou be good? Will ſole, it ſhall be ſo:
Who gave thee Will, will on thee Pow'r beſtow.

107. *To the Sun.*

Fair *Phœbus* who twice fourſcore times (by gueſs)
Art than th' Earth greater though thou ſeemeſt leſs.
Thou who to me poor worm ſo ſmall doſt ſeem,
How little (Ah) am I in thine eſteem?

108. *Honeſty.*

The wiſe man than the good's more wiſe: no matter,
While that the good is than the wiſe man better.

109. *Man.*

His Heart's but care, his flesh a Carkass, and
Sickness his Birth, his Life at Deaths command.

110. *Multiloquy, to a Preacher.*

Multiloquy shews Ignorance: what needs
So many words when thou dost see the Deeds?

111. *Death with and against Nature.*

By Natures course, O Death, thou shouldst not gather,
Nor take away the Son before his Father.
In Life and death we Natures Rules apply,
Nature will have men live, will have men die.

112. *Eloquence.*

Not to speak much, but well, is Eloquence:
As fertile Fields good fruit, not much dispence.

113. *God.*

As from our sight thick Clouds the Skies obscure,
So God's invisible to minds impure:
None have seen God: and few have heard Him speak,
Hence (a) Faith's so rare, but Love's more rare, more weak.

(a) *Faith is by Hearing: Love by Seeing.*

114. *To* Ponticus.

Thou ask'st what years thou hast? I answer None:
For what thou had'st, thou hast not: they be gone.

115. *Love and Friendship, to* Carolus.

From a long custom Nature doth dissent,
As Love from friendship differs in th' extent.

116. *Princes.*

You seem to shew a zealous-pious care,
For true Religions Progress to prepare:
But your Religion moves t' have Honour more,
Not th' Honour true Religion to restore.

117. *O Times, O Manners!*

Why doth man blame the Manners, and the Times,
Imputing to their pravities his Crimes?
In Times or Manners is no fault at all.
Not by Them, in Them are we criminal.

118. *Philosophy.*

All much would know, but to believe it few:
Hence many much believe, yet few do know.

119. *Infinite Evil.*

Born but one way, a thouſand waies we die,
Our thouſand Sores have but one Remedy.

120. *Of Controverſies.*

Divines contend, and yet is their conteſt
Under the Judge: O would it there might reſt:
Divines contend, and of the Judge complain:
O would that all the ſtrife did there remain.
Or that in us there was ſuch ſtrife of Love,
As Love of ſtrife in ev'ry Sphere doth move.

121. *Chriſt on the Croſs.*

When Chriſt was Crucifi'd two Thieves between,
Then Vertue, never, or i' th' midſt was ſeen.

122. *Times Daughter.*

Though truth be ſometimes hid, 'twill be proclaim'd,
Hence by the Greeks it is (a) Αληθεια nam'd.

(a) *without Oblivi*

123. *Phyſick and Law.*

If Mortals would as Nature dictates, live,
They need not Fees to the Phyſicians give:
If men were wiſe, they need not have their Cauſe
Pleaded, prolonged by th' ambiguous Laws.
So *Bartolus* might (Feeleſs) go to Bed,
And Mice corrode *Hippocrates* unread.

124. *Man and Wife.*

The total Houſe us holds not, when we chide,
But one Bed ſerves us both when pacifi'd.

125. *The ſhorteſt Day.*

One Day, the laſt is our Lifes ſhorteſt Day,
For it is next our End, and will away.

126. *Vertues Complaint.*

Rare's love of love, love of Vertue's rare:
Price is now priz'd, and Honours honour'd are:
Riches are proſtitute, Coyn Money buyes,
And Vertue's vile, ſhe muſt her own worth prize.

127. *An hard Father.*

A ſparing Father is moſt liberal
T' his Son: For dying he doth leave him all.

128.

128. *A Prayer to God in Sickneſs.*

Nature of Nature, O good God, when I
Can live no longer, give me will to die.

129. *To a litigious Perſon.*

If Judge to thee be deaf, thy Cauſe is loſt,
Thy gain is vain Experience with coſt:
'Tis better Judges pleaſe than plead the Laws,
Thoſe before theſe indulge unto thy Cauſe.

130. *Of* Brunonius.

Our Fathers inſtituted Faſts that (they)
Their Fleſh, the Spirit, that it might God obey:
But with full Table thou keep'ſt Faſt that thence
Thy Spirit may thy fleſh, thy fleſh ſerve ſenſe.

131. *Time.*

Age all things brings, all things bears hence with it:
All things have Time, and Time hath all things fit.

132. *Miracles.*

Sith Miracles are ceas'd (what ſhall I ſpeak?)
Is Gods hand ſhorter? or our faith more weak?

133. *To* Irus.

Thou ſtill wouldſt live, but live thou canſt not ſtill,
Though ſtill to live thou maiſt, doſt wiſh, and will,
But ſith thou liv'ſt ſo poor, I know not why,
Though life thou will'ſt, thou ſhould'ſt not wiſh to die.

134. *Knowledge.*

Methinks they ſole are happy here below
That either all things, or elſe no things know.

135. *Chriſt.*

As Morning ends the Night, begins the Day,
So thou Death's End wert, and Lifes riſing Ray.

136. *Who art Thou.*

Whom do mine Eyes behold, mine Eyes are blind:
What ſees my mind, my mind doth want a mind.
If my beſt part, my mind, it doth not know,
How can I, what I am, unto thee ſhow?

137. *The Kingdom of Heaven.*

Why do ſo few the Kingdom gain of Heaven?
Becauſe the way's ſo ſtrait, uncouth, uneven.

138. *Grief*

138. *Grief and Pleasure.*

Mans heart and body present Grief doth grieve,
Future with fear doth vex, past doth relieve:
Present Delight, bought with past pain, doth please,
But fear of future pain doth it disease.

139. *Peter.*

Jerusalems last High Priest *Caiaphas* was;
But *Romes* first High Priest was (they say) *Kephas.*

140. *Of Sleep.*

If Sleep be but as Death, Death but as Sleep,
The more I Sleep, the less of Life I keep.

141. *Rome.*

The world begun, *Abel* was kill'd by *Cain*,
Rome Founded, *Remus* was by *Rom'lus* slain:
The world and *Rome* with blood alike stain'd stand,
Both did begin in blood by Brothers hand.

142. *Mans Perfection.*

The chief Perfection of ev'ry Creature
Is to return t' its principles by Nature:
Then I shall perfect be, when I return
My Soul to God, my Body to mine Urne.

143. *Lord increase our Faith,* Luk. Cap. 17.

Faith needs not an increase, but a decay,
Sith scarce so many men as Faiths bear sway:
Each hath his Faith, his Tutor of his own,
Never more Faiths, more faithless men were known.
Lord, diminish our Faith.

144. *On the Covetous.*

He, *Hercules Nil ultra, doth* pass by,
And *Carolus Plus ultra* doth apply.

145. *Good Transcending.*

Good all transcends and boundless is alone,
None therefore in the world is good, not one.

146. *All is Vanity.*

Heraclite living would our Manners mourn,
Our Times *Democritus* would laugh to scorn:
Though to deride what vain on Earth is seen,
Democritus hath not enough of spleen:

Nor to lament poor Mortals miſeries,
Heraclitus hath tears an both his Eyes.

147. *Of* Epicurus.

Young men complain that ſhort's their youthful ſport;
And old men murmur that their Life's ſo ſhort:
The life of pleaſure, pleaſures life ariſe
Both ſhort, who vilipends them both is wiſe.

148. *Works.*

Good men ſhall follow their good works: But then
Their wicked works ſhall follow wicked men.

149. *Wiſdoms Beginning.*

None would for Heaven hope, if none fear'd Hell:
Fear in the prudent hope creates: 'tis well.

150. *Of* Battologus.

Thou not content to tire the learned ear
With words, and with vain babbling, Time to tear,
But after a Tautology long ſpun,
Doſt yet complain that Time too faſt did run,
Return unt' *Oxford*, and diſtinguiſh better.
Thy Sermon long, ſhort time was not thy debtor.

151. *Of the ſame.*

Learn'd *Tullies* long Orations ſeem not long,
Nor would thy Sermons couldſt thou clip thy Tongue.

152. *Of* Polytheans.

O fooliſh folk, what madneſs doth y' inſnare
To think there be more Gods than worlds there are!

153. *Of Wit and Study.*

Wit, if not whet with Study, waxeth null,
As Knives without the Whetſtones help are dull;
Wit is by Study cheriſh'd, periſh'd there,
As Whetſtones make Knives ſharp, and ſharpning tear.

154. *Know thy Self.*

None knows himſelf aright: yet mind he can
Himſelf a Child, when old, a younger man.

155. *Long Art, ſhort Life.*

An Age to make one wiſe doth not ſuffice:
Death's at our backs before we can be wiſe.

156. *Of* Moranus *an old man.*

Not to be learn'd, but to be unlearn'd by thee,
Are many things if thou wilt better be:

But how thou wilt unlearn, or learn wilt thou
To be made good, thus old, is hopeleſs now.

157. *To* D. T.

Twice wretched thou, becauſe once fortunate,
Twice happy's he, who wretched was of late.

158. *All ſeek their own.*

The Laick Gain, not Chriſt ſeeks, uncontroll'd,
And thou, O Clerick, ſeek'ſt not God, but Gold.

159. *Of* Brunonius.

Why doth the Peſt, as is ſuppos'd, atteſt
God's wrath, ſith thee the Peſt doth not infeſt?
The reaſon's ready, and a ſolid one,
Thou to thy Country art a Peſt alone.

160. *Reſpect thine End.*

Look back on thy beginning, and thine End
Foreſee, ſcorn Earth, in Soul unt' Heav'n aſcend.

161. *Senſe, Reaſon, Faith, Charity, God.*

Senſe without Reaſon, Reaſon faithleſs, (Dull)
Faith without love, love without God is null.

162. *Of Prudence.*

Prudence is uſeful matters to diſpence,
And of three Vertues is the Quinteſſence:
For what is Good in Life ſhe doth impart,
As Logick teacheth what is Truth in Art.

163. *To his Parents.*

Dear Parents I am of your Fleſh and Bone:
You both are in my Fleſh, yet Fleſh but one.

164. *Prudence and Fortitude.*

Wiſe men muſt ills beware, Strong muſt them bear,
That thoſe may ſuffer none, theſe none may fear.

165. *In the ſweat of thy Brows,* &c.

He that injoyn'd thee t' eat thy bread in ſweat
Will not to th' idle give th' eternal Meat.

166. *Of Faith and Charity.*

As Trees firſt planted are e're Fruit they bear,
So where are vertues faith muſt firſt appear;
Life lives by Faith, not without Love: as poor
Do live in hope, yet labour more and more.

Faith

Faith's firſt, Love's chief; for 'tis a vertue great
God to believe, to love God's more compleat.

167. *If thy right Eye, &c. Mat.* 5. 29.

If the Right Eye, by ſinning oft, muſt out,
The world would ſuddenly be blind no doubt.

168. *Chriſtian Adverbs.*

Adverbs all Adjectives do far excel:
God leſs rewards good Deeds, than Deeds done well.

169. *Lifes Brevity.*

T' an unborn Infant, and an old man dead
Time's all alike, that's future, this is fled:
Abate time paſt, abate the time to come
From both, how little then's Lifes total Summ.

170. *Like for like.*

To Aulus.

Thy Predeceſſors Facts thou doſt not read:
Strange if Poſterity read thine, when dead.

171. *Time.*

Time, things Devourer, us and all out-wears:
We wear out Time: and thus are we compeers.

172. *Abundant Caution.*

Not temerous, nor timerous, nor late,
Art quickly wary, not precipitate:
Is nature fearful? Prudence ſtrength prepares,
None danger fears, of danger that bewares.

173. John *oppoſing.*

Though all Antiquities oppoſe thy ſenſe,
Thou canſt them all with one word (No) convince.

174. *Juſtification.*

Do Faith or Facts ſole juſtifie? declare
Facts Faith by God ſole juſtified are.

175. *Doomſday.*

When all for all their works ſhall t' anſwer come,
Sufficeth one day, for ſo great a Doom?

176. *To* Marianus.

The Good hate ſin, becauſe they vertue love:
Few therefore now on Earth good men do prove:
Vice is ſo priz'd; Vertue ſo vile reputed,
That 'tis almoſt a ſin to b' unpolluted.

177. Mary Magdalens *Tears.*

Two fluent Fountains from two Mountains riſe,
Whence flows a double River from mine Eyes.

178. *Of the Soul.*

The Soul's from God, not drawn from mortal Line,
For with the Body then it would decline.

179. *To* Marcus.

In Bed thou prayeſt with thy Face erect:
No wonder ſlothful Prayers want effect:
Such praying, as vain words of one not praying
God hears, as if he heard not, by gainſaying.

180. *Hell.*

As Art black colours cannot turn to white,
So from dark Hell none can return to Light.

181. *To a poor Friend.*

Is't bad? I would 'twere worſe: for at the worſt
Oft better things ſucceed than came at firſt.

182. *The Parts of the World.*

The world though round is parted int' a Square,
Whereas four Parts, ſo * four Religions are.

* *Jews, Chriſtians, Mahumetans, Pagans.*

183. *The Cauſes of Diſcord.*

Self-ſenſe, Self-reaſon each man regulates;
Each his own will, his own Faith eſtimates:
Each wilful is: hence Brethren ſtrive: the while
Will only wants all ſtrifes to reconcile.

184. *The Liberal.*

The juſt man gives unt' each his own; but thou
To Rich men theirs, to poor muſt thine allow.

185. *The Temperate.*

He that things cauſes knows, with Times complies,
Calms his affects, orders his acts, is wiſe.

186. *The Wiſe.*

Fate governs Fools, the wiſe more ſublimate,
Themſelves by wiſdom govern not by Fate.

187. Anonymus, *an Infant dead before Baptiz'd.*

What dead? Alas, unnam'd, and unbaptiz'd,
O Chriſt, I nameleſs muſt by thee b' agniz'd:

I' th'

I'th' Book of Life without a Name me write,
For in thy name alone mine hope is ſcite.

188. *The Flatterer and Carper.*

Theſe differ not in Nature but in Name,
This Good, that Bad maligneth: Both to blame.

189. *Love and Friendſhip.*

The knot of Friendſhip's to be broke for Love:
But Love for Friendſhip muſt not once remove.

190. Peter *and* Paul.

The Sword keeps Kingdoms, Coyn the Keys, by which
Peter than *Paul* reputed is more rich.
Saint *Paul* in an Epiſtle ſaith he's poor:
Saint *Peter* no where doth his wants deplore.

191. *Socrates.*

Thou nothing knowſt, this one thing knowſt, and this
One thing is ſomething, ſomething, nothing is.

192. *Man.*

Born weeping, being born at firſt didſt cry:
Thou then not pleas'd, why now diſpleas'd to die?

193. *To* Paul *inhum'd.*

Thou naked cam'ſt to th' world from mothers womb,
With Shirt and Shroud returnſt unto thy Tomb:
More than thou broughtſt thou tak'ſt hence to thy Grave,
Thou giv'ſt thy mother more than ſhe thee gave.

194. *To the Courtly Reader.*

If much for School, for Court here's little, note
That this for Court, that for the School we wrote.

195. *Wiſe Simplicity.*

That thou do wrong to none be like a Dove:
That none thee wrong, wiſe like a Serpent prove.

196. *The Common-Wealths Eyes.*

Religion and Law conjoin, combine,
That curbs mens hearts, their hands this doth confine.

197. *To Doctor* John Gifford *a Learned Phyſician.*

That in *Apollo*'s Art thou skilful art,
No wonder, for thy parts thou knowſt apart:
If *Galen* ſaith not this, yet wiſe *Apollo*
Saith, Know thy Self: his dictates thou doſt follow.

198. *The Daw.*

No Birds more loquent-eloquent than I:
The Goose.
But I write more than thou canst Crake, or Cry.

199. Jobs *Miseries.*

Satan (the Lord permitting) did disrobe
Of Children, Wealth, and Health poor-pooreſt *Job*:
When all was gone, his wife did yet remain
Who vex'd him more than all his loſs and pain.

200. *The Temples of*
St. Paul } *in* { London.
St. Peter } *in* { Weſtminſter.

At *Peter's weſt* th' Exchequer Law Courts are,
White-Hall the Princes Palace thence not far.
At *Paul's* the Preacher things divine declares,
And *Stationers* there vend their ſacred Wares.
All things convene, here *Paul*, and *Peter* there:
Peter more rich, more learn'd doth *Paul* appear.

201. *Of the Conſpirators in the Gun-Powder Treaſon upon Tueſday the Fifth of* November 1605.

Heav'n to provoke from Earth, and from below
Upon the Gods above our threats to throw,
What is if this be not t' accumulate
On *Oſſa Pelion?* to fabricate
The Tower *Babel*, old *Troy* new to burn,
And int' a Chaos all things to return.

202. *Of the ſame.*

And would you *Troynovant* to Cinders turn
By the ſame Fate which *Phrygian Troy* did burn?
Unfit was *Tueſday* for ſuch fatal Flaſhes,
Aſhwedneſday is the day deſign'd for Aſhes.

203. *The King to* Britain.

Fame brought a Rumour of my death to thee:
O do not credit Fame, but credit Me,

204. *To* England *of the uniting of* Britain.

Concord intern-etern Crowns *Britains* Brow,
For her three Nations are united now:

Scotland

Scotland with Shield, *Wales* doth like Walls immure
Thy Land, O *England*: thou maiſt reſt ſecure.

205. *To* Thomas Nevill, *an hopeful Child.*

Extract from *Nevil*'s Noble Blood, the Grace
Of both thy Parents ſhines in thy ſweet Face.
Their Natures, not ſole Features thou ſhewſt forth,
Thy Mothers Vertues, and thy Fathers worth.

206. *Upon the Death of* Charles Blount, *Earl of* Devonſhire 1606.

Whether with Eulogies, or Elegies,
With Praiſe, or Tears thy Death to ſolemnize
Tis doubtful: divers men ſpeak divers things:
Good ſpeak the beſt, malignants wound with Stings.

207. *To the Reader.*

Reader theſe Epigrams are ſhort, and few:
For many if, though ſhort, they long would ſhew:
Reader, theſe Epigrams are few, and ſhort,
For few, if long, a many would import.

208. *Of ſpeaking and writing:*

Though words be living voices, writings dead,
Yet theſe ſurvive, when thoſe are vaniſhed.

The End of the Third Book.

EPIGRAMS
OF
John Owen
AN
OXONIAN
AND
CAMBROBRITAN.

A Single Book.

Dedicated
To the most Learned Heroine the Lady
ARBELLA STUART.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. White*, for *Nevil Simmons* at the Sign of the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, and for *Thomas Sawbridge* at the three *Flower-de-Luces* in *Little-Britain*. 1677.

John Owen's EPIGRAMS.

A Single Book.

1. *To the Lady* Arbella Stuart.

Illuſtrious Virgin, ſprung from Regal Race,
Whoſe Real worth thy Royal Birth doth Grace.
He that his wits Firſt-fruits thee gave, e v'n He
Doth tender render now new Fruits to Thee,
Upon thine * *Ara-Bella* (as moſt fit)
I conſecrate, I ſacrifice my wit.

* *A fair Altar.*

2. *To the ſame.*

Thy conſtant Life doth from thy youth expreſs
The Genius of thine Ingeniouſneſs:

Adverſe

Adverſe things quell thee not, nor proſp'rous ſwell
Thy Sails; thy front and mind are parallel:
And thy rare ſignal vertues are the cauſe
That none will think I flatter for applauſe.

3. *To his Book.*

Before innum'rous Judges thou muſt plead,
Not one or two will cenſure when they read.
Perhaps unread thou ſhalt not cenſures flee:
And more Reprovers will than Readers be.

4. *Union, to the* Britains, 1606.

Who, unleſs mad, will off'red Gold refuſe?
Here's Union: This Pearl who will not chooſe?

5. *Vacuity.*

The Ethicks of vacuities complain,
But Phyſicks ſhew that nothing's made in vain.

6. *On* Zoilus.

Zoilus is torn with an eternal Verſe,
Though e're two thouſand years he lies on's Hearſe.
Is it becauſe his heirs do never die,
He's puniſh'd for his whole Poſterity?

7. *From the Center to the Circumference.*

Not from the Center to th' Circumference
Sole one Line's, yet but one way t' Heaven's hence.

8. *Cock-Crowing, to the Prince.*

France felt and did our *Engliſh* Forces ſee,
No *Gallick* ſound could make our Lion flee.

9. *Of* Quintus.

Money's a Noun, a Verb, to promiſe: he
Promis'd a Noun, but gave a Verb to me.

10. *Three Dimenſions on* Battologus.

Of three Dimenſions thou but one doſt ſound,
That's broad enough, too long, but not profound.

11. *To the Reader.*

As after ſev'ral Births a womans womb,
Paſt Fifty, fruitleſs, childleſs doth become:
So my three former Books of better ſtrain
Have ſtupifi'd, and arifi'd my brain.

12. To

12. *To* Simon Waterſon, *Stationer.*

Kind *Waterſon*, who firſt my Book didſt take,
And undertake it publick for to make:
Though Monopolies Laws againſt ariſe,
Yet thou ſhalt all my wit Monopolize.

13. *The Sea.*

Salt Meats cauſe thirſt: what's ſalter than the Seas?
Freſh waters therefore are drank up by theſe.

14. *The Solſtice, of* Ponticus *an Atheiſt.*

Death is Life's Solſtice: the Sun ſeems t'our Eyes
To ſtand, but ſtands not: man to die, not dies.

15. *To his Book.*

My little Book by me forewarn'd, forearm'd,
Obſerve at Court to keep thy ſelf unharm'd.
Perhaps thou there maiſt find ſome one thy friend,
And ſome perchance that thee will reprehend;
If any be too rigid, too ſevere,
Say thus, My Maſter blame, but me forbear.

16. *Courtſhip, to his Friend a Courtier.*

Loves thee the King? his Page will then thee love,
As Shadows when the Bodies move, do move:
Frowns but the King? his Page will on thee frown,
As Shadows Bodies when the Sun's gone down.

17. *On* Corbulo.

Why's *Corbulo* ſo bald upon his Pate
For want of hair? was it his fault or fate?

18. *To* Pontilian.

Pontilian, thee *Chriſt'pher* ſues at Law;
Not thee, but money 'tis from thee to draw.

19. *To Sir* Edward Herbert, *Knight*,

Fame whiſper'd that thou didſt commend my Layes:
O that I could but equalize this praiſe?
Thou who doſt praiſe this ſlender Muſe of mine,
Doſt merit to be prais'd by th' Muſes Nine.

20. *Envies Genealogie, to* J. H.

Vertue brings Envy forth, brought forth defends:
From vertue this one-only Vice deſcends:

Knowſt

Know'ſt why to thee this Epigram I write?
Thou maiſt of right expect pale Envyes ſpight.

21. *Of Vertue, a Paradox.*

Each vertue 'twixt two vices hath its place:
If vice were plac'd there, better were the caſe.

22. *The Seven Planets, to* Paula.

Among th' Erratick Stars thou well didſt mark
Five Males, two Females wandring in the dark.

23. *To* Marcus.

More than thy Promiſe thou muſt keep, not leſs:
Hence but one Tongue, two Hands thou doſt poſſeſs:
But thou doſt promiſe much, performeſt none,
As if thou two Tongues hadſt, and Hands not one.

24. *A Roman Prieſt.*

Would'ſt have Adultery not puniſhed
By death? no wonder: th' art unmarried.

25. *A Miniſter of* Geneva.

Would'ſt have Adultery have loſs of Life?
No wonder: for thou haſt a buxom Wife.

26. *Self-loving Poet.*

The Moon becauſe of her vicinity,
Though leaſt, ſeems greateſt Planet in our Eye:
So, ſith I'm next my ſelf, my ſelf the beſt
I think of Poets, though I am the leaſt.

27. *Of a penurious Client.*

Wonder'ſt the Judges Ears are ſhut to thee,
When unto them thine hands not open be?

28. *Of a certain Aſs.*

That I thee call, not name an Aſs, doſt grieve?
We Names unt' Horſe, not unt' Aſſes give.

29. *Of the Picture in the Looking-glaſs.*

Thou ſmiling, there thine Image ſeems to ſmile,
And while thou weep'ſt, it ſeems to weep the while.
It winks, thee winking, it thee moving moves:
But though thou ſpeak'ſt, thine Image ſpeechleſs proves.

30. Glaucus *Change.*

His Birth-right *Eſau* unt' his brother ſold:
Jacob his Pottage for it gave, not gold.

31. *Of* Aſellus *a Dreamer.*

Thou ſleeping art inſpir'd with Myſteries,
Which waking are concealed from thine Eyes:
O how would Death inform thee, ſith that ſleep,
Deaths Image, prompteth thee with things ſo deep?

32. Wales *and* Kent.

Wales keeps, though not its name, its ancient Nation:
Kent keeps its name, but not its firſt Plantation.

33. Heauton-timorumenos, *Self-vexing.*

Angels not having Bodies happy are.
And the brute Beaſts which Reaſon want, want care;
Sole man, who ſoul and body doth poſſeſs,
Is wretched, knows and feels his wretchedneſs:
Yea ev'ry man hath *Menedemus* Fates,
Whom Reaſon ruinates, not regulates.

34. *Of* Linus.

Thou bound wert to me, when I did thee lend:
Wilt have mé bound to thee? my Coyn repend.

35. *Single Life.*

If Heaven to Good works be aſcrib'd as Merit,
Thy Single Life hath wherewith Heav'n t' inherit.

36. *The Creation.*

In the beginning God made Heaven, Earth, Man.
Why? 'cauſe not to be ſole he then began.

37. *Of* Marcus.

Promiſe, thou ſayſt, makes rich: but I by thee.
Thy Promiſes ſhall never richer be.

38. *Of* Aulus *an Atheiſt.*

When we with thee diſcourſe of God and Heaven,
With thee who prizeſt God, at ſix and ſeven:
Thou ſayſt, what's us above concerns us not:
True: for the loweſt hole in Hell's thy lot.

39. *Man a Stage-Player.*

Hope is Lifes Argument (for Life's a Fable)
World, Scene: Faith, Prologue: Acts are Love unſtable.

40. *To the Reader.*

Why am I in mine Epigrams ſo brief?
It is, O Reader, for thy ſake in chief:

As Gold than Silver is more light to carry,
So than long Epigrams ſhort make leſs weary.

41. *New Stile.*

Wherefore doth *Rome*, which new things ſo deteſts,
So dotes on old, ordain new Faſts, new Feaſts?

42. *To* Marinus.

Motion's the praiſe of th' Heavens conſtant Station.
Earths glory fix'd upon a firm Foundation:
Whence to thee *Phillis* ſeems of heav'nly birth,
Still moveable, ſhe nothing hath of Earth.

43. Eves *Fall.*

The Sun's not oft: the Moon's oft in th' Eclipſe:
So women are than men more prone to ſlips.

44. *Neither in this nor in the world to come, of* Damianus.

Whether I preſent things, or future mind,
I none more wretched than thy ſelf do find
Th' art wicked, future times will thee condemn,
A Fool th' art: preſent times do thee contemn.

45. *By wanting rather than having, to* Ponticus.

Thou knowſt what wit, what valour is, if by
Their want, one their true value may deſcry.

46. *Manſlaughter.*

One man himſelf may kill a thouſand men:
But two can ſcarce beget one man agen.

47. *Friendſhip to his Friend.*

Why ſeeks Likes like Friends friend? becauſe that none
Can long ſtand ſtedfaſt on one foot alone.

48. *To Sir* John Harington, *ſon of the Lord* Harington.

If vertue may be gueſs'd at by the front,
Thy Face hath wit and vertue ſtamp'd upon't:
And herein is thy Fathers wiſdom ſeen,
That learned *Tovey* hath thy Tutor been:
Sith all this Iſle of *Britain*, but a few
Tutors like him, Pupils like thee can ſhew.

49. *Polydore Virgil.*

Two *Virgils* were; one *Maro* (ſoaring higher)
A Poet; next thou *Polydore* a Lyar.

50. *upon*

50. *upon* Momus *an unjuſt Cenſurer of the former Epigrams.*

Among ſo many wicked then alive,
Had but *Gomorrha* found of juſt men five
It yet had ſtood. ——
And thou, malignant Reader, for a few
Looſe Lines, wouldſt all the Structure overthrow?

51. *On the ſame.*

One, whom I know not, infamous by Fame
Diana's Temple burn'd to get a Name:
So with black Teeth thou doſt my Verſes bite,
Hoping to have thy name in what I write:
But bite, backbite thy fill, I will deceive
Thine hopes, and thee without a name will leave.

52. *upon a domeſtick Carper.*

And me thy Brother, thou my Brother dear
Woundſt with thy tongue, and with thy teeth doſt tear.
Why doſt maligne my Verſe, if praiſe it merit?
If blame, to ſpare it 'twere a brothers ſpirit.

53. *A Cuckold.*

Why for my Wives cloſe Theſts am I (alas)
Traduc'd? men call me Cuckold as they paſs,
And point at me: For what I did not ſign
(But you, I know not who) I call not mine.

54. *A Self-Lover.*

Love, like thy ſelf, thy Neighbour, ſaith the Text:
I do, thou ſay'ſt, I to my ſelf am next.

55. *Fortune aſſiſts the Bold.*

Fair women are like Fortune: Neither ſhe,
Nor they love men that ſlothful-baſhful be.

56. *Love blind.*

Love not too fierce at firſt hath large extent:
For ſlow things longer laſt than violent.
Lovers in haſt, are like that breeding kind,
which like blind love, bring forth their younglings blind.

57. *Love not blind, to* Firmicus.

Love is not blind: *Argus* to love is prone,
But *Polyphemus*, blinded loveth none:

Love's

Love's bred by Seeing: therefore Love's not blind,
Which through th' Eyes windows doth inflame the mind.

58. *To* Quintus, *a Courtier.*

Ulysses fear, haſt (*Quintus*) but one Eye?
An hundred haſt? beware of *Mercury*.

59. *Epitaph of Juſtice.*

E're ſince *Aſtræa*, laſt of heav'nly Race,
Abandon'd Earth, and took in Heav'n her place,
Laws Altars, Juſtice Temples are forſook,
And t' each his * *Jus* to give, ſole knows the Cook.

* Jus *ſignifies* { *Right.* / *Pottage.*

60. *Of* Marcus, *skulking.*

Wiſely th' art hid, if hid thine hiding were:
But open thy cloſe hiding doth appear.

61. Jeſus *Colledge, and* Chriſt Church *Colledge in* Oxford *not fully Finiſhed* 1607.

Jeſus, one Houſe unfiniſh'd bears thy Name,
And *Chriſt*, thou haſt another like the ſame:
Among ſo many Noble Structures, thoſe
Thy two, thy former Poverty diſcloſe.

62. *Merchants Truſt.*

Poor *Irus* paid rich *Cræſus* all: now which
Is of the greater credit, Poor or Rich?

63. *Muſes moſt ſad.*

Shorne is *Apollo* now, unſhorne e're while:
Scarce in a year doth our *Apollo* ſmile.
O he miſtook who call'd the Muſes merry:
Phœbus his Harp's untun'd, his hand is weary.

64. *Incredulity.*

Credulity's an errour, not a fault;
Too much an errour is too little, naught.

65. *Credulity.*

Him I diſtruſt, who truſteth all by gueſs:
The more thou me, I credit thee the leſs.

66. *Faiths Obſequiouſneſs, to young men.*

I like *Pythagoras* his Diſcipline
Which ſeven years Tryal did for Truſt aſſign:

Wilt

Wilt have th' unlearn'd thee truſt? th' learn'd truſt rather:
Wilt have thy ſon thee truſt? truſt then thy Father.

67. *Better to give than receive.*

God giveth, man receiveth (and doth bow)
Never, I think, were fewer Gods than now.

68. *Of* Ponticus, *a Client.*

Thy Gout's i' th' hand, thy Lawyer doſt not Fee,
His is in's Feet, he moves no Foot for thee.

69. Tho. Wolſey, *I, and my King.*

I, and my King with Grammer Rules comply:
Good Manners teacheth thus, My King and I.
This is the way to live, that to diſcourſe,
This in the Court, that in the School's of force.

70. *To the* Gauls.

Each drinks in his own Glaſs, I like it well:
But who's content with his own wife to dwell?

71. Philautus *to* Philariſtus, *Calend.* January.

Thou lookſt I ſhould a Gift to thee commend,
I but my ſelf have nothing elſe to ſend.

72. Philariſtus *to* Philautus.

Thou nothing ſent'ſt, thy nothing I repell:
Thou gav'ſt thy ſelf, I give thee back. Farewell.

73. *To* Henry Fanſhaw, *Knight*, 1606.

Auguſtus Empire had it been thy Fate
T' have had, or elſe *Mecænas* his Eſtate,
In theſe our times had many *Maro*'s been,
Now no *Mecænas*, nor no *Maro*'s ſeen.

74. *To* Henry Good-yeer, *Knight, upon his Wifes Deceaſe*, 1606.

Men to command, women t' obey, to bear
Nature injoynes: thy Wife did both, while here
Sh' obey'd, ſhe bare ſweet Pledges, hopeful Sons,
Which props ſupport the Ports of greateſt *Dons*.
O happy *Good-yeer* thrice, four times and more,
If one as good ſucceed as went before.

75. Ulyſſes *and* Penelope.

Death's t' us *Ulyſſes*-like when ſnatch'd from's Wife:
As ſhe her Thread, ſo we ſpin out our Life.

76. *Of*

76. *Of* Mancinus *an Artleſs Maſter.*

Thou the whole day from Street to Street doſt walk,
Yet leſt thou ſhouldſt be thought thy Book to baulk,
Thou ſleep'ſt at night by Candle-light: thine Oyl
Mancinus thou wilt loſe, but not thy Toyl.

77. *upon a certain woman.*

Though thy two ſons be both unlike to thee,
Each yet with's Fathers likeneſs doth agree.

78. *The Celeſtial Archer, to* William Ravenſcroft, *J. C.*

Thine Arrow, Faith: Bow, Love: thy Bow-ſtring, Hope:
Let Heaven be thy Mark, and God the ſcope.

79. *Ponderous things deſcend.*

No Creature in the World is more ſublime
Than Man, why muſt he ſlabber in the ſlime?
Of th' Elements, of what's the World within
The ſolid Earth moſt pond'rous is, ſave ſin.
What wonder then that man is downward preſt?
Sith man is nothing elſe but ſin at beſt.

80. *Of a litigious Debtor.*

Thou doſt not pay me, doſt the Lawyer pay:
Thy Folly this, that doth thy Fault diſplay.

81. *Of the ſame.*

Thy care is not to pay thy Debts: thy care
Is not to pay thy Debts what e're they are.

82. *Of the Church Derivative.*

Sith that there's but one Faith, one Church that's true,
Sprung from the Fount of Life; within the new
Jeruſalem, what Church doth not derive
It ſelf from thence, erres from the Primitive.

83. *Four Seas.*

Britain's Trine-like, Triangular: why be
Four Seas therein, and yet but Kingdoms three?

84. *To a Rich Friend.*

If by the want of things their worth is known,
I know the worth of Wealth, for none's mine own.

85. *The Generation of one is the corruption of two.*

The male and female, in the courſe of nature,
Corrupt two bodies to produce one Creature.

86. *The wedding Ring.*

A Ring at Nuptials the Bridegroom gave
The Bride in ſign of Love: a cuſtom grave.
The wife ſhould rather give the Ring to th' man:
Let him reach out his Finger for it than.

87. *The Worlds of* Democritus.

If Worlds ſo many were, as doth atteſt
Democritus, this were the worſt o' th' reſt.

88. *Of Epigrams to the Reader.*

An Epigram is like a fair-fac'd woman,
Which is, becauſe more beautiful, more common:
But common once her beauty's out of date,
And then Adulterers it nauſeate.

89. *The Earth.*

The Heavens, though in motion, conſtant prove,
For with the ſelf-ſame motion ſtill they move:
But th' Earth is moſt inconſtant, though faſt fixt,
Each Angle of it is with Errors mixt.

90. *The Moon.*

Cynthia th'art call'd the Star that rules the Seas,
Thou rather ruleſt now the Land than theſe.

91. *Covetous Liberality, to* Acerra.

Thou giv'ſt to take, not tak'ſt to give *Acerra*:
Thy mark's Receiving, Giving is thine Arrow.

92. *Of* Paula, *a falſe Catholick.*

If any ask of *Paula*, what's her Faith,
'Tis Catholick, Apoſtolick ſhe ſaith.
I think her love is Catholick unt' all;
But I would have her Faith Catholical.

93. *A Prodigy.*

Penelope's chaſt truſt a Proverb was:
But for a Prodigy it now may paſs.

94. *Of* Annetta, *a Franck.*

Nature with very little is content:
But of thy Nature this I think's not meant.

95. *Of* Marcus *a Souldier, blind and blear-ey'd.*

One of thine Eyes doth, *Marcus*, yet remain,
Which with continual drops thy Face doth ſtain:

Why

Why is that Eye with Tears ſo much imboſt?
Becauſe his Brother in the Wars was loſt.

96. *Peace in* Europe, *to Divines.*

Kings war; and Kings in peaceful Leagues combine:
'Tis ſomething yet t' enjoy ſweet peace in Fine:
The Prieſts with an immortal ſtrife contend;
And their conteſts nor meaſure have, nor End.
Hence by Tongues virulence it doth appear
That than the Sword, the Pen is more ſevere.

97. *To* Carolina.

As oft as in the Glaſs thou view'ſt thy face,
Leſt that thy beauty make thee proud, abaſe-
Abate thy Pride: think though th'art fair (alas)
Th' art fraile, though beautiful yet like thy Glaſs.

98. *Florals.*

As in the Scene obſcene came *Cato*, thence
To go: ſo man comes here, to paſs from hence:
And never to come hither from his Urne,
As *Cato* to the Scene did not return.

99. *Man's Epitaph.*

Who lies here? no man: no man here doth lie:
A liveleſs Corps doth not a man imply.

100. *The Souls Horizon.*

Th' high Elements we ſee not, Fire and Air:
Water and Earth we ſee, the lower pair:
So we know men and beaſts with us below:
But God and th' Angels (ah) we do not know.

101. *The Souls Eclipſe.*

As th' Earth 'twixt Sun and Moon doth ſtand we ſee
In her Eclipſe: ſo ſin 'twixt God and me.

102. *A Merchant.*

Plautus a Tale, the Merchant call'd, compil'd:
The next, like it, is the Deceiver ſtil'd.

103. *Worſhippers of Images.*

Who Grandees honour, Idolize: 'tis clear:
Sith woman mans, man doth Gods Image bear.

104. Eraſmus *his deſire.*

Eraſmus Deſiderius I could
Deſire; who ſole might write what e're he would.

105. *A*

105. *A Neuter.*

Pompey and I, if *Pompey* win the Field:
If *Cæsar*, then to *Cæsar* I will yield.

106. *Scandalizing Grandees, to the Servants of Servants.*

The Master saith, I will my Servant have
To be still faithful: how? my Goods to save.
Stand, watch, go, come: perform the most th' art able,
Th' art yet a Servant, but unprofitable.

107. Mars *and* Venus.

Venus and *Mars* themselves alike extend,
Mars common Foe, *Venus* a common Friend.

108. *February.*

Thou sole of many Brothers, not one other,
Hast eight and twenty daies, most like thy mother.

109. *To* E. J.

Thy modesty thee (vertue like) doth praise,
I to thy wit, with leave, would Tropheys raise:
But O thy modest Face, and candid spirit
Cause me to praise thee less than is thy Merit.

110. *A Circles Square.*

What is a Circles Square? but this alone,
Th'Earth parted in four parts, at first but One.

111. *Whether an Arithmetical unite answereth to a Geometrical Point.*

God than a Point is more, yet is but One:
Like as a Point doth differ from a * *Mone.*

* *unity.*

112. *From the Womb to the Tomb.*

Man's born to death most certain, which comes on,
As a lean Ox feeds to be fed upon.

113. *To the King.*

O of what Force Example's in a King?
Acteſt? thou bidst: forbearst? forbidst the thing.
A Prince moves principal; a King doth steer.
As Skyes the Stars, so Kings the People bear.

114. *The Head and Body, to the same.*

Reason's i' th' Head, there its five Agents 'bide:
Little's Divine in the whole Man beside.

115. *Report.*

115. *Report of the Death of* Henry 4. *the* French *King*: *To the* French *King*.

What Kings to hear, and Servants fear to tell,
Fame ſounds i' th' Ear, To die remember well.

116. *Light and Air.*

Air, though a Body, is unſeen with th' Eye:
Light hath no body, yet is ſeen on high.

117. *One God, many Friends.*

Though no man can two Maſters ſerve as ſlave,
What hinders but two Patrons one may have?
One God forbids not to ſeek many friends,
As one Faith many Arts not diſcommends.

118. *Donna, Danno.*

Adam a Rib loſt for the womans ſake:
And for her ſake he laid his Soul at ſtake.

119. *Womens Tire.*

This is more like an houſe than cov'ring: this
Is not to deck, t' erect the Head it is.

120. *All things Nothing.*

All things who made of Nothing, He's ſole All:
What God of Nothing made, we Nothing call.

121. *The Eaſt and weſtern Church.*

The right-true Faith i' th' Worlds left Part reſounds:
Faith ſiniſter i' th' Worlds right Part abounds.

122. *Anger, Patience.*

Ire minds inflames, and Patience cools that Ire:
As Fire doth temper water, water fire.

123. *Ruine of Heaven and Earth.*

Th' Earth loweſt is, Hea v'n higheſt is of all:
Yet that hath whither, this no where to fall.

124. *To* Henry Howard, *Earl of* Northampton.

Ally'd unt' one, Uncle to two great Counts,
Of great Account, thy Fame thy Name ſurmounts:
Of many Noble Dukes ſprung from the Stemm,
Ones Brother; Nephew unto three of them;
An Earls ſon, who (but Fates did not ſo pleaſe)
Had been the fourth Duke in this Series:
An Earl thy ſelf: None wonders at thy Fates,
Whom wit conducts, Fortune concomitates!

125. *To*

125. *To* Pontia.

I from thy ſight, which wounds mine Heart, remove,
Not that I love thee not, but that I love.

126. *To an Adulterer.*

Adam in *Eden* was forbid to taſte
One Fruit, the reſt were all for his Repaſt.
I wonder, having ſo much at command,
That He from One could not withhold his hand.
Thou contrary, art All forbid but One,
That thou may'ſt uſe, the reſt muſt let alone.
Leſs ſtrange, than *Adam*, that thou didſt decline,
Whoſe Liberty was greater far than thine.

127. *To the Reader.*

Salt meats cauſe thirſt: O that my verſes might
The Reader cauſe to thirſt with Appetite.

128. *To an uxorious Man.*

Let not thy Wife command, give if ſhe crave;
Make not thy Wife thy Maſter, nor thy Slave.

129. *To* Ponticus.

Thy Life's a Comick, Death a Tragick Story;
Unlike thy Death will be to thy Life's Glory.

130. *Of a certain married Prieſt.*

A Levite born, a Levite made, thy Wife
Of *Levi*'s Tribe, Levitical's thy Life.

131. *Of Innovators.*

You pull down All Things, No Thing you rebuild,
Are you with Zeal, or fiery fury fill'd?
The Spirit, you pretend, doth you compell;
What Spirit is't? * *Abaddon*, One from Hell.

* Apoc. 9. 11. *A bad one.*

132. *Of* Cotta.

God out of Nothing, All things did Create,
Thou Chymiſt All things doſt Annihilate.

133. Tho. Egerton *Chancellour of* England,
and Francis Leigh *his Son-in-law.*

Many Vertue loves, and Honours Arts,
That Father, and this Son act both theſe parts:
Brave *Egerton*, Brave *Leigh* the Muſes love,
The Son would not unlike the Father prove.

134. *Conſubſtantiation.*

To the ſame Francis, *and* Mary *his wife.*

You have not both one Soul, but both one Mind,
Nor both one Body, but one fleſh conjoyn'd:
Man, Wife, in name are two, but one in Troth,
They diff'rent are in Sex, but humane both.

135. *Funeral Sermons.*

Good men are wrong'd while living, prais'd when dead;
O black Life, O Death candid-honoured.

136. Paul's *Croſs, and the Croſs in* Cheap, *in the Pariſh of St.* Peter.

Why's *Peter*'s Golden, *Paul*'s a Leaden Croſs?
Why, becauſe Golden words *Paul*'s Croſs ingroſs.

137. *Loves Chronicle.*

A Moment multipli'd amounts t'an Hour,
A Day's made up with Hours twenty four:
Days many make a Month, twelve Months a year:
So, with more Times, my Love doth more appear.

138. *Twins.*

Nothing's unlike in us, all's like; ſole we
Differ in number, we two Bodies be.

139. *Friends.*

We ſcarce in number differ: Two we be,
Yet One: You Twins in Body, In Mind we.

140. *Of the Art of Love.*

Though *Naſo*'s Art of Love ſome prove-approve,
Yet men unexpert know not what is Love:
Love is by Nature taught, not learn'd by Art,
By th' Eyes, not Ears, Love enters int' our Heart.

140. Seneca *the Philoſopher.*

Thy Dictates ſeem like Epigrams almoſt,
But that in Numbers they be not ingroſt.

141. *To* Attalus.

Thou ſaidſt once at thy Table (as I take it,)
Thou didſt not reliſh Salt, but didſt forſake it:
For Salt thou needſt not care, nor is't a fault,
All, almoſt, that thy Tongue doth ſpeak, is Salt.

142. *Sir*

142. *Sir* Philip Sidney's *Life.*

Who while they liv'd writ Books deſerving Fame,
Their Lives need not be writ, there lives their Name:
The Corps, not Life of *Sidney*'s in the Tomb,
His ſhort Lifes longer Glory keeps more room.

143. *The Bodies Valediction to the Soul.*

I for thy ſake did Mother Earth forſake.

The Soul departing.

Fool, I left God my Father, to betake
My ſelf to Thee: Now call'd, I t' him return;
And leave thee to thy Mother in thine Urn.
Till when (For we till then ſhall meet no more)
Th' Earth Thee to Me, God Me to Thee reſtore.

144. *A Kingdom divided.*

Two Kingdoms undivided are, Heaven, Hell,
As in themſelves: There Good, here Bad do dwell:
On Earth alone (oh ſhame) Diviſion raigns,
Which Good and Bad promiſcuouſly ſuſtains.
But time will come when th' Earth ſhall lie diva't,
When Heav'n and Hell ſhall both be fill'd at laſt.

146. *Hot Waters.*

Tears preſt-expreſt do tacite Love declare,
Love Tears begets, Fire Water: Strange and Rare.

146. *Of wit and Memory.*

To Ponticus.

Tis ask'd, Why wit is called ſharpneſs? Why?
Becauſe what's ſharp doth pierce more inwardly:
The Memory is to retain, not pierce,
Thus Veſſels are made round, and with reverſe.
Whence I ſupect that or thy Wit is round,
Or ſharp thy Memory: Both unprofound.

147. *Comfort for the Poor.*

To the Rich.

Inconſtant Fortune various appears:
Whence Hopes ariſe to Me, to The ſ ut Fears.

148. *Of* Titius *and* Gellia.

One in diſgrace did *Titius* upbraid
That's Wife, when firſt he took her, was no Maid.

What's that to Me, thus *Titius* repli'd,
She then was *Semprones* Daughter, not my Bride.

149. *The Heart.*

Why in the left side rather than the right
Is Mans Heart plac'd? to Good cause opposite.

150. *The Flesh and Spirit.*

God made mans Body first, and when created,
He with a living Soul it animated.
Hence the dull Body, doth, I think, deny
T' obey the Soul; pleads Seniority.

151. *The* Innocents, *Proto-Martyrs.*

For Christ the Children suff'red death, before
Christ for the Children shed his precious * Gore.

* *Blood.*

152. *To his Friend.*

The Dual Number oft doth Friendship bound:
Scarce in the Plural Number Love is found.

153. *To a friend growing old.* 1607.

Thou wert a youth, when I a Child: And now
Thou art grown old, while I a youth do grow:
Thee therefore Death expects, and Old Age Me;
Certain's thy lot, though mine uncertain be.

154. *Of* A. G.

Thy Name and Face is Mans, Wit, Animals,
A Fool in *Specie*, learn'd in Generals.

155. *Harmony. To Divines.*

Of Gospels Harmony have divers writ:
But who that Harmony? Great Labour's it.

156. *Dissonancy.*

So great discordance doth abound with Men,
That what Souls Peace is, scarce knows One of Ten:
Here's Base, depress'd, There *Elah* too much rear'd,
That scarce the Tenor, or the Mean is heard.

157. *To* Pontilianus.

Art jealous of thy Wife? Th' art wise in part:
But art not jealous? Then thou wiser art.
To watch thy Wife is vain: That wife loves best
That though can, will not raise her husbands Crest.

158. *To*

158. *To* Porcia.

Art thou the Daughter of the Night, or Light,
Born in the Day, begotten in the Night?

159. *An Epitome of the Hiſtories of his Time.*

To Marianus.

We worſe are than our Fathers, worſer they
Than their Fore-fathers, apt to run aſtray:
If our Poſterity prove worſe than we,
Nothing can worſe than our Poſterity be.

160. London.

To J. W. *A* London *Gold-ſmith.*

As *Thames* the Rivulets drinks up and drowns,
So *London* ſwalloweth the poorer Towns:
Though *Thames* with Flux, re-flux, Send and reſend,
Its Floods to Sea, Th'art ſtill a conſtant Friend.

161. *Debtor and Creditor.*

To Will. Gawley, *A* London *Merchant.*

Though in my Book, thou find, if there thou look,
Thy Name, My Name, yet, is not in thy Book:
I owe thee nought but Love: Of this to thee
A Creditor and Debtor ſtill will be.

162. *Fools and Dwarfs.*

Though we be not accounted men of might.
Yet are we great mens ſport, and their delight.

163. *To* Pontilian.

Poor *Irus* ſtill was careful, why? 'Cauſe poor.
Cræſus was careful, why? For's wealth was more.
One's vex'd, becauſe he wants a Wife, and thou,
Becauſe thou haſt a wife, art vexed now.

164. *Union.*

To married Britains.

One God and Union, the World ſupply,
Wedlock on Earth was the firſt Unity.

165. *The Elements War.*

Though God created all things for mans ſake,
Yet th' Elements againſt us Wars do make:
How many have (alas) been ſwept from hence
With the contagious Air, by Peſtilence?

How near hath *London* felt the *Trojan* Flames?
How many have been drench'd and drown'd in *Thames*?
Earth ſtops her Fruits: Yet no man doth repent;
Though Heav'n with Tears, and Earth our ſins lament:
Though th' Earth be mollifi'd with moiſtning ſhowers,
Yet ſin our ſtubborn hearts more-more obdures.

166. *An Epithalamy, To* Tullia.

By day, Thou, the ſole Object of my Sight,
Shalt be the Subject of my Love at Night.

167. *To* Sextus, *an Academian.*

That thou mayſt mind thy Grave before th' art dead,
'Tis ſaid, by day thou mak'ſt for Night thy Bed:
That in Remembrance thou thy Death mayſt keep,
Why doſt not oftner go to Bed and Sleep?

168. *To his Beloved.*

Thee known I love, I lov'd thee when unknown,
Fame then, thy Face hath made me now thine own:
I now know Love; I love, not lov'd: Yea, now
I know not to be lov'd, to love I know.

169. *The Younger Brother.*

I'm poor: My Parents Fault (not mine, nor other,)
Who did not me beget before my Brother.

170. *The Firmament.*

Th' Earth ſtands unmov'd, ſtanding there moves the Creature:
Heav'n moves, yet the fix'd Stars move not by Nature.

171. *The bleſſed Virgin.*

Although the bleſſed Virgin we thee call,
Thou among women bleſſed art withal:
I profit nothing by thy Virgin veſt,
But as a Mother, Me Thou profiteſt.

172. *Hope and Faith.*

Faith is no Faith, unleſs but One, firm fixt:
Nor Hope is Hope, if not with doubts commixt.

173. *Novelty.*

Reviv'd are many things which heretofore
Fell, and ſhall fall, though now they flouriſh more.
New things now pleaſe, but will not ſtill, becauſe
What's now new will wax old, and full of Flaws.

174. Mar-

174. Marcus *his Looking-glaſs.*
Why is thy Fool before thee ſtill? (All-Aſs,)
Thou view'ſt thy ſelf in him, as in a Glaſs.

175. *To one uxorious.*
The Field's not alway plough'd: Thy Wife's a Field,
Yet ſhe loves dayly to be duly till'd.

176. *To a Friend.*
Four years, and more, *præter-plu-perfect* paſt,
Firſt ſprung thy love, and then was rooted faſt:
In vain thou now doſt ſeek it to remove,
No new young Plant, an old grown Tree's thy Love.

177. *To* Porphyrius.
We read that Chriſt wept twice, not laugh'd at all:
Why doſt mans Nature Riſible then call?

178. *To* Pontilianus.
As a Blind Man, by Boy or Woman led,
Ways t' him unſeen-unknown doth often tread:
So *Venus* or her Boy, thee blind in Love,
Hither and Thither lead, move and remove.

179. *Love is beyond all Exception.*
To a certain Friend.
Though ſome new cauſe old Love may (chance)
(ſuſpend,
I, by the Laws of Friendſhip, am thy Friend:
My Love's beyond Exception unto thee,
Except, thou lov'ſt not, as thou ſhouldſt love me.

180. *Of* Ponticus *aged ſixty years.*
In all thy Life thou good haſt done to none:
When wilt thou now begin? Thou ſayſt upon
My death, I all will to the poor bequeath:
Too late he's wiſe, that is not wiſe till death.

181. *Of* Nigella, *Candidated.*
Rare Bird on Earth thou art, and Swan-like white,
White are thy Cloaths, thy Skin as black as night.

182. *Le Carneval de la vie.*
Why doth the Soul abhor the Bodies death?
Fears that to die, when this hath loſt its Breath?

Or doth it fear that after death remains
Unt' it ſhort Judgement, but long laſting pains?
I doubt, this doth the Soul in death diſmay,
That to the Fleſh it cannot farewel ſay.

183. Quintina's *Praiſe.*

Should I thee praiſe, thou then wouldſt prouder be:
I praiſe thee not: Th'art proud enough I ſee.

184. Earth's *Son.*

Heaven looks on us, and we muſt look on Heaven,
For Stars in Skies, God Eyes to thee hath given:
Thou ſcarce the thouſandth part of Earth canſt ſee:
Half Heaven yet is viſible to thee.
Fool, why doſt Earth prefer unt' Heaven rather,
But as ſome love their Mother more than Father.

185. *The loweſt Species.*

Though Mankind is the chief, yet him we call
We account the loweſt Species of all:
Heav'n hath but few: More men in Hell do lie,
Who mens unhappineſs can then deny?

186. *Of Envy, a Paradox.*

If Vertue did, Envy would leſs abound:
For where's more Vertue, there leſs Vice is found.

187. James, *of that Name, The ſixth King of* Scotland, *The firſt of* England, *Happineſs to* Britain.

What hath been often wiſh'd, ſcarce hop'd for, came
'Twixt Hope and Fear unto thy royal Name:
King *James*, the firſt, the ſixth of Regal Line,
Sice Ace, the beſt chance of the Dice was thine.

188. *To* James *the Firſt, King of* Great Britain, *&c.*

Thine Hand four Crowns, four Scepters doth command,
Four Languages are ſpoken in thy Land;
The Britains Language, though not one, their Heart
Is One, of thy three Kingdoms being part.
At firſt the Devil did mens hearts divide:
But God their Languages: And all for Pride.

189. *Kings*

189. *Kings and Prophets.*

Out of his Countrey, no King rules in chief,
Nor Prophet in his Countrey gains Belief.

190. *Vertue.*

A double Genius, (while transitory,)
Attends on Vertue, Good, Bad, Envy, Glory.

191. *Envy.*

Envy corrodes mens praises (like a Slave)
As Worms corrode their Bodies in the Grave.

192. *Of* Battus.

Thy many Queries I in brief respond,
Not 'cause so many, but 'cause foolish, fond.

193. *Sleep. Death.*

Though in my sleep I seem as dead in sort,
Yet no part of my Life's the sweeter for't:
'Tis strange what should in Death so bitter be;
Sith Sleep, Deaths Image, is so sweet to me.

194. *The* Triumvirs.

Clients unto the Lawyer go, because
Wealth, their chief Good's secured by the Laws:
In Sickness the Physician comes; next Wealth,
The second thing to be secur'd, is Health:
Divines, who first to have been sent for ought,
Come last unto the sick unsent-unsought.

195. *Lovers Patience.*

Lover, wouldst have thy wish? Be patient:
He that will live in Peace, must be content.

196. *Of a certain Grammaticaster.*

Thou Letters knowst, a good Grammarian:
And nothing knowst but them; A learned man.

197. *To a pompous Dame.*

Be like *Menelaus*, or *Ulysses* Wife,
If thou wouldst famous live beyond thy Life:
For Vice, not only Vertue doth survive:
Helen's, *Penelope*'s Names are yet alive.

198. *Of* Aulus, *a Grandee.*

Truth-telling Fools speak things to be conceal'd,
But wise men see what's fit to be reveal'd:

Aulus to truſt his Servants wits afraid,
Keeps four fools ſtill about him, for their Aid.

199. *Gold from Dung.*

Virgil from *Ennius* Dung did Gold extract:
What *Virgils* was, is now Phyſicians act.

200. *Loves Secret.*

A Lover's ſeldom lov'd: Be loveleſs, if
Thou wilt not be belov'd, love then in chief.

201. Mon Tout, *To* Marcia.

Oft thou me call'ſt all thine: That I deny,
All thine I am not; But thine, all am I.

202. *Of* Quintus *and* Orus.

Quintus and *Orus* have of late declar'd
Themſelves Papiſtical: On what regard?
That for their Faiths Antiquity: And this
For Novelty thereof a Papiſt is.

203. Ariadne's *Thread.*

As *Theſeus* by *Ariadne*'s Thread,
Was Led, ſo Men, One Faith to Truth doth lead.

204. *Of Wills and Vows.*

In Teſtaments or Wills the Laſt muſt ſtand:
In Vows, if good, the firſt hath chief command.
When God created all things with one vote,
Two Wills or Teſtaments he made he wrote.

205. *To a Covetous Friend.*

The Covetous hath all himſelf, not giving:
He nothing hath Himſelf, but wants while living.

206. *To* Ponticus, *A Lawyer.*

Part of thy Life thou to thy wife doſt give,
Part to thy Client: When to th' ſelf wilt live?

207. *Of Preachers and Players.*

Preachers and Players check our crimes: With Tears
The Preachers, and the Players with their Jeers:
To that I wretched, fooliſh ſeem to this.
This numbers, and that ponders mine amiſs.

208. *The Births of* Chriſt, *and* J. Baptiſt.

John in the Summer, *Chriſt* in Winter came:
That did Baptize with Water; This with Flame:

Well

Well did those Contraries, * Floods, Flames convene:
Our Sins Fire purgeth, Water washeth clean.

* *The two Baptisms of* Christ *and* John.

209. *No Man is hurt but from himself.*

None's free from Crimes, nor Discords: For most (times
Our Discords are procur'd by our own Crimes.

210. *Upon a bawling Ass.*

I do not call thee *Momus*, ev'ry Ass,
But that which the false Prophet *Balaams* was.
Not that which into *Salem* Christ did carry,
For this was mild and mute, but that contrary.

211. *Of his Heirs.*
To the Lawyers.

None of his wife, but *Adam*, was secure,
And none but *Eve*, was of her husband sure:
In Wedlock the poor husbands sole defence,
And comfort is, in's Wife t' have confidence.

212. *An hollow Tooth.*

The Fire, Me cast therein doth not consume,
But I am hollow made by Watrish Rheume.

213. *Vertues Praise.*

As the Suns constancy consists in Motion,
So Vertue's force in Action hath best Notion.

214. Æsop's *Tongue.*

No Member is, that doth to man belong
More Noble, or Ignoble, than the Tongue.

215. *To the Children of* Wincheſter *Colledge.*

I am not what I was, once all for Plays;
A Child of Festivals and Holy-days.

216. *Wisdome leading, Fortune following.*
Of Ancus.

If ill advice chance well, in vulgar Eyes;
Ancus the Fool, shall be reputed wise:
If good advice come by mischance to nought,
Wise *Cato* shall himself a Fool be thought.

217. *Grief.*

Loss present's to be griev'd for We bemoan;
Past, ah, too late, and future loss too soon.

218. *Vi-*

218. *Viciſſitude.*

Mirth, Mourning ends, and Mourning Mirth concludes,
Hope, Fear, w'are various by Viciſſitudes.

219. *To* Germanicus.

Thy Wife hath rais'd the Number of thy Friends,
This her fertility in part commends:
This Benefit in Wedlock doth accrew,
A new Wife gains new Friends, and Friendſhip (new.

220. *Armed wickedneſs.*
Of Linus.

As the beſt Wine makes Vinegar moſt tart,
So the more witty, thou more wicked art.

221. *Opinioniſt.*

How, ah, Opinion reigns the World thoughout:
The Truth I know not, yet I muſt not doubt.
Who doubteth errs not: Yet for both prepar'd:
Error b' Opinion, not by doubt's declar'd.

222. Alma Mater Academia Oxonia.
Fair Mother Oxford *univerſity.*

Nature was Mother of my Brain, Thou Now:
She *dura Mater*, *pia Mater* Thou.

223. *The Poet.*

Rewards, not words *Mecænas* Poets gave:
The Grandee.
What more than words can I from Poets have?

224. *Man is to Man a God.*

A Man's a Man, though he but ſparing lives:
A Wolf that ſpoils, a God who freely gives.

225. Homer.

If that be true, which ſome of thee do write,
Thou never ſawſt, thy Books yet ſee the Light.

226. *Three Secretaries.*

Thou muſt to th' Lawyer thy whole caſe untwiſt,
To th' Doctor thy Diſeaſe, thy Sins to th' Prieſt.
If thou reſpect'ſt thy Soul's and Body's weal,
Nothing from this Triumvirate conceal.

227. To

227. *To D. C. G.*

The Gout thee vexeth, and a peſt contrary:
Thy Wife makes thee to run, the Gout to tarry.

228. *ubiquitaries.*

All th' Earth's before the poor, where e're he roam
He's never exil'd, ever is at home.

229. *Lovers.*

Love is in us, as in the Wood is Fire;
As Fire the Wood, Love burns us with deſire:
But Fire in Air, Wood t' Aſhes doth conſume:
We Aſhes are; And what's our Love but fume?

230. *Speech.*

A Speech is like to Grief, is like to ſport:
If long, 'tis trivial, if grave, 'tis ſhort.

231. *On an effeminate old man.*

Bacchus old age, *Venus* doth youth ingage,
This therefore fit for youth, and that for age.

232. *On* Harpalus, *a covetous Youth.*

The World thy Friendeſs is, wretch thou t' adore it.
That's old, thou youthful, 'tis enough t' abhorr it.

233. *To the Reader.*

Who writes, is fam'd of theſe, is blam'd of thoſe;
Himſelf to cenſure ſtill he doth expoſe:
He daily pleads his cauſe, deſiſteth Never,
And, Reader, unto Thee, the Judge is ever.

234. *Of a Looking-glaſs.*

Thou gav'ſt m' a Glaſs my Face to repreſent:
One to preſent thy Face would more content.

235. *Of* Quintia, *a Hypocrite.*

Learn'd, Comely, Youthful, fair, Benign and Chaſt
Thou, if not proud of theſe, ſome Goodneſs haſt.

236. *A Probleme.*

The Prodigal the Miſer doth deteſt.
Why then do Miſers Prodigals love beſt?

237. *Sleep. Venus.*

Shall I you call Death's Siſters, or Allies,
Thou pleaſing *Venus*, Thou Sleep, eaſing Eyes?
You both indulge your Selves on Beds to lie:
And Beds are made your Pleaſures to ſupply.

Dull

Dull Sleep, lewd *Venus* hate the light: And this
Is the Souls Death, the Senſes Death that is.

238. *Lifes length and ſhortneſs.*

To ſloathful men the Day, Night, Month and Year
Seem long, though poſting on with ſwift career.
We trifle out our long-thought time in vain,
Why of *Life*'s ſhortneſs do we then complain?

239. *The Treaſury.*

Birds are with Bird-lime caught, both young and old:
So Treaſuries like Lime-twigs catch our Gold.

240. *To ſelf-loving* Ponticus.

Thy mind and Eye, themſelves did never ſee.
That thou ſo lov'ſt thy ſelf, how can it be?

241. *Scrutiny.*

O, that what Chriſt unt' his Diſciples ſpake,
Prince, Prieſt and people would their Query make;
What do men ſay of me? This askd, in th' end
Men would their Errors ſee, and them amend.

242. *Light of Grace.*

The Moon enlight'ned by the Sun doth ſhine.
So ſhines the Soul inſpir'd with Grace divine.

243. *Fame. Error.*

Rumours and Errors further going; grow
Greater and greater like a Ball of Snow.

244. *Hiſtorical Tradition of King* Brutus,
To William Camden.

Books may be burn'd, and Monuments may lie
Demoliſhed; thy works and mine may die:
But a Tradition National, alive
While is that Nation, will in force ſurvive.

245. *To* Roger Owen, *A Learned Knight.*

Thou knowſt the *Britains* Laws, their old, new Rites,
And all that their whole Hiſtory recites:
In thy Diſcourſe, Th' art ſo profoundly read,
A living Library ſeems in thine Head.

246. *On a Covetous Man.*

Thou wretched man, why for a thouſand year
Provid'ſt, and canſt not live one hundred here?

Why

Why ſuch vaſt ſums of Moneys up doſt heap,
And ſeek'ſt long Joys in this ſhort life to reap?
Thou ſayſt; I one day ſhall be rich, if I
Live cloſe? Why ſayſt not, I ſhall one day die?

247. *One Foot in the Grave.*

We live upon Death's ſhore, our life's as near
To death, as Seas unto the Shores appear:
Life, Death, are almoſt one thing in repute,
As Earth and Water one Globe conſtitute.

248. Britains Mercury. *To* J. H.

Of mundane things *Moore* wrote the beſt, and good:
Thou writ'ſt the worſt, but Truth, if underſtood.

249. *Of Himſelf.*

Some ſay I am no Poet, 'tis no lye:
For I write nothing elſe but verity.

250. *To* William Butler *Phyſician at* Cambridge.

Some to deſired Health preferr their Wealth;
Thou ſleightſt Wealth, thy care's for cure, for Health.
Thee the Phyſician, let none deſpair
Of Health, that's ſick: Phyſick, as *Phœbus* Heir,
Thou giv'ſt: I flatter not, the truth I ſpeak;
Nor comes this Praiſe from one that's Sick, or weak.

251. *To* Paulus, *A Lawyer.*

Why calls the common Law a Relict, her
Whoſe husband's dead? to th' wedded that refer:
No need, a Wife her husbands death expect,
To lodge in mournful Bed with Face erect.

252. *The laſt Divorce.*

If man to Bliſs, to *Dis* wife paſs away,
Or contrary; No more one fleſh are they.

253. *The World.*

The Earth is like a Gaol, like Walls the Skies,
The Gaoler's Sin, the Fetters Womens Eyes.

254. *Laws Nullity.*

We many Laws have made, almoſt not any:
For if not any kept, what good's ſo many?
That Laws be kept, this one Law more ordain,
Which if ſoon marr'd will ſoon be made again.

255. *The*

255. *The state of man.*

If one Foot down, Then th' other is above:
Thus one mans Fall, anothers Rise doth prove.

256. *To a certain Man.*

Doctor beginning, O begin to be
Now *Doctior*: more learn'd for thy degree.

257. *Beside Women and Children.*

Read through the sacred writ, though they surmount,
* Women and Children pass not in account:
Women and Children are not Officers,
Nor are they trained up, or arm'd for wars:
Women and Children for their Garments have
Long Coats, they beardless are, and never shave:
Women and Children will Tears quickly shed,
And are by Flatterers soon led-misled.
O with what Arts do you man-kind destroy
Thou woman *Venus*, *Cupid* thou, her Boy?

* *Mat.* 14. 21.

258. *A Nose of Wax.*

Do sacred Scriptures promise good unt' us?
Our Faith believes it, soon is credulous.
Do they require our duty? Then, O then
'Tis *durus sermo*, difficult for men.

259. *Heavens Ladder.* 1 Cor. 13. 8. 13.

	y	
	t	
h	i	
t	r	e
i	a	p
a	h	o
F	C	H

Three Vertues, as by steps, ascend int' Heaven,
Good Hope by four, by five Faith, Love by seven.
Hope to the Moon, Faith doth to th' Sun aspire,
But Charity to th' highest Heav'n, and higher.

260. *Of* Battus.

Thy Tongue thine Heart interprets, let thine Heart
Be silent, e're thy Tongue thy Mind impart.

Th'

Th' interpreter muſt ſilent ſtand, as long
As the Embaſſadour doth uſe his tongue.

261. *The Praiſe of the Aſs.*

Be ye not like an Horſe or Mule which have no underſtanding.

With Horſe and Mule, why was not th' Aſs brought on?
Becauſe he was to carry *David*'s Son.

262. *A pair of impair Courtiers. The Carper, the Paraſite.*

They well agree not, nor keep equal ways,
This all things praiſeth, that doth nothing praiſe.

263. *Four cauſes of man.*

What is Mans form, but a bad mind, vain will?
What Principle Material? But *Nil.*
Suſpect not matter with the form, reſpect
Th' Efficient and End: On theſe reflect.

264. *The laſt Line.*

Sad Death is of a merry Life laſt Act;
A ſerious Life doth Joys in Death attract.

265. *Upon the Death of* Rich. Vaughan *Biſhop of* London, 1607.

I who thee living did moſt juſtly praiſe,
Well knowing that thy worth deſerv'd the Bays,
Ah, thee now dead, why praiſe I not more full?
Joys did my wit make brisk, Grief makes it dull.
While with more Tears, than Verſe, I found thy knell,
My Tears confound my Verſe, my words: farewel.

266. *Of Life and Death.*

One way to Life, to Death a thouſand's had;
'Tis well Death is a good thing, Life a bad.

267. *Of decrepit* Paul, *A Builder.*

Thou build'ſt an Houſe, wherein to die, not dwell:
Whether thine Houſe, or Tomb, thou canſt not tell.

268. *Of* Sextus, *a Prodigal Robber.*

We thee confeſs Munificent, who thine
Not only giv'ſt, but tak'ſt from me, what's mine.

269. *On* Zoilus.

Thou ſpar'ſt the Dead, the Living doſt envy:
I will not therefore wiſh my ſelf to die.

270. *A Pair Royal of Friends.*

To the { *Engliſh-Scots,* / *Scots-welſh,* / *welſh-Engliſh* } Britains.

In friendſhip this doth ſeem a royal pair,
When three between, one love commands the Chair:
To make a pair in Love; if there be three,
Each of the three muſt then twice numbred be.

271. *A Kingdom divided.*

This world hath nothing pertinent: And this
World cannot ſtand, becauſe divided 'tis.

272. *The Ring of Concord, To the* Britains *in Parliament*, 1607.

Scotland the Jewel brings, to make the Ring,
England the Gold, the Goldſmith is the King:
Speed *Europes* Peace, leſt elſe the Ring-like year,
Before the Ring be finiſh'd, diſappear.

273. Britain.

As thou wert i' th' Beginning, now as then,
So, O ſo be, World without End: Amen.

274. *Steganography. To the curious Reader.*

Why, that my Verſes are obſcure, doſt ſay,
Not well to b' underſtood without a Key?
An Epigrammatiſt muſt not dilate:
'Tis therefore fit he ſhould abbreviate.

275. *One God.*

One *Adam* was the Father of all Men:
Nor can there be more Gods than Fathers then.

276. *To the Lady* Arbella Stuart.

If in bare words were honour, I could raiſe
Could write a thouſand Verſes in thy Praiſe:
My Muſe may by thy worth ennobled be,
But my poor Muſe can nothing add to thee.

FINIS.

An Anagram of the Authors Name, Invented by *D. Du. Tr.* of *Paris.*

JOANNES AUDOENUS,
Ad Annos Noe Vives.

Of the ſame, A Diſtich.

This Anagram is falſe concerning thee;
But of thy Book it verifi'd may be.

D. Du. Tr. Mad.

Of the ſame.

Of Thee, thy Book, this Anagram is right:
Thou brought'ſt thy Book, thy Book brings thee to light.

John Roſſe, J. C.
A Templer.

EPIGRAMS
OF
John Owen
AN
OXONIAN
AND
CAMBRO-BRITAN.

Three Books,

Two Dedicated unto *Henry* Prince of *Wales.*
One unto *Charles* Duke of *York,*

Engliſhed by *Thomas Harvey.*

LONDON,
Printed by *R. White,* for *Nevil Simmons* at the Sign of the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and for *Thomas Sawbridge* at the three *Flower-de-Luces* in *Little-Britain.* 1677.

The Author to the Reader.

IN th' Authors Praiſe, according to the Mode,
Doſt wonder thou canſt find nor Verſe, nor (Ode?
No Patronage can to my Verſes add;
For if they'r good, they'r good: if bad, they'r bad.

The ſame, to the ſame.

MIne Epigrams are not like ſtrifes, nor are
They like a Lawyers Client at the Bar:
None can our Verſes (nor have Kings ſuch power)
If low, make lofty, lofty if, make lower.

EPIGRAMS
OF
John Owen
A
CAMBRO-BRITAN.

To
Henry Prince of *Wales.*

The First Book.

---

1. *To Prince* Henry.

IN Love, for Customе Books we Dedicate,
And I the Prince choose for my Principate.

2. *To* Mecænas.

I for my Verses no *Mecænas* look,
I want one for my self, not for my Book.

3. *To* Marcellus, *A Lawyer.*

Thou wert *Paulinus* Patient; for it
Let him thy Client be; Then are you quit.

4. *To* Henry, *Prince of* Wales.

Thy Breast, Brain, Reason, Head, Affections, Heart,
In thee with good Effects perform their Part:
Thy Wit thy Courage, Reason rules thy Sense;
Thine Head compleats thine Heart with Eminence.
Wales had three noble Princes, * *Great* surnam'd,
And Thou, Great Prince, shalt be the fourth proclaim'd.

* *Three Princes of* Wales, *surnamed* Great.

5. Mercury Gallo-Belgick.

Not ev'ry Tree will make a Mercury,
This Artist yet doth to't all Woods apply.

6. Orpheus.

Orpheus did fetch his Wife from Hell: But when
Fetch'd any Wife her Husband from that Den?

7. *Academical Vests.*

To the Students of Oxford *and* Cambridge.

Why are you Students, and our Clergy clad
In black, their Vestments wearing sable, sad?
Is't that our Muses for *Apollo* mourn?
Or for *Mecænas* closed in his Urn?
Mecænas yet left Heirs: 'Tis true, some one
Heir of his Goods, but of his Goodness, none.

8. *Wheter* Peter *were at* Rome.

Whether at *Rome* Saint *Peter* ever were,
'Tis doubtful: doubtless *Simon* was, is there.

9. *To Be and Have.*

'Tis good to Be and Have, A Greek, I think,
Once said, an Alman added, and to drink.

10. *To* Ligurinus.

Arr'us thy Wife doth till, doth fill: The seed
He sow'd, but thine's what Harvest it doth breed.

11. *Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal.*

Thou shalt not steal, this Law's for Lawyers writ:
Thou shalt not kill, this for Physician's fit.

12. *Of*

12. *Of* Alanus, *A decocting Chymist.*

This Chymist Gold to Not-Gold brought, in Fact:
But he from not-Gold could not Gold extract.

13. *To the Prince.*

Ones own be first: If not, let none decline
Anothers to be, while he may be thine.

14. *To* Richard *Earl of* Dorset *returned from* France.

The change of Air hath chang'd (which is most rare)
Thy Qualities and wit: both better'd are.
More learn'd, more good thou now return'st: thy Fate
In both, great Earl, I do congratulate.

15. *Nine* { *Muses,* / *Mutes.*

When mute the Muses be, what odds (in fine)
Whether thou sayst nine Mutes, or Muses nine?
If th' Idiome the diff'rence constitutes,
What diff'rence 'twixt the Muses and the Mutes?

16. *Honours* { *Etymo* / *Genea* } *logie.*

In *Hebrew* wealth's call'd Hon, in *French*, Gold, Or:
Hence Hon-or hath its name and Metaphor.

17. *To* Cornutus.

Pythagoras his Letter hath upon't
A Bipartite; That Letter's on thy front.

18. *To* Dindimus.

Of Salt a Bushel thou with me must eat
Thou sayst, to make our Amity compleat:
Thou never eatst, as I remember, Salt:
What, shall thy friendship then for ever halt?

19. *A Canonical woman.*

A Woman's like a Rule that's general:
Which many times deceives, so women all.

20. Solomons *wish.*

Why did the wise King wisdome wish, not Health?
Had *Solomon* been wise h' had wish'd for wealth?
But *Solomon* wish'd wiser, He did prize
Wisdome 'fore Wealth, because he was not wise.

21. *What News?*

Here's nothing, new ſaith *Solomon*; yet, bold
Columbus found a new World in our old.

22. *A Trine of* Britiſh *women from whom came the* Britiſh *union.*

(*a*) *Henry*'s wife, Mother Roſes red and white
(*b*) Conjoyn'd, his Daughter did the Crowns Unite:
Happy, O Son, happy O Husband rather,
(*c*) Thrice happy *Henry* ſeventh as a Father.

(a) Henry *the ſeventh.* (b) Margaret, *the Wife to* James *the fourth King of* Scots; *Mother of the union.* (c) James *the Firſt,* Britains *Monarch.*

23. Doron Baſilicon.

A Kingly Gift.

To thee the Wiſdome's wiſh'd of *Solomon*:
Thy wiſh thou haſt *Doron Baſilicon.*

24. *Bleſſed are* { *Muni* / *Paci* } *ficents.*

King *James* the Britains ſtate munites, unites:
Munificent, unificent he writes.

25. *Of* Gaurus, *a Church-Canon.*

Wiſdome is read in Texts Apocryphal,
Thou, though unwiſe, art yet Canonical.

26. *A Snayl: Emblematical.*

Like Snayls are diſagreeing Man and Wife:
One Houſe will not contain them in their ſtrife.

27. Chriſtopher Columbus.

(*a*) *Columba* was the firſt which did relate
That Land appear'd, and waters did abate:
And thou *Columbus* was the firſt, whoſe hand
Diſcover'd to the World the (*b*) *New-found-Land.*
This Gold, an Olive Branch that did produce,
That Pleaſures, and this Treaſures for mans uſe.

(a) *The Dove.* (b) America.

28. *Againſt Regicides.*

Cut off thy (*a*) Right Hand, if it make thee ſin:
Thy (*b*) Foot likewiſe, if errours it walk in:

If

If that thy (*c*) right Eye cauſe thee to tranſgreſs,
Then pull it out, what Member more or leſs
Is peccant in the Body, ſtrike it dead:
Except, Divines and (*d*) Doctors ſay, the Head.

(*a*) *Mat.*9.43. (*b*) *v.*45. (*c*) *v.*47. (*d*) *Phyſicians.*

29. *A Gratulation.*

To George *Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury, 1511.

At *Oxford* Rector, thence thou didſt ariſe
A Dean, two Cities didſt Epiſcopize:
Thou *Londons* Biſhoprick ſoon hadſt; and thee
The Metropolitan we ſoon did ſee:
Thou in the Triple Senate ſitt'ſt on high:
What more remains for thee to doe? To die.

* Litchfield *and* Coventry.

30. *To* Decianus, *a Judge.*

I would not have thee deaf, nor dumb, but blind:
Not lame, but maim'd; not cruel, nor too kind.

31. *To* Cæſar, Cæſars, to *God, Gods.*

All Pow'r on Earth, beginning hath and end:
God ſolely doth beyond them both extend:
Indefinite not infinite are Powers:
On Earth God's Infinite, but finite Ours.

32. *Three Sabbaths.*

Saturn, The Sun, and *Venus* in a Trine,
To th' *Jews*, *Turks*, *Chriſtians* Sabbaths three deſign:
The *Jews* their Sabbath have: And they the ſame
From pale-fac'd-leaden colour'd *Saturn* name:
The *Turk*, whoſe Law permitteth many Wives,
His Sabbaths Name from *Venus* Name derives:
But *Chriſtians* their Sabbath, on the Day
The Sun of Righteouſneſs aroſe, diſplay.

33. *To* David Murray, *Knight, one of the Bed-chamber unto Prince* Henry.

Kings Favours to their Favourites impart;
Wiſe Kings to thoſe alone of beſt deſert:
Our King in this excels: For, Favours he
Daigns ſole to worthy men, to Thee, like Thee.

34. *I can, will, will not.*
Anomals.

I will, but cannot, what I can, I nill.
Mans total Life is only Nill, and will.

35. *Patience.*

The man that ſuffers, overcomes: But then
The ſuff'ring woman's overcome by men.

36. *Of Genu-flexion, A Probleme.*

When Honour is conferr'd, or Friend to Friend;
Why man but one Knee, Woman both doth bend?
Man once, but Woman twice muſt ſerve in Life:
While Maid, her Father: Husband, when a Wife.

37. *To* William *Earl of* Pembroke, *one of the Kings privy Council.*

Not old in years, nor young in Judgement ſound,
The King, thee fit for him, thy Countrey found;
Shall I for this thine Honour, praiſe thy Fate?
Or thy Deſert? I both congratulate.

38. *To the Biſhop of* London.

The learned King, of the *Metropolis*
Thee Paſtor made: The City wiſh'd for this:
The See-ſeat vacant, many ſought for it,
As their Reward for Learning and for Wit:
The King, th' Arch-biſhop; thee the City call'd:
And thou the See-ſeat vocant art inſtall'd.

39. *Of riſing and ſetting.*

Remember at Sun-ſetting Death, thine Urn:
And at Sun-riſing mind thy thence return.

40. *To* Peter Junius, *a* Scot-Britain, *formerly Tutor to King* James.

He's born unworthy, from whom none is born,
But thou thy birth, thy being doſt adorn:
For ſeven from thy Loyns are iſſu'd forth,
Th' Idea's of thy Body, Wit and worth.
So many learn'd from thee their Father ſprung
As Wiſe men did to learned *Greece* belong.

41. *Of* Gaurus.

Thou wiſe, and fooliſh art: Who credits it?
Wiſe in conceit, Fooliſh, for want of Wit.

42. S. T.

S T. though a note of silence, doth expound,
Without a Vowels help, a vocal sound.

43. *The saying of* Henry *Earl of* Northampton,
Uni & Univoce.
One and Onely.

We *Britans* are univocal, serve one-
Only King *James*, uniting us alone.

44. *Of* Quintus *a Dreamer.*

Oft in the Morn I thee complaining heard
That in thy Dreams by Night no Truth appear'd:
What wonder? while by day thou speakst but lyes,
That all thy Dreams by Night are falsities?

45. *To* Robert Carre *of the Kings Council*, &c.

The vulgar seldome love whom Kings prefer,
The King as seldom loves the popular:
'Tis difficult to purchase both their Loves;
Thy Motion's double, for with both it moves.

46. *Of a certain Hypocrite.*

Thy left hand knows not what thy right hand gives:
True: For it gives to none, nor one relieves.

47. *The death of* Justus Lipsius, 1606.

The seventi'th and sixth year of thine Age
Finish'd (oh Grief) thine Earthly Pilgrimage:
That Day brought first mine Epigrams to Light,
When thou didst die, my morning was thy night.

48. *Sir* Thomas Overbury's *ingenious*
Poeme of a Compleat Wife.

Thou dost describe a Wife in such a dress
As *Tully* doth an Orator express:
And if to such a wife thou wedded wert,
She would be far too short of thy desert.

49. *Conferring Benefits.*

Good done t' a Child is lost, at least forgot:
Good done t' an old man, is as good as not.

50. *Ambiguous Right.*

Physicians and Lawyers expert are,
These for our wealth, those for our Health take care.

These to the Clients their just Portion give,
With just proportion those the sick relieve:
Dost ask what difference is between their Notions?
These arid Portions give, those liquid Potions.

51. *To Prince* Henry, *born the nineteenth of* February, 1594. (a) (*good or*) *Golden luck*, 1612. 19. Jun.

Thou hast attain'd thy Nineteenth year of Age,
The (*b*) Golden Number doth much good presage:
And this a Golden year (if I not err)
(c) Will Honour, Gold, and Good on thee conferr.

(a) *The Numbers of the Figure* 1549. *by Arithmetical Addition are reduced to the Golden Number* (viz.) 19. *v. g.* 1.5.9. *and* 4. *put together make* 19. (*b*) 19. (*c*) *A Golden verse.*

52. *To the King.*

Noah, who liv'd before the Flood, and since,
Di'd in his Nineteenth *Jubily*: Great Prince,
Might my Vote pass, thou shalt our (*a*) *Noah* be:
Likes ages, as he *Jubilies*, to see.

(a) *A King before and after the union of* Britain.

53. *On a Certain Miser.*

I praise thy Tongue, but not thine Hand: None knows
To promise more than thou, none less bestows.

54. *Of* Thomas More *formerly Chancellour of* England.
To Thomas Baron *of* Elesmere *Chancellour of* England.

Integrity of Life, sweet Eloquence,
Rare Wit advanc'd *More* to more Eminence.
And thee, thy Wisdome, Candor, grave Aspect
Makes Eminent, sublim'd from Vulgar Sect.
Thy Life with such Integrity, so led,
Proves thee to *More* more like; but that he's dead.
And thou to *More* shalt be more like in all,
Except his fatal end, and final fall.

55. *No-*

55. Natura Brevium.

Praiſe of Brevity.

To the Reader.

Some praiſe prolixe Polyſticks, I affect
Short Diſticks, Dwarf-like, a ſhort dialect:
Not ſole in Epigrams, but in what ſort
Of Things ſoe're, What's Neat, Good, Sweet, is ſhort.

56. *Thou ſhalt marry a wife, and another ſhall ſleep with her.*
Deut. 28.

This Scripture is in theſe our Days compleat,
One weds a wife, another doth her treat.

57. *The Original of* Britains *union.*

Britiſh Ile *Mona*, Monads *(a)* Author bare:
Rare Daughter *Monas*, *(b) Mona* Parent rare.

(a) Owen Theodore, *Grand-father to* Henry *the ſeventh by the Father.* (b) *In Engliſh call'd* Angleſley, *in Britiſh* Mon.

58. *To the learned King* James.

To b' a good Poet's rare, if underſtood:
As rare a thing, a man to be that's good:
But a good King is a tranſcendent thing:
Yet thou good Poet art, good man, good King.

59. *Of* Cotta.

Saint *Paul's* Rule *Cotta* keeps t' his wife: He's one
That hath a Wife, and is as if h' had none.

60. *As well to* Mars, *as* Mercury.

Neptune to *Bacchus*, *Mars* t' *Apollo* joyn,
Art calmeth Rage as Water cooleth Wine.

61. *To* John Harington, *Knight.*

Nobility, Wit, Vertue, theſe in thee
Strive for Precedence: Honourable three.
Theſe noting to ſpeak Truth why ſhould I fear?
Of youths in Court thy Peer doth ſcarce appear.

62. *The Lottery: in French, (a) the Blank.*

(a) Every thing is to be nam'd from the major Part.
Here mourn the White, the Black rejoyce; Yet this
Black colour proper more for mourning is.

Why gains the Black? the White the while doth lack?
Is't for that *Dis* give Wealth? And *Dis* is black.

63. *To* G. R. *A Batchelour.*

A Wife is good, a good Wife better; beſt
No Wife; I wiſh thee this; me that, at leaſt.

64. *On trifling* Cotta.

In ſerious things thou trifleſt ſeriouſly;
Thy folly's ſerious, thy Wit's laid by.

65. *On* Pætus.

Thy Front hath Horns: 'Tis ask'd who fix'd them there?
An Author gave them, write; what-ere he were.
Write, Authors gave them; On the Moon-like front,
There muſt be two that fix'd thoſe Horns upon't.

66. Deltoton,
Or the Letter D.

Rocks to mans Life three Deltaes are; theſe be
(*a*) Dives, Delights and Devils: Deltaes three.

(a) *Riches.*

67. *The Gallows*: *To* P. L.

A Robber's End's a Rope; Death circles it.
And Ropes for Thieves I think are Robes moſt fit:
But many ſcape: 'Tis true: ſome have ſome ſcope:
Yet commonly a Robber's End's a Rope.

68. *Of Womens Wit. A Probleme.*

Why is a woman, than a Man, leſs wiſe?
Becauſe *Eve* from mans Rib, not Head did riſe.

69. Minerva, Evah.

Minerva, *Joves* Brains iſſue, wedded none:
But *Eve* was wedded, born from *Adams* Bone.

70. *Of* Helius.

Lawyers grow rich by Clients, at Debate:
Thus *Helius* hath gain'd a vaſt Eſtate.

71. *The State of* Britains *Union.*
To the King.

This Ile, *Eliſa* raigning, was like Wool,
By thee ſpun, *Henry* will make't Cloth in full.

72. *Wh-*

72. *Whether* Bacchus *be a God? To* Germanus.

Seest not when drunk with Wine, that *Bacchus* shakes
Thine Head above, thy low Feet lofty makes?
He raising humble Feet, Heads lift on high
Dejecting, proves himself a Deity.

73. *To Sir* Thomas Chaloner *Chamberlain to Prince* Henry.

Thee from thy youth endow'd with noble Arts,
Advanc'd by *Cæsar* for thine able Parts,
Thee who to thy poor friends a friend dost prove,
Not, as so great, but, as so good, I love.

74. *I love, a Passive; I am loved, an Active Voyce.*

Who loves, doth serve: Who's lov'd doth bear the sway;
This Active is, that Passive; must obey.

75. *On* Julius, *a pretended Monk.*

Not in the World is *Julius*; but rather
The World's in him: This from his Life I gather.

76. *Priest and People.*

Priests pray for People, for Priests People toil:
Those praying, these are ploughing all the while.

77. *On Pope* Julius 2.

Behold two Swords said *Peter*, arm'd with Sword:
Behold two Keys O *Peter*, said his Lord.
Peter left Sword, and did the Keys receive,
But thou dost take the Sword, the Keys dost leave.

78. *Like to like.*

Females deformed though, find Males by kind.
And knavish *Davus* will a Master find.

79. *Know thy Self.*

Wouldst know thy Self? Then Nature joyn to Grace,
This shews the Souls, and that the Bodies Face.

80. *Death's Equity.*

Rivers from Rivers differ; Man from Man:
While Men in Life, Rivers in Channels ran.
Ingulph'd in Seas, all Rivers have like Tast:
So Death doth all men equal make at last.

To Thomas Button, 1612.

From *Britain*, almost all the World apart;
I wish fair Gales, thou sailing Westward art.

Seek

Seek, thou ſhalt find the great Seas Myſteries;]
Prince *Henry*'s way's found by the Deſtinies.

82. *On* Gellia, *painted.*

Thy Picture is not like thee: But 'tis plain
Thou like thy picture art, as vile, as vain.

83. *Conjurers conteſt.*

In Magick Art the Conjurers conteſt,
Scottus Parmenſis did excel the reſt:
He with the Devil had a contract made,
Who knew moſt, could do moſt in that black trade:
Like as chief ſervants in the Courts of Kings,
Under great Maſters can perform great things.

84. *Of* Ruffus, *An Hypocrite.*

Thou ſayſt that Ignorance makes men devout:
Thou then ſhalt be the chief of all that Rout.

85. *To the* Engliſh. *A Probleme.*

Wherefore do *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Italian*
Sleight Wives? They reckon Women not * Humane.

* *Hommes, Femmes: Hombres, Mugeres: Huomini, Donne.*

86. *To* Cinna, *A Phyſician.*

Thou cur'ſt Diſeaſes, How? Thou kill'ſt the Sick:
And what thou doſt (like *Judas*) thou doſt quick:
Thy Patient is bleſt: Thou wilt not wrong
His Patience, to let him languiſh long.

87. *We have one Advocate in Heaven.*

One Advocate we have in Heav'n, ſaith *Paul*;
Are no more Advocates within that Hall?

88. *To one young in years, old in manners.*

Why doth the Gout, which doth unt'age belong,
Thee vex, A Souldier, Scholar, and ſo young?
The Gout miſtook, it ſaw thee grave and ſage,
And took thee for an old man, full of age.

89. *Anger is a ſhort fury.*

Though wrath be ſhort, 'tis not for fury fit:
If furious, 'tis fit to ſhorten it.

90. *To* Henry Good-yeer, *Knight*, Kal. Jan. 1610.

What new-years Gift ſhall I preſent to thee?
I wiſh, (*a*) thy Name thou many years mayſt ſee.

(a) *A good yeer.*

91. *Love*

91. *Love Active and Passive.* *To* Pontia.

Wilt know what differs I'm lov'd, from I love?
That, I suppose: My knowledge this doth prove.

92. *To the Prince.*

My dreams by night are much of Royal Gold,
But in the morning there's no Gold, all's cold.
If thou, O Prince, wilt with thine Hand assist,
I shall have Real Gold, not in a Mist.

93. *Arithmetical Division.* *To* J. S. *Merchant.* 1607.

Though living thou give nothing to thy Friends,
The total Sum at Death in nothing Ends.

94. *The Court Louse.*

The pratling Parasite, through all the court,
To Grandees Chambers make their most resort:
So this vile Beast the Louse doth oft infest
Mens Bodies, but their Heads above the rest.

95. *Æsculapius* Three-fac'd.

The Physick Doctor seems three-fac'd to be
Unto the Sick; God, Man, and Devil's he:
In giving Physick, he doth seem a Man:
If the disease be cur'd a God he's than.
If Health's restor'd, and the disease destroy'd:
When Doctor comes for Fees, Satan avoid.

96. *Of* Galatea.

The Stag, 'tis said, his Horns doth yearly mew:
Thine Husband daily doth his Horns renew.

97. *Waters and Earths Epithalamy.*

All generated are in Earth and Water:
Both these God hath united, former, later:
That nothing to Man-kind unkind should prove,
Th' Earth lieth under, Water flows above.
Earth's waters Wife, Both one Globe constitute,
And well concurr, *Humor* doth (*a*) *Hume* salute.

(a) *The Ground.*

98. *Of the same.*

Why Water, which flows round, doth flow from th' (Earth?
'Cause Thirst this should not suffer, nor that Dearth.

99. *Death's*

99. *Death's in the Pot. To Court Criticks.*

Is Death i' th' Pot, or Port (that is) in (a) Court?
For *Plautus* saith, Pot, Court the same import.

(a) *With the antient Latines* Olla *and* Aula *signifie the same.*

100. *The Deluge. A double Probleme.*

Why saith the (a) Proverb, As a Fish so sound?
Fish sole was sav'd when all the World was drown'd.
All drown'd, why were the Fish from drowning freed?
Because the Mother would preserve her breed.

(a) *So sound as a Fish.*

101. *A Cole of Wood.*

Born in the Fire, and perishing thereby:
Woods spoiling, I deserve by Fire to die.

102. *Of* Gellia.

Thou from thy youth a Papist wert: But now
Worse Papist art; How? Catholick art thou.

103. *Of* Aulus.

As oft as Sickness casts thee on thy Bed,
Or hollow Tooth doth ake, or stupid Head:
O would I were in Heaven from this smart,
Thou sayst: Thine Heir saith, O would thou wert.

104. *A Woman, what Creature.*

Virgins untouch'd want sense, and Husbands grant
To them their sense, but then they Reason want.

105. *Reason and Oratory.*

Rhet'rick's the Palm, and Dialect's the fist:
This Combats, that Triumphs within the List.

106. *Testicles.*

To signifie the Sex? or is our Name
Call'd Testicles, t' attest thy Sin-thy Shame?

107. *upon the Death of* Hen. Cuff, 1600.

Learn'd well in *Greek*, happy thine *Alpha* was,
But thine *Omega* hapless prov'd; Alas.

108. *Of* Festus.

Wilt marry now th' art old? If thou be wise
With *Lillies* learned Grammer first advise:
There indeclinable the Horn thou'lt find;
Old men have seldome that hard Rock declin'd.

109. *Sir*

109. *Sir* Thomas Moore.

Imprison'd *Moore*, to guess what would befall,
Inspects his Urne in an Urinall:
He saw no signs of Death: But had he seen
The Kings, the signs there of his death had been.

110. *Of* Cornelius.

Thou knowst Th' art Horn'd, tacite *Cornelius*:
Now thou shalt be *Cornelius Tacitus*.

A Tripple Lie { *Vented*, *Invented*, *Painted*.

111. *On* Tullus.

Carvers invent, the painters paint a Lie,
Who vents it? Thou. Thou dost adventure high.

The End of the First Book.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF JOH. OWEN'S Epigrams.

To Prince *Henry*.

1. *To* Henry *Prince of* Wales.

GOD grant thee will the beſt, the Truth to know:
Who gave theſe gifts can * greateſt Gifts beſtow.
* *It is good to be Great, better to be Learned, beſt to be Good.*

2. *To* James of *Great* Britain, &c.
King, the Beſt-Greateſt.

Tyrants are fear'd of all, fear all: Nor wants
Their fearing force, fearful concomitants:
No need for thee (O thou great King of Kings,
Beſt King) to fear ſuch formidable things.

3. Hyſteron

3. Hyſteron Proteron.

In Engliſh

The Cart before the Horſe.

Cambridge and *Oxford*, words ſo plac'd in force
Are like to theſe, The Cart before the Horſe.

4. *On a decrepit Husband of a third Wife.*

Firſt *Clotho*, *Lacheſis* thy ſecond wife,
Thy third wife *Atropos* cuts off thy life.

5. *Love.*

Impriſon'd-Liberty, Peace-war, ſweet-ſowre,
Hope-fear, Gall-honey, Love doth laugh and lowre.

6. Minos.

A Judge, who to be Juſt, on Bribes doth look,
Is like a Fiſh, which while it takes, is took.

7. *Doubtfulneſs.*

Both I ſuſpect, know neither, ready either
To credit: *Phœbus* he can tell me whether.

8. *To the Princes Secretary.*

Honours mens former Manners change in Fine;
'Tis the worlds courſe, but 'tis no courſe of thine:
Thou changed doſt not change: 'Tis ſtrange to ſee
Some follow fortune, but ſhe follows thee.

9. *To* Thomas Puckeringe, *Knight and Baronet.*

Dear *Thomas*, if to ſpeak ſuch things be fit,
I firſt did exerciſe thy noble Wit:
I thy firſt Tutor was, thou Pupil mine:
I am not what I was, but ſtill am thine.

10. *Three Draughts.*

Firſt draught thirſt paſt, preſent the next abates.
And the third future thirſt anticipates.

11. *A double Riddle.*

Tell me t' her Mother that was ſpous'd what (*a*) woma
Her (*b*) Mother being Man: Her (*c*) Father no Man?

(a) Eve. (b) Adam. (c) G

12. *Of Faith.*

A five-fold Anagram.

True Faith is ſure, no Schiſmatick, nor Greek,
Nor Creete, whoſe Faith is fleeting, or to ſeek,

13.

13. *To Sir* Edward Cooke, *Knight, a learned Lawyer, Judge,* &c.

The Laws of Nature, Nature of the Laws
Thou knowſt, thou judgeſt Clients and their cauſe:
Thine Anſwers, (our *Apollo*) are more clear
Than th' Oracles, that were at *Delphos*, were.
Thou curt'ſt off preſent ſtrifes, doſt countermand
The future: Thoſe with Tongue, and theſe with hand.

14. *A Mathematical Inſtrument vulgarly call'd a* Jacobs *Staff. To the Mathematician.*

Take *Jacob*'s Staff, his (*a*) Ladder give to me,
I more by this, than thou by that, ſhall ſee.

(*a*) Jacob's *Ladder*, Gen. 28. 13.

15. *Earth's Scituation.*

Th' Earth ever ſtands, if *Solomon* we credit:
If *Naſo*, then it ſits, for *Naſo* ſaid it.
Sitting, it weary would be quaking found,
If ſtanding fall'n: What then? it lieth round.

16. *To* Henry Davers, *Baron of* Danteſay.

Thy Valour, Fortune; Prudence conquers Chance:
Thine Hopes above vile-ſervile fear advance:
Thee Fortune follows, fellows; Prudence leads;
None but th' Almighties Arm, thine Armour dreads:
March on, where e're the King thee calls; Thee guide
Leading, or ſerving conqueſt's on thy ſide.

17. Death's *Epitaph. To the Death of Death.*

The croſs ſlew Death, no more from Death to riſe:
Thy Death was Death's, thy Croſs his Obſequies.

18. *Of the Pope, and* Luther.

The Pope, indulgent Father, frees, for fees,
Mens Souls, with indulgencies, from the Lees
Of Purgatory: But more Indulgence
Luther doth grant; He Souls exempts from thence.

19. *Of God and Man.*

God is the Word, and with his Word made all,
We Men make Words, and like our Words do fall.

20. *To*

20. *To Sir* George Carew, *Knight, Master of the Pupills*, 1612. Jun. 13.

The King Commending Pupills to thy care,
He doth his care of thy deserts declare.

21. *Of fasting.*

Why keeps the Pope so many fasts i' th' year?
'Cause *Peters* successor he might appear.

22. *A New Metamorphosis.*

A loving Man and Wife make up one Man.
Which four feet hath, that with two Feet began.

23. *Of Anonyma.*

Thou *Fabians* nerve inflamed hast: Now he
May truly say, I burn with love of thee.

24. *Gold from the Dung.*

The Scavenger from Lung doth Gold extract:
The like Physicians and Rusticks act.

25. *To Face no Trust.*

The Wives offence i' th' Husbands front is writ;
Yet Man for Pen, Woman for Paper's fit.

26. *To* Will. Ravenscroft, J. C. *A Batchelor.*

In single Life leading a Life divine,
What few can be thou canst be, solely thine:
Thy Friends and kindred are as Sons to thee:
While I thy Kinsman or thy Friend may be.

27. *History of this time.*

Th' old Law for History was this, none might
Nor dar'd untruth, nor fear'd the truth to write:
But Hist'ries now-new Law doth th' old oppose,
None fears untruth, nor dares the truth disclose.

28. *A fair Dowry.*

I like a naked Beauty, but not bare:
I would, that matter, with the form should square.

29. *A Gallick Virgin.*

Gallick virginity belongs t' a Child,
For in their Speech (*a*) a Child's a Virgin stil'd.

(a) Pucelle, *that is a little one, the* Fre *call Virgin.*

An Engliſh *Virgin.*

Engliſh with *French* words ſhould near aſſent,
latonick men are by our Virgins meant.

30. *upon a new Noble-man.*

hy Mother ſpun, thy Father fiſh'd with nets:
hence thy Deſcent from a long Line thou get'ſt.

31. Penelope's *Riddle to her Suitors.*

here is * a thing, my Verſe dares ſcarcely name,
hou would'ſt I ſhould on thee beſtow the ſame;
he former Syllable's mine husbands due;
ake thou, I am not hard, thoſe other two.

* Oſculum, *a Kiſs*, Os, *the Mouth*, Culus, *the Poſteriors.*

32. Bias.

ho ſaid, that all that's mine, with me I carry,
ias, the wiſe, It ſeems did never marry.

33. Chryſoſtome *in* Greek *by* H. S. *exactly ſet forth at* Eaton.

To H. S. 1612.

ood-godly *Chryſoſtome* liv'd in the fleſh;
n Spirit, now deceas'd, he lives afreſh.
e lives in's Books: Firſt life was Natures Fee,
he next to God, the third is due to thee.

34. *The Philoſophers Wife.*

ulcan fair *Venus*, *Jove* did *Juno* wed,
ut chaſt *Minerva* was not married;
hy ſo? She, wiſeſt of the Deities,
ould wed no man, why? becauſe no Man's wife.

35. (a) Propria quarto modo.

e falſly ſpake, who ſaid that *Thais* was common;
ach, every man hath ſingly *Thais*, as Woman.

(a) Omni homini ſoli et ſemper.

36. *A pair of Fools.*

laud'us like (*a*) Mule, *Gorgon* like (*b*) Hin, is ſlow,
oth for their dulneſs to their Parents owe.

(a) *Mule comes from a He-Aſs and a Mare.* (b) *A little Mule comes from an Horſe and a Shee-Aſs.*

37. To

37. *To* Edward Sack-ville, *the Earl of* Dorſets *only Brother returned from* France.

Nature thy prudent Mother gave thee Wit,
Experience abroad improved it.
From *Sirens* Songs, and *Circes* charms th' art come
More ſage, though with more age, unto thine Home.

38. *Of Jealouſie.* Engliſh-French-Italian.

Why do th' *Italians*, in more grievous ſort
Than *French* or *Engliſh*, take their Wives ſtoln ſport?
Beaſt's worſe than Bird; Th' *Italians* wife's looſe ſmile
Him (*a*) beſtiates: *French-Engliſh* (*b*) Birds the while.
Engliſh and *French* are Birds: th' *Italian*
Sole horn'd Beaſt, of theſe three muſt lead the Van.

(*a*) Becco Cornuto, *an He Goat*: (*b*) Un cocu *in* French, *in* Engliſh *a Cuckold*; Cuculus.

39. *Socratical wiſdome.*

All things I thought I knew; But now confeſs
The more I know, I know, I know the leſs.

40. *King* Arthur's *round Table.*

The *Delphick* Oracle will'd write (no Fable)
The ſeven wiſe mens Names in a round Table.
So thy Knights Names wiſe *Arthur*, firſt and laſt
On the round Table were in order plac't.

41. *Subſidie.*

Clergy, Purſe-Prayers; People Bodies bring,
The Nobles Courage-Coyn, t' aſſiſt the King.

42. *A new World.*

The Cabaliſts of many Worlds aſſure us:
Innumerous they be, ſaith *Epicurus.*
But count aright, ſole two th' account affords,
That old of Deeds, our now-new World of Words.

43. *Two-fac'd* Janus.

Thy force of Wit, and ſtrength of Memory
Before, behind, to ſee thou doſt apply.

44. Earth's *Body.*

Th' Earth's Bones are Stones, Skin, Surface, Metalls, (Nerves,
The Graſs for Hair, for Blood the Water ſerves.

45. *To*

45. *To* Pannicus, *of* Maurus.

That *Maurus* hath, between thy Wife and Thee
He doth divide, thou Words, and Deeds hath ſhe.

46. *Of* Paula, *an* Engliſh *Diſſimulatrix.*

With painted Face, with counterfeit Addreſs
Thy Cuſtome is, to dreſs thy wickedneſs.
Thou driv'ſt the Drones, dull Cattle, from thy Stall:
And what's thy Love, but Honey mix'd with Gall?

47. *A Phyſician, and Lawyers.*

Taff'nan gives Honours, *Galen* Wealth, ſo be
This be no Patient, nor Client he.

48. *To* Edward Wotton, *Baron*, &c.
One of his Majeſties privy Council.

He's dead who did his place to thee reſign,
Which was before, in *Pallas* Judgement, thine.
None worthier than thou this place t' inherit;
And thy great worth a greater place doth merit.

49. Galen; *Anagram*, Angel.

Galen, art *Angel* good or bad? A good-
Angel, preſerving Health, if underſtood.

50. *Blind Love is Deaf.*

Their Wives defaults kind Husbands will not ſee.
Who truly love, by love all-blinded be.
Againſt their Dears they truſt nor Eyes, nor Ears:
Thus Love not only Blind, but Deaf appears.

51. *Of* Dindimus, *amerchant.*

Arithmeticks three firſt parts learn'd thou haſt;
Learn but the fourth, thou ſhalt be bleſs'd at laſt.

52. Anagramma Uxoris, *The Anagram of a Wife.*
Orcus *and* Uxor: *But the* Engliſh *words will not compleat it.*

(a) The Womb and Tomb inſatiable are,
Saith the wiſe King: He did them both compare:
Who falls on Wife, deſcends into the Pit:
A Wife in ſenſe, not ſound is like unt' it.

(a) Prov. 30. 13.

53. *The Anſwer.*

A Wife I'm nam'd, not that I vex the man,
But that mine Houſewifes care's Quotidian:

Is

Is Man in Woman as *Belzeb*'s in Hell?
Man's *Satan* then, if Woman be that Cell.

54. *The Religious.*

What's well done's ill done, if in publick done:

The Politician.

What's ill done's well done, if reveal'd to none.

55. *Three Goddesses.*

Chast *Juno*, wanton *Venus*, *Pallas* learn'd-
Pure Virgin, 's rare between those two discern'd.

56. English Proteus.

New-fashions in Apparel 'states do wast:
Sole Pleasure pleaseth us, though lost at last.

57. *One protects two.*

The saying of H. 4. *The* French *King.*

One King protects two Kingdoms, yet both fail'd
Thee to protect but one when Death th' assail'd.

58. *The Birth and Scite of the Sun.*

The Sun, fourth, midst is of the Planets seven:
(*a*) The fourth day made, plac'd in the midst of Heaven.

(a) *The Sun was created the fourth day*, Gen. 1.

59. *The Sepulchers of* Cæsar, Pompey *and* Crassus.

Africk for *Pompey*, *Asia* doth mourn
For *Crassus*, *Europe* hath great *Cæsars* Urn.

60. *City Buildings most City-like, of* Henry *Earl of* Northampton.

The Structure of an House, Beneath, Above
The Builders Ingenuity doth prove.
Who raise rude Piles of Buildings (to thy Praise)
By thine Example may their Buildings raise.

61. *To* Oranus.

Thy Wifes rich Sire oft said, This Daughter mine
In stable Wedlock I to thee will joyn:
Too stable Wedlock hath you joyn'd, sith she
So much unstable is in love to thee.

62. *Of* Fælix.

Fælix through all the City walks *per deiu*,
Who scarce two Cities in the World did view.
Who many Men and Cities saw, the Poor
In his own City beggeth at the door.

63. Francis

63. Francis Drake.

No time ſhall *Drake* forget; He croſs'd the *Seas*
And Drake-like ſwam unto th' *Antipodes*.

Or This.

Drakes Name and Fame no time ſhall ravel out,
He ſail'd, amid the Seas, the World about.

64. *Man.*

Before thy Birth (which thou remembreſt not)
Thou nothing wert; Dead, ſomething is thy lot.

65. *Of* Phœbus *and* Neptune.

The Sun's of ſwift, the Sea's of ſwifter force;
That runs but once, this twice a day its courſe.

66. Uxor Vi(n)cta, *that is,*
A Wife bound, Conquer'd.

The Brides Tongue brid'led, th' Husband's Conquerer:
He ſole o'recomes his Wife, that quiets her.

67. *Naked Truth, Of* Alethus.

If (as ſaith *Plato*) Vertue, naked might
Be ſeen, 'twould fill mens hearts with rare Delight.
Alethus (as 'tis ſaid) ſaw (*a*) Vertues four
Naked, at *Venice*, and did them deflour.

(a) *Four Curtizans, call'd by the names of the four Vertues.*

68. *Of* Bacchus *and* Byrrhia,
Wine and Beer.

Wine ſimple-ſingle's prais'd, but double Beer:
Double is good, but ſingle beſt doth cheer.

69. *Of* Gellia.

To the firſt Matter *Gellia* inclines,
That all forms fancies, this ſole Maſculines.

70. *Of* Papilus, *pulling off his hoar Hairs.*

Thou need'ſt not pull thine hoar hairs from thine head,
Proceed in (*a*) *Greek*, they of themſelves will ſhed.

(a) *Riot.*

71. *Be not many Maſters.*

While none would Scholars be, but Maſters all;
All Scholars, none we can a Maſter call.

72. Hen. 8. *Defender of the Faith.*

This Title, (*a*) *Leo* Pope, a *Florentine*,
To th' King of Flow'rs and Lions did assign.

(a) Leo *the tenth*, *a* Florentine *by Nation*, 1521.

73. *To Pope* Leo.

That Title, with the Sword thou gav'st the King:
He thee denies; the Sword thy Death did bring.

74. *The Pride of Life.*

Man, though of vile Earth made, with Pride doth swell,
Th' Earth made of nothing swells with man as well.
So man like th' Earth aspires above his kind,
Th' Earth mounts in Mountains, Man mounts up in (Mind.

75. *To* Guarene Tounsend, J. C.

Thy Tongue no Law-court courts, nor avaricious
Is prostitute t' excuse the guilty, vicious:
Thou dost contemplate Natures Mysteries,
Scripture, Laws, History thou dost revise:
Three Graces, seven Arts, Sisters thrice three
Causes to know, but not to plead, teach thee.

76. Genesis *and Saint* Matthew's Gospel.

Christ's Birth in this, *Adam*'s that Book is in;
Gospel and Law from *Genesis* begin.

77. *Some Body, No Body.*

The sacred *Hebrew* Text Men, Souls doth stile,
As if that Man were solely Soul the while.
None, no body, one, some body we call
In English, as if we were Bodies-All.

78. *A Love Fancy.*

If *Lesbia*, thou wert the Zodiack,
I would I were the Sun, for thy sweet sake:
The Sun compleats the Zodiack once a year,
But once a Night I would compleat thy Sphear.

79. *To Book-gelders.*

If wise, then gild my Book, but geld it not
That other Books by this may be begot.

80. *To* Gellia.

In earnest speak; Why dost thou so profuse
Give that to many promis'd for ones use?

'Tis

'Tis an old cuſtome, common as a Clock,
That many Keys ſhould be t' a ſingle Lock.

81. Eve's *and the Serpents Conventicle.*

By *Eves* and *Satans* Parley, ſin did come;
O would ſhe had been deaf, or he been dumb.

82. *To* Robert Johnſon, *a* Scottiſh-Britain.

Reading thy *Britiſh* (*a*) Hiſtory, I love
Thy ſelf, I like thy Method, both approve:
No ſuch Book's extant, that's more genuine,
More genial, than that ſame Book of thine;
Excepting (*b*) *Moore*: Who wrote the Life-the fate
Of (*c*) *Richard*: Thee, next him, I emulate.

(a) *Of the affairs of great* Britain *and* Ireland, *in his Time.* (b) *Sir* Tho. Moore. (c) Richard *the third.*

83. *Of Himſelf.*

I, of the *Minor* Brothers orders am:
My Fathers Lands to th' Major Brother came.

84. *Sell all that thou haſt, and give to the Poor.* To Pætus.

Of this Advice thou kept'ſt the former part,
But not the latter: There remiſs thou wert.
Th' haſt ſold, and given all; Part to thy Whore,
Part to thy Riot; nothing to the Poor.

85. *Nor* { *Of Evils the leaſt.* / *Of Good the greateſt.*

Though ſhe were beſt, I would not have my Bride
A Giant, nor a Dwarf, though worſt beſide.

86. Sirens *Songs.*

If thou thy Reins wouldſt keep from Blain-from Bane;
Flee *Sirens* Songs, thou ſhalt be ſafe, and ſane.

87. *A Love Letter.*

Love wants not Hope, in hope the Lover lives:
But Hope without thee,- thine, me nothing gives.

88. *Blind Love.*

Love and Ebriety are like: They blind
Mens Eyes, of Body this, that of the Mind.

89. *The Will of rich* T. S.

Thou giveſt all, no longer here to live,
Nor hence to take it: Couldſt? Th' would'ſt nothing (give.

90. *Air, Water, Earth, Hell.*

The ſordid Earth receives the droſs of th' Air:
Earth's dregs unto th' infernal Caves repair.
What Evil's in the World ſhall t' Hell deſcend:
As pond'rous things unto the Center tend.

91. *The Chriſtian Zodiack.*

The twelve Apoſtles, their Stars, four times three,
My Zodiack, Faith, and Chriſt my Sun ſhall be.

92. Eraſmus *Praiſe of Folly.*

Thou didſt not folly praiſe, *Eraſmus*, ſolely:
Thee many praiſe, and many praiſe thy folly.

93. *Of* Gymnicus, *A Paſtor.*

Thou feed'ſt thy flock with words, they thee with weeds;
Thy care's for Tythes, no care to cure miſdeeds.

94. *Of* Dardanus.

Paleneſs in Face, Leanneſs in Corps doth ſit,
Thou nothing haſt that's fat, but thy groſs Wit.

95. *Pleas in the year* 1609. *between* Rob. Calvin, *Plaintiff*; *and* John Bingley, *and* Richard Gryffin, *Defendants.*

When the *Poſt-nati* were in Law of late,
Robert the Son of *James* o'recame; bleſt fate:
Th' one *Engliſh*, th' other *Welſh*, the Victor *Scot*
O'recame them, guilty both: A lucky lot.
I love good luck: Britains, Hearts-Hands unite;
This Iſland ſhall no more be bipartite.
Their Sons Sons Sons ſhall ſee, there ſhall be then
One Kingdom under but one King, *Amen.*

96. *Of our times Diſcords.*

Logick doth things define, divide beſide:
But we no things define, all things divide.

97. *Evil Manners produce good Laws.*

God t' *Adam* gave a Law before his Sin,
Ill manners therefore all Laws brought not in.

98. *Four Articles of Faith*, 1,2,3,4.

One God believe, two (*a*) Bibles, Symbols (*b*) three,
Let Faith the fourth, with the four Councils be.

(*a*) *The two Teſtaments.* (*b*) *The Apoſtles*, Athanaſius, *and Nicene Creed.*

99. *To*

99. *To the Prince.*

As a great Bear a little Lion flees,
So flees great Hope, when ſmall things come it ſees:
Moſt happy Prince, mine hope depends on thee;
From me take Hope, and I ſhall happy be.

100. *To the Reader.*

(a) *Narciſſus* I leave off, when Verſe I write,
Do thou the ſame, when thou my Verſe doſt cite.

(a) *Self-love.*

The End of the Second Book.

EPIGRAMS
OF
John Owen
A
CAMBRO-BRITAN

To
Charles Duke of *York*, Brother to
the Prince the Kings Son.

The Third Book.

1. A Jove Principium, *Begin in God.*

GOd's the beginning, i' th' beginning's God,
Before and after, without Period,
Without beginning the beginning: From
This sole beginning all beginnings come.

2. *To the Reader.*

I publish'd former Books with Verses clad,
I, to the former this, not naked add.

If more remain, they better will appear,
Kind Reader thou doſt hope, but I do fear.

3. *To* Charles, *Duke of* York.

The Kings, the Kingdoms next Hope-Happineſs,
Great *Charles*, yet then the Prince of *Camb'ra* leſs:
Thy Tutors Counſel uſe, thee which inſtruct:
Sage-ſane advice, a Duke will ſafe conduct.
Be like thy Father, Second to thy Brother;
Thy Second, or thy like will be none other.

4. *The Art of Memory.*

Simonides invented Mem'ries Art,
But th' *Art* of Wit none yet, in whole or part.

5. *Things, Names and Words.*

God all things did Create, Man gave them Names,
Woman gave words: But word for word inflames.

6. *Redemption and Regeneration.*

Satan from *Eve* bought Man, Chriſt man re-bought:
Adam did death procure, the cure Chriſt wrought.

7. *The Praiſe of Liberality.*

A Gift's eternal, follows him that gives;
The Giver and Receiver It relieves.

8. Oxford's *new Library. To the Readers*, 1610.

Authors ſeek ye? Ready, before your Eyes,
Each Claſſick Author in his Claſſis crys:
Of this great Work, ſcarce parallell'd on Earth,
Seek ye the Founder? *Bodley* gave It birth.

9. *To the Univerſity of* Oxford.

No Library there is with thine that dare
Compare, nor with thy Wits that can compare.

10. *To Queen* Anne.

Siſter, Wife, Mother, Daughter of a King,
Queen *Anne*: What greater Titles can we bring?
Four Vertues thou with theſe four Titles haſt;
What canſt thou to thy Vertues add at laſt?

11. *To* Elizabeth *the Kings Daughter.*

Born of a Kingly,-long continu'd Line,
A King, a *Cæſar* meriting for thine:
Shouldſt for an Husband ſtay, who could out-vie
Thy worth, thou mightſt a Virgin live and die.

12. *Speech*

12. *Speech and writing.*

Mute Hand's the ſpeaking Tongues Interpreter,
As ſpeaking Tongue's the mute Hearts meſſenger.

13. *A new Man.*

Depel, Diſpel that old-grown Man of Sin,
And, with the new Man, a new life begin.

14. *An healthful Anagram,*
Opto, *I wiſh*, Poto, *I drink.*

I wiſh much Health, but drink no Health to thee:
Better's a dry, than drunken Health for me.

15. *The forbidden Fruit.*

It was not ſole an Apple, It was worſe,
Adam brought Sins Original, the Curſe.

16. Cal. January.

Greeks and Gift-givers, *Tros* thus ſaith, I fear:
Who's *Greek*? The Poor: Who *Tros*? The Uſurer.

17. *Of* Alcon.

Alcon wants credit, he will credit none;
All credit him; His credit then's not gone.

18. *To* Robert Carey, *Knight, Governour of* Charles *Duke of* York.

Great Queen *Eliſa*, in Alliance nigh
Unto thy Parent, grac'd thy family:
The King of *Britains* Son thy Pupil is;
That's th' Honour of thy Kind, of thy Mind, this.

19. *Example.*

Vertue by good Example's taught and learn'd:
In teaching me, my Teacher is concern'd.

20. *A double Medium.*

Th' Earth in the middle ſtands, yet low doth lie:
And Vertue's in the midſt, yet ſoareth high.

21. N. O.

N leads, *O* follows: Nothing's more Old than All:
For God of Nothing made what th' Orb we call.

22. *To* James Fullerton, *Knight, Governour of* Charles *Duke of* York.

Learn'd *Fullerton*, the credit of thy Nation,
Thou the Kings Son haſt in thine Education:

And that the Son may like his Father move,
Thy Labour that, thine Honour this will prove.

23. *Holineſs, Healthfulneſs.*

All wiſh long Life, few to live well endeavour:
Wouldſt thou live long? live well, and live for ever.

24. *Sheep and Goats.*

The Goats climb Rocks, and Promontories ſteep,
The lower Ground depaſture flocks of Sheep:
'Tis ſo now, but it will not ſtill be ſo,
The Sheep on high, the Goats below ſhall go.

25. *A Ship.*

The Stern's the Train, Bulk, Belly, Bill the Prore;
The Sayls are Wings; Ships ſayl, as Birds do ſoar.

26. *To* Thomas Murrey, *Tutor to* Charles *Duke of* York.

If *Jacobines* be the Kings Friends, I will
My ſelf a *Jacobine* acknowledge ſtill:
If *Scotiſts* be the Regal favourites,
I will a *Scotiſt* be by days, by nights:
Learn'd *Thomas*, thou me *Thomiſt* mak'ſt to be;
And *Scotiſt*, thou *Scotch-Britain* makeſt me.

27. *Blood not Vertue.*

Vertue, than Blood, 'twas ſaid, is more preclare:
But Blood is better than all Vertues are:
Blood better is than Vertue: Not by Merits,
But by thy Blood, O Chriſt, man Heaven inherits.

28. *The Sun, and time.*

The Sun is ſwift, but th' Hour's more ſwift: (a) The Sun
Sometime ſtood ſtill, but th' Hour that time did run.

(a) Joſh. 10. 12.

29. *The Blood.*

I'm Crude, call'd Blood: A circled courſe I keep,
And Snake-like through the bodies Veins I creep.

30. *Of* Pannicus, *a rich Fool.*

Fortune doth favour Fools: Or credit me,
Or elſe believe thy Self, thou then ſhalt ſee.

31. *Brevity.*

Perſpicuous Brevity doth pleaſe in chief:
In words, which things concern'd contain, be brief.

32. *To*

32. *The Tomb of* John Puckeringe, *Keeper of the Great Seal.*

This Tomb preſents three Brothers, Siſters five,
One Siſter's dead, one Brother's yet alive.

33. Homer.

No wonder, *Homer*, former was of Lyes;
His Ears were his Informers, not his Eyes.

34. Eraſmus.

'Tis ask'd, why men *Eraſmus* thee do call?
Anſwer.
If Mouſe, I was the beſt, or none at all.

35. *A little, nothing; too much, enough.*

The Poor have little, Beggars that are common,
Have nothing, rich too much, enough hath no man.

36. *To* Henry Wotton, *Knight, the Kings Embaſſadour*, &c. 1612.

In dubious things thou didſt remember me,
In ſerious, though late, I think on thee:
At *Venice*, at (*a*) *Sabbaudies* for our King
Thou Legate wert, fair Winds thee back did bring.
The King muſt pay thee what he thee doth owe,
'Tis ſecret when: But that he will I know.

(*a*) *A Town between* France *and* Germany.

37. *Foreſee thine End.*

Mans death, not birth declares his bane, or bliſs:
None bleſs'd before his death, nor wretched is.

38. *The* Polar *Sabbath.*
To the Polars.

One day, one Night, doth your whole year diſplay:
So that your Seventh year, 's your ſeventh day.

39. *To the Deſirers of the* Salick *Law.*

In *France* the Virile Law ſets men at th' Helm,
The female Diſtaff muſt not rule the Realm.
Would ye the *Salick* Law ſhould here come in,
O *Britains*? Be robuſt: At home begin.

42. To

46. *To* G. Gwyn.

That I no Diſticks in thy praiſe deſign,
It is becauſe thine better are than mine.

41. Irus *and* Crœſus *Epitaph.*

Crœſus and *Irus* thus are different,
Both dead, that hath, this hath no Monument.

42. *The* Inter-Calar *Month*, 1612.

Why *February* ſole each fourth year grows?
'Cauſe 'tis the leaſt month from the Moon that flows.

43. *Of* Fælix.

Rich, while alive, thou wert, now dead, poor art:
Wiſhing with *Lazarus* a place, a part.

44. *Ten Principles.*

One Subſtance doth nine (*a*) *Categors* confine,
As one *Apollo* doth the Muſes nine.

(*a*) *Predicaments in Logick.*

45. *Logick.*

A Creature born i' th' dark, Rude, Infant, Child,
Unt' *Oxford* ſent, will ſoon a man be ſtil'd.

46. *To* Samuel Daniel, *Poet.*

A Pen thy right Hand, Sword thy left doth follow:
Mars is Siniſter, *Dexter*'s thine *Apollo.*

47. *Lover of Truth. To* Paulus.

Fond Novelties, ſottiſh Antiquities
Me pleaſe not, truth is all I praiſe-I prize:
I follow neither new, nor old: 'Tis true:
But Truth I love, whether 'tis old, or new.

48. *Humility.*

Long Graſs in valleys, ſhort on Mountains grows:
Low minds more Wiſdome have, than lofty Brows:
A Mind's a Mount, whoſe Top's a Type of Wit,
Each Top is bare, and Type is like unt' it.

49. *Three Self-Lovers.*

I next my ſelf, and thou, thy ſelf art next;
What hinders, but that he ſhould be context?

50. *Saint*

50. *Saint* Marks *Feſtival.*
To Marianus, *a Shepheard.*

Why marks Saint *Mark*'s day Sheep, not Goats? Tell (why?
Sheep Shall hereafter live, when Goats ſhall die.

51. *To* Dindimus.

Devouring time devoureth all that's our:
But thou miſpending time, doſt time devour.

52. *Of Heaven and Earth, a double Paradox.*

Heav'ns Motion errs not, erring is th' Earth's Station,
Faſt, ſtedfaſt though, yet full of Variation.
Trod under foot, Plough'd, Harrow'd ev'ry Morn,
Poor Earth, while I am Earth, I ſhall be torn.

53. *The Year.*

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, make the year:
Autumn doth Summer, Spring doth Winter chear.

54. *A Client.*

Haſt care to cure, and to ſecure thy Cauſe?
Incline then, Client, to thy Lawyers Laws.

55. *Of the Covetous.*

Shooes wider than thy Feet thou wilt not have;
Why then more Wealth than's fit, or needs, doſt (crave?

56. *Patience.*

I will, or muſt be patient, hoping ſtill:
All things by this I ſuffer can, or will.

57. *The Serpent,* Eve, Adam.

The Serpent, not deceiv'd, deceiv'd poor *Eve*;
Adam deceiv'd not, but he did believe
His Wife, and was deceiv'd: The Womans fault
Was Active, Paſſive: Catch'd her ſelf, ſhe caught.

58. *The Swan.*

When Fates me call, the Rivers Bank cloſe by,
I ſweetly ſing my Requiem, and die.

59. *To* Polydore.

The Dative caſe than Ablative is better;
The Taker to the Giver is a Debtor.

Ah,

Ah, th' Ablative doth here too long remain,
When will the Dative caſe return again?

60. *To* N. N.

Unhappy Servant of two Maſters thou,
This Nothing doth, that Nothing hath t' allow.

61. *A Three-fold Continency of the Eyes, Ears, and Tongue.*

Leſt ill thou ſeeſt, or hear'ſt, thy Windows cloſe:
Leſt ill thou ſpeak'ſt Locks on thy Lips impoſe.

62. Saturns *three Sons.*

Nummipotent is one, Hells Preſident:
Next *Amnipotent*, third *Omnipotent.*

63. *The old man ſpeaks to the young Man.*

My Life is ſhort, nor can long time import;
Thy Life ſeems long; but ſhortly will be ſhort.

64. *Of my Book.*

Salted at *Oxon* (youth then) 'tis the Mode;
Pepper'd at *Winton* (then Child) I abode:
If this my Book of Salt, or Pepper taſt,
Firſt, *Winton* Pepper gave, Salt *Oxon* laſt.

65. *To* Theo-dore, *Gods Gift*, *A Phyſician.*

In *Greek* and *Latine Theodore*'s thy Name;
Thy skill in (a) Phyſick makes it thrice the ſame.

(a) *The moſt high created the Phyſician, The moſt High created Phyſick out of the Earth,* Eccleſiaſticus 38. 1. 4.

66. *Of* Quintus.

At School, a Boy, thou learn'dſt four Swearing Adverbs,
Now grown a Man, thou ſwear'ſt four thouſand Mad Verbs.

67. *To an Angry man.*

Let Anger ſet; but not riſe with the Sun;
Still let it with the Sun t' *Antipodes* run.

68. *Of*

68. *Of a Cloak and Coat.*

Blew Coats, with Sleeves and Badges, yearly new
Here Serving Men did wear, a lazy crew:
Now Cloaks they wear: Why Cloaks? Becauſe they (may
Flagons or Capons, under Cloaks convey.

69. *Death.*

Nothing's here humane, but inhum'd muſt be;
Earth ſwallows Earth, but Souls from Earth flee free.

70. *Of* Pontius, *A Poet.*

Pont'ius on one Foot halts, with th' other ſtumbles;
Hexameters, Pentameters he rumbles.

71. *Of* Fabian.

Do what thou ſay'ſt, or ſay what thou do'ſt do,
But *Fabian* doth neither of the two.

72. *Edition of Books.*

It happens, that when Verſes I have penn'd,
Faſting or full, Edition is their end.

73. *God loves a chearful Giver.*

Regard not what Reward thou giv'ſt the poor:
God will Regard, and it Reward with more.

74. *Of* Quintus Ramiſta *his Fathers third Son.*

As if one Tree bare two Boughs, none beſide;
So thou doſt all things in two Parts divide.
If all thing elſe ſhould bipartited be,
What of thy Fathers Goods would come to thee?

75. Cupid's *Arms, Bow and Arrows.*

Offenſive not Defenſive weapons, why
Doth *Cupid* uſe? He conquers all thereby.

76. *Of Proſe and Verſe.*
A Probleme.

Why runs a Speech in Verſe than Proſe more fleet?
Becauſe that wanteth not, this wanteth Feet.

77. *Heaven.*

Heaven's the ſpecious-ſpatious Houſe of God;
All-potent Lord, Houſe patent all abroad.

78. *Aeſop.*

78. Ἅγιον μὲν ὕδωρ.

Water's made holy for Regeneration:
But 'tis but simply water in Creation.

79. *A Neſt of Boxes* { *Suſcipio* / *Scipio* / *Pio* } *Pyxidum Trias.*

The Engliſh *cannot reach the conceit.*

I for my Countrey, Fathers, People, I
Adventure dare, ſaid *Scipio*, to die.

80. *Of* Pontilian.

The fawning Dog with wagging Tail doth flatter:
Pontill for want of Tail with's Tongue doth chatter.

81. *We are Duſt and Aſhes.* Horace.

Let none, though clad with Earth, of Heaven deſpair;
Nor any, though a Shadow, thin as Air:
Duſt is our Fleſh, Chriſts Body's of like clod:
Our Soul's a ſhadow, ſhadow yet of God.

82. *An Ænigma.*

Tell what (*a*) whole world in Heaven doth abound,
(*b*) Firſt Syllable of which on Earth's ſole found.

(a) Felicitas. (b) *Gall.*

83. *A Rich Man.*

While I wiſh Wealth, I worſe am, and in fine
Greatneſs to gain, I Goodneſs do decline.

84. *Converſion of* Paul.

Thou, lately *Saul*, art now Saint *Paul*; Thou late
Didſt perſecute, but now doſt predicate.

85. *Right Reaſon.*

That in our times Reaſon's o're-rul'd 'tis grief.
'Twere Joy, if Reaſon might command in chief.

86. *To* Thomas Morrey, *Tutor unto* Charles *Duke of* York.

I thee, thy *Genius*, ingenious head;
Know, read thy Writings worthy to be read:
Thou Doctor-ductor to the Duke, than thee
None fitter, by thy Rules while rul'd is he,
Not forc'd, but by Propenſity; What Praiſe
Haſt gain'd, to lead thy Leader in his ways?

87. To

87. *To the* Hebrews.

Your Law is your Religion, Faith is ours,
Our want's to do well, to believe well's yours.

88. Irus, *a Beggar.*

By this word *Hoſpes* Hoſt, and Gueſt's expreſt:
I am to many, none to me's a Gueſt.

89. *God.*

Though God's Infinitie's diſpers'd moſt clear
Through the whole World, God yet is ſought for (there.

90. *An Eagle.*

In Temples th' Eagle ſacred Scripture bears,
Now great *Jehovah*'s Bird, once *Jupiter*'s.

91. Toby Mathew.

Thy firſt Name from th' old Teſtament, thy Next
Is from the new: Both Names from ſacred Text.
Strange, that a *Gentiles* name Canonical
Should be, which in the Foun's *Apocryphal*.

92. *On a Paraphraſe.*

This Paraphraſe is circle-like wrought round,
From Center to circumference 'tis found:
It toucheth the Diameter's both ends,
But to the Center in no part extends.

93. *Of* Corbulo.

Thou ruineſt, and raiſeſt, *Corbulo*;
Thy Wealth thou ruin'ſt, raiſeſt nothing: No.

94. *Of* Gellia, *a Grammaticaſtrix.*

Grammer was th' Art of ſpeaking call'd of old;
Thou needſt not learn it, thou canſt ſpeak, and ſcold.

95. *On a certain Grammaticaſter.*

A Shred, an Hair, a Nut-ſhell, half a Groat,
Thou me doſt prize at: What I thee? for nought.

96. *Warr.*

War, ſole to Souldiers ſeems pleaſant: Why?
Becauſe ſole Souldiers gain, live thereby.

97. *Riches.*

97. *Riches.*

Sole Gold's a God: Goods, Gods: Coyn, Queen (ſome
Pluto ſpeaks with applauſe, but *Plato*'s dumb.

98. *Three Genders.*

Wives (though moſt chaſt) o' th' Doubtful are, o' t (comm
Are Whores, o' th' feminine is ev'ry Woman.

99. S T. *a note of Silence.*

What mean this *Roman S T*? What? Expreſs:
S, ſtands for Silence, *T*, for Taciteneſs.

100. Patria eſt ubicunq; eſt bene.
Where I do well, there I dwell.

I count my Countrey, not where born, or bred;
But that, where known, where with mine own f (fe
My Countrey, that I count, where I do well;
Where I have my ſubſiſtence, there I dwell.

101. *A Wife.*

That Wife is for a Duke, and King unfit,
Which will not be led, ruled, nor ſubmit.

102. *Rhetorick and Dialect.*

Rhet'rick to ſpeak, Logick to teach is th' Art:
This Wiſdome, that to th' Wiſe doth ſtrength in (par
That neater, this compleater couch'd than it;
That ſeaſoned, this ſeaſoneth the Wit.
Rhet'rick doth veil, Logick doth Truth reveal;
This warns, that moves, that woundeth, this do (hea

103. Actæon.

Actæons Doggs devour'd his Fleſh, Bones, Skin;
But yet his Horns ſome Cities are within.

104. *Arithmetical Multiplication and Diviſion.*

Diviſion Right, left Hand Multiplication
Reſpects, why? Vertue's that, this a Privation:

Why upward that, why downward this aſpects?
This unto man, that unto God directs.

105. *A Tree.*

Spring makes me green, me Summers heat doth ſcald;
Autumn hoar-headed, Winter makes me bald.

106. *To* Theodore Priſe, *an* Oxonian *Divine.*

One Verſe my love to thee cannot declare;
If two will ſerve, lo, here two Verſes are.

107. *One God.*

(a) *Cœlum*'s an *Hetroclite*, as Lily notes;
And *Deus* with the Plural Number quotes:
O, what Blaſphemers our Grammarians are,
Who, that we (b) *Deus* may decline, declare.

(a) *Heaven.* (d) *God.*

108. Dei genus.

(a) *Numen* to th' Neuter gender doth incline;
'Tis neither Maſculine, nor Feminine.

(a) *The God-head.*

109. *Government of the body.*

Fools ſtrain, but prudent men reſtrain their voice:
Which hath leaſt labour, ſilence, or a noyſe?

110. (a) Malorum, *the leaſt and greateſt,* *To* Maximus.

At Table fitting chuſe of ills the leaſt,
The great'ſt of Apples, if the great'ſt be beſt.

(a) Malorum *ſignifies Apples or Evils.*

111. Unda.

Abate a Letter (a) *unda*'s (b) *uda*, add
'Tis (c) *Munda*, (d) *Nuda*, 'tis tranſpos'd, unclad.

(a) *Water.* (b) *Moiſt.*
(c) *Clean.* (d) *Naked.*

112. *Of Dreams. A Paradox.*

Bad Dreams are good, good, bad: Why? when I wake
I bad, I'm glad, if good, mine heart doth ake.

113. *Waters Original.*

(a) *unda*, the Latine word hath Declination:
Ask'ſt, whence deriv'd? It hath no derivation:

The

The year and River circulating run,
Ending, without an End, where each begun.

(a) w

114. *Covetousness.*

To th' Ocean, Rivers run all places from:
It saith not whence d' ye come, but hither come.

115. *The Adamant.*

To Lovers Adamants ought to be sent:
Cupid can make an Adamant relent.

116. *Dog and Hare.*

Though light-foot Hare more swift than Grey-hou

(

They run in hope, she (light) doth hopeless flee.

117. *Speech and Writing.*

The nimble Tongue th' Hearts secrets doth expound,
But writing hath a voice without a sound.

118. *The Lawrel.*

I, *Phœbus* Tree, still frondent, flourishing,
Nor bald, nor grisled, verdant as the Spring.

119. *Dicacity and Urbanity.*

Wit without Wisdome's as without Meat, Salt:
Inurbane wit's what? Salt-less Meat, like fault.

120. *Something of nothing.*
An Arithmetical Riddle.

(*b*) Add one to nothing, nothing's left, but then
(*b*) Add to one nothing, thence ariseth ten.

(a) 01. (b)

121. *To* William Sutton, *an*
Oxonian *Divine.*

I owe thee more than can my Verse express;
Me thy perpet'al debtor I confess.

122. *Three Sons of* Saturn *and*
Ops, *Co-heirs.*

Saturns three Sons, all rich, *Dis*, *Neptune*, *Jove*;
Whose Mother *Ops*, Beneath, About, Above
Them plac'd; I should be richer than those three,
Would Mother (*a*) *Opes* lend her help to me.

(a) *Riche*

123.

123. *Of a certain ſuperfluous Orator.*

en all th' haſt ſaid, Thou want'ſt to ſay, I've done;
t word would pleaſe me more than thoſe fore-gone.

124. *To the Readers.*

Readers, Hearers all I will not pleaſe,
am I pleas'd with all of thoſe, or theſe.

The End of the Third Book.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS
OF
John Owen
AN
OXONIAN
AND
CAMBR.O-BRITAN.

Three Books dedicated to three,
Each a *Mecænas*.

To
Edward Noel, Knight and Baronet, one.
To
William Sidley, Knight and Baronet, another.
To
Roger Owen, a Noble Knight the third.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. White*, for *Nevil Simmons* at the Sign of the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and for *Thomas Sawbridge* at the three *Flower-de-Luces* in *Little-Britain*. 1677.

EPIGRAMS OF John Owen AN OXONIAN AND CAMBRO-BRITAN.

To Sir *Edward Noel*, Knight, and Baronet.

The First Book.

1. *To the Prince of* Wales.

MEcænas (gracious in *Cæsars* Eyes)
Virgil and *Horace* daign'd to patronize.
And thou, great Prince, dost not disdain to lend
Thine Help unto mine Hope, for better end.
Three Knights me patronize; though each to me
Mecænas is, thou shalt my *Cæsar* be.

2. *To his three Patrons,* E. N. G. S. R. O.

When old friends me forsook, as 'tis in use,
Unhop'd for Help you three did me produce:
Your three Names therefore, next the Prince his name
I joyn, *Mecænas* sole deserves such fame.

3. *Lawyer and Physician.*

Unless he subtile be, this rashly bold,
They both perhaps may beg their bread, when old.

4. *The Courtiers Ladder.*

None, but by many steps doth rise at Court,
But falling, one's enough, too much, though short.

5. *To* Edward Noel, &c.

Though I, *Mecænas*, send this Book to thee;
Others may read it, if't worth reading be.
How is my Patron better by this sped
Than Readers? Thus, he readeth, and is read.

6. *On* Tomasine.

Many, these times, in praise of Asses writ,
I read a Book, and read thy praise in it.

7. *To* ——— *A Courtier.*

The bold by Fortune, th' eaters are by meat
Aided: Wilt something be? be bold and eat.

8. *Honour and Riches compared.*

God gives men Riches, Honour claims as Donor.
Preferr'd before all Riches therefore's Honour.

9. *On fabulous Poets.*

Poets of old, making small difference
'Twixt Truth and Lies, made something of each *Ens*:
Their proper name, from making, Poets gather,
From making something, making nothing rather.

10. *On* Fabianus.

Some bald without, thou bald within, 'tis plain:
They want their Hair, thou want'st as much of Brain.

11. Osculum, *a Kiss.*

Lovers affect three Syllables; this word
Is given by the Lovers that accord.
Is the first given? Doubtless, then, in fine
The rest will follow from the femi i..e.

12. Da-

12. Dalilah.

Strong *Sampſons* Wife, deſpoyl'd him of his hair,
Our times have many *Dalilahs*, as fair.

13. Coventry *and* Warwick,
Midland Cities.

Not the ſame Prelate, the ſame Judge you ſee;
Your Spirits differ, but one fleſh you be.

14. *The Birth-day.*

To preſent born, reborn to future things,
The preſent's firſt, the laſt more comfort brings.

15. *On the Art of Love.*

I think 'twas rudeneſs th' Art of Love t' impart,
Love is the work of Nature, not of Art.

16. *On* Gallio.

Rare Judge, who giftleſs doth his office; Why?
Becauſe with gifts he did his office buy.

17. *On* Phyllis.

The Love of *Phyllis* for a Solar year
Endures not; Lunar 'tis, like *Phœbe*'s Sphear.
Her love is like her Body, monthly ſick:
Lunar's her Love, her ſelf is Lunatick.

18. *On* Pætus. *A Probleme.*

Nor Father, Step-father, nor kin to thoſe
Thy Wife brought forth: What ſhall we thee ſuppoſe?

19. *On* Pontiliana.

Why wert thou wedded on bright *Lucy*'s light?
Becauſe 'twas ſhorteſt Day, and longeſt Night.

20. *To* Fronto, *a Lawyer.*

I many Penal ſtatutes, *Fronto*, ſaw
But not one Premial in all your Law:
Laws Penal, Premial ſupport a State;
This age hath loſt the laſt, the firſt's in date.

21. *To* Edward Noel, &c.

Wiſe Nature did to thee much Wit impart
To Natures ſtrength thou doſt add helps of Art.
Good Fortune with thy Vertue doth combine,
Unto thine Art and Wit thou Wealth doſt joyn.
Fortune enables thee to ſuccour wants,
And Vertue makes thee willing: Both God grants.

22. *On* Festus, *an unjust Judge.*

What *Judas* did, or *Pilate*, do the same:
Hang'd wouldst not be? Wash then thine hands from (blame.

23. Paronomasia, (*i.*) *Gingling with words.*

A Maid looks on her Lovers face, not mind:
If wedded, 'tis enough, her Husband's kind:
Venus had rather courted be than painted;
With Acts, than Complements she's more acquainted.

24. *To* Martha, *Of* Quintus.

Quintus in Love is prodigal, recluse:
Of thy Love covetous, of's own profuse.

25. *Of*

Mans Back-parts are in Latine Neuters stil'd:
But all his parts please Women, well compil'd.

26. *Of* Colinus *dying Intestate.*

Dying *Colinus* nothing did bequeath,
Left all: In Life a Dog, an Hog at's Death.

27. *Of Virginity and wedlock.*

Virginity's a narrow way; a broad
Is Wedlock: Hence most People ride this road.

28. *Of* Pansa.

Great strife 'twixt *Pansa* and *Eunomius*
Arose about Church Rites, which they discuss:
Eunomius to prove his Period
The Scripture cites, th' undoubted word of God:
With Scripture what have I to do, replies
Pansa, my Bible in my Law books lies.

29. *To* D. T.

Thou followest two Masters; strange to me
If, or thou pleasest both, or both please thee.

30. *Merchants Faith.*

Where Debtors credit's less, less credit give
The Creditors; by trust how should they live?
Sole trust, these times hath many Merchants split:
To trust now therefore 'tis nor safe, nor fit.

31. Gerunds *and* Supines.

Di-do-dum while *Æneas* was away
Did want her *Gerunds*, and *un-supine* lay.

32. *Give me an Angel, and I will give thee the Spirit.*

The Spirit here, an Angel, *Michael*
Is promis'd there; here Gifts, there Hands excell.

33. *To a certain rich Man.*

If now thou giveſt much, thy love's compleat:
If much thou crediteſt, thy Faith is great.

34. *To a ſervant of two moſt penurious Siſters.*

Three *Parcæ*, fatal Siſters, once were known;
Thou now, poor wretch, two ſuch doſt ſerve and own.

35. *A Louſe.*

Thou me doſt bite, I kill thee: True, but ſmall
Thy Crime's, thy Puniſhment is Capital.

36. *From bad to worſe.*

He falls on *Scylla* that *Charybdis* ſhuns,
Who newly ſick to the Phyſician runs:
Fools one extreme t' avoid act the contrary,
When trifles men to Law-to Lawyers carry.

37. *Of the Prodigal and Covetous.*

Both theſe are wretched: And it oft doth fall
That th' Heirs of Cov'tous men prove Prodigal.

38. *Divine Vengeance on* G. R. 1603.

Thou kept'ſt the Prelates Houſe againſt his mind;
Againſt thy mind th' art now t' an (a) Houſe confin'd.

(a) *a Priſon.*

39. *Of* Damas.

As oft as I thy promiſe claim, and I
Claim it more oft, ſith thou doſt not comply;
Thou never ſayſt, I have, oft ſayſt I will;
No more I will, but ſay, I do fulfill.

40. *On unfortunate* Linus.

What wonder, fortune is to thee contrary?
Thy front is bare and bald, her Front is hairy.

41. *To* Gaurus.

Thy Whiſpers did of me ſome ſamll gift crave;
Wilt have a *Culus* gift? Thou ſhalt it have.

42. *Man all-eating.*

Air, Water, Earth, with all the vaſt Extents
Of th' Elements, ſcarce ſerve Mans Aliments.
If all man eat eth, int' his Subſtance ran,
As 'tis ſuppos'd, what Monſter would be man?

43. *The broad way.*

Broad is the way, much trod, unt' Hell that leads;
The Blind, himſelf the Guide, this broad way treads.

44. *To, In, Of.*

Of, In, To, theſe three words my Book inhems:
Of, Teacheth, To, Commendeth, In, Condemns.

45. *On unmerciful* Quintus.

When any Poor, or Naked, at thy door
Beg Alms, how canſt deny, while ſuch implore?
Thou ſayſt, none ought to Begg by th' *Engliſh* Laws,
But no Law barrs relief to th' poor, when cauſe.

46. *Error is humane.*

I read a juſt man falls ſeven times a day:
How oft a Woman falls, I cannot ſay.

47. *On a certain fooliſh writer.*

O, that all black had been thy Papers white;
Or tinctur'd with no black, when thou didſt write.

48. *The uſurers Apology.*

What good doth me my Money without uſe?
Gold's bright with uſe, uſe doth me gain produce.

49. *On a Cuckold.*

Hadſt Horns by Nature, them thou might'ſt Caſhier:
But th' Horns, thy Wife thee gave, thou needs muſt wear.

50. *Things adjudged.*

Though *Cicero* call Law the ſum of Reaſon,
And that Law's beſt which thence proceeds in ſeaſon:
Few Lawyers are Logicians; Uſe, Example,
The Laws and Statutes are of either Temple.

51. *A Woman.*

Fair women, famous: Youthful, ſportful are:
If Witty, Wiſe: Buxome and Chaſt are rare.

52. *The four Terms at Law.*

The firſt Term's from Saint *Michael* declar'd;
For now (*a*) th' Arch-Angel doth the Lawyers guard:
The next is *Hilary*, this Term doth cauſe
The Lawyers Hilarity by th' Laws.
The third from *Eaſter* Feaſt its Title took,
The Lawyers Dockets are like (*b*) th' *Eaſter* Book.
The fourth Term's called *Trinity*: But why?
Becauſe (*c*) each cauſe hath a Triplicity.

(a) *The form of the Arch-Angel in this* Engliſh *Piece of Gold.*
(b) *The Parſons* Eaſter *Book.*
(c) *The Client, Lawyer, Judge,*

53. *The Croſs in the Poultrey.*
To Chriſt.

The Croſſes Image ſtands, thine's took from thence:
Than thee, the Croſs hath greater Reverence.

54. *That the Lawyers two Colledges,*
the Middle and Inner Temple
are the ſame.

One houſe both have, and both one Law apply,
No Middle-Inner ſenſe i' th' Law doth lie.
What's Middle, is the great World's inner Cell;
For than the Center, what doth inner dwell?
The Middle Temple then, though Middle wrote,
From th' Inner Temple differs not one Jot.

55. *Of the ſame.*

Two Parl'aments you have, one convocation;
Two Kitchens, but one Altar for oblation:
One Maſter calls to Supper, but the ſame.
One Horn doth not your Dinner time proclaim;
Nor the ſame winding both your Horns inflates,
Yet one mind both your bodies animates.

56. *A bountiful* Mecænas.

Thou liberal and free doſt nouriſh many,
And me thou nouriſheſt as well as any.

57. *To* Fauſtinus.

Thou ſayſt my Book is good: O, if't be good,
I wiſh I were my Book, and underſtood.

58. *O the times!*

The Times are Chang'd, and in them Chang'd are (we:
How? Man as Times grow worſe, grows worſe we (ſee.

59. *Stammering.* *To* Balbinus.

Though thou doſt ſtammer in thy Speech, yet none
Can (*a*) *Pa-pa-*(*b*) *pater* ſay, but thou alone.
(a) *The Pope*, (b) *Father.*

60. Agna-Oxon.

Thou Bride to *Benedict* (not ſo well nam'd)
Suppos'd a Lamb, a Wolf art found, art ſam'd.

61. *To* Aulus, *a Phyſician,*
a vernal Gratulation.

Sick perſons purge their Bodies in the Spring:
I thee ſalute, Spring doth thine Harveſt bring.

62. *A Poet Laureate.*

In Fire the Bay-leaves crackle, Poets live
In Death; Hence to the Poet Bays we give.

63. *To a Citizen.*

Sick of a Fever, thou doſt make repair
From Town to Countrey, for exchange of Air,
And going thither, leaving Cities gain,
Thy former Health thou doſt again attain:
Returning home to *London* healthful, poor
Thou doſt increaſe in Wealth: But, as before
Thy Fever comes: Now which is better, try,
Sickneſs with Wealth, or Health with Poverty?

64. *Of* Labienus,
A Self-Lover.

He ſolely loves himſelf, beſide loves none;
Loves ſole himſelf, and loves himſelf alone.

65. *A*

65. *A Widow.*

Who weds a Widow, buys (as't may be ſcann'd)
A Garment in *Long-Lane*, at ſecond hand:
For all ſuch Garments more or leſs were wore;
So more or leſs all Widows were before.

66. Pyramus *and* Thisbe.

A fatal wall us parted: O how near
How far aſunder we two lovers were.

67. *To* Pollux, *a Client.*

Thy Suit depends in law: Better ſuſpend
Than it ſhould long depend: Pay, there's an end.

68. *Hot Cold.*

Women, though cold, their lovers yet inflame;
So Lime in water caſt, doth heat the ſame.

69. *By my Faith.*

None ſwear by Love, too many by their Faith:
Yet (*a*) that is God, but this no God-head hath.

(a) *Jo. Ep.* 1. *cap.* 4. *v.* 16.

70. *Aſtro* } *logy.*
Phyſio }

Sublime Aſtrology ſoars in the Sky;
And Natures ſecrets in the Center lie.
In either of theſe Myſteries can ſound;
That for me's too ſublime, this too profound.

71. *Of* Ponticus.

Thou nothing giv'ſt, but dying wilt: Then dy:
He giveth twice, who giveth ſpeedily.

72. *Unequal Conflict.*

His Sword at all Times *Matho* cannot wield,
But *Pontia* ſtill ready hath her Shield.

73. *Of Lands and Money.*
To Pontilian, *a Merchant.*

All Money with its Intereſt hath bounds;
But (doubtleſs) bottomleſs ere Lands and Grounds
Founts better are than Ciſterns, Ground than Cheſt:
Though Ciſterns greateſt are, and Fountains leaſt.

74. *Of Fame.*

Fame ſeldome praiſeth good, bad oft proclaims
Freely; from thence, evil the name of Fame's.

75. *Of* Galla.

Thine Eyes inflame me *Galla*; Touch me not:
If ſeeing burn, touching will be more hot.

76. *Of decrepit* Linus.

Saturn from *Saturate*, or full of years
Was call'd; thine age now *Saturn*-like appears.

77. *A Dance.*

Th' Heart dictates Love, Tongue's ſilent, Feet advance
Love's cunning meaning in a wanton Dance.

78. *The Meditations and Vows of*
Joſeph Hall *of* Cambridge.

Thou vowing vow'ſt, writ'ſt to be read, bleſt man,
Who reads thy Vows, if them perform he can.

79. *Anagram to* Priſcus, *an old man.*

Priſcus, thine Hairs were Criſped; Why no more?
I *Priſcus* am, who *Criſpus* was before.

80. *The* Britains *Night.*

The *Britains* with ſhort Night are pleas'd, (*a*) 'tis ſaid:
But *Britiſh* Maid no long Night hath diſmay'd.

(a) *Juvenal. Sat.* 2.

81. *To* Nævia.

We wiſh for th' abſent Sun, the preſent ſhun:
O how our Love in this is like the Sun?

82. *Of* Feſtus, *a Lyar.*

All men are Lyars, *Feſtus* will confeſs:
Then call him man, he's Lyar call'd; no leſs.

83. *Of*

83. *Of* Carpophorus.

From home he laughs with Laſſes which he keeps:
At home, with's weeping wife, diſſembling weeps.

84. *The world.*

Two Worlds are in the World; one undefil'd;
This moſt defil'd; yet each the World is ſtil'd.

85. *To an uſurer.*

The more thou giv'ſt, the more thou gainſt a Friend:
But get'ſt a Foe, where thou the more doſt lend.

86. *Of Giving and Satisfying.*

Give, crys Laws voice in the *Weſt-minſter* Hall;
Though ſatisfie ſaith Law Pontifical:
Lawyers take much, give little; much apply
Themſelves to ſpeak, little to ſatisfie.

87. *A Wichamite.*

I no *Pompeian*, no *Cæſarian*,
No *Syllan* I, I am a (*a*) *Marian*.

(a) *Of* Wincheſter *Colledge, and New Colledge in* Oxon; *both founded and indowed by* William Wicham, *Biſhop of* Winton, *and dedicated to the Bleſſed Virgin* Mary.

88. *Againſt that common Proverb,* (viz.)
The younger Brother is the ancienter Gentleman.

Adam was firſt of generous Mankind,
For him his maker next himſelf deſign'd:
Then he that's neareſt t' *Adam*'s period,
More generous is, and nearer unto God.

89. *No man hath ſeen God.*

Dark minds ſee not Gods might, nor Owls the Light;
Theſe ſee not day, nor thoſe the God of might.

90. *An old man is no man.*

A young Man's laughing; weeping, Child and Woman;
An old man dry, both hath unlearn'd, he's no man.

91. *Of*

91. *Of a* Saracen *Atheist.*

Bleſs'd *Abr'hams* Boſome ſeems a tale to thee;
In *Sara's* boſome thou would'ſt rather be.

92. *Cuſtome.*

Cuſtome and uſage ſeems t' have force of Law:
Now wickedneſs the ballance down doth draw.

93. *Of* Albinus.

Merchant *Albinus* is of all bereft,
Goods, Credit; He to loſe hath nothing left:
In Love he loſt Faith, Hope; All ill did prove;
What's left him now to loſe at laſt? ſole Love.

94. *An Anagram,* Gerere, Regere.

To bear Rule, and to bear, are proper, where
Is Man and Wife: Let Man Rule, Woman bear.

95. *A forſaken Lover.*

As Tophets Fire is burning without light,
So me thy Love doth burn, though nothing bright:
My Love to thee's like Elementar fire,
It ſhines, but burns thee not with my deſire.

96. *The puniſhment of* Thais,
A Probleme.

Sith in her former, not her hinder part
Thais did offend, why ſhould her hinder ſmart?
Whether, becauſe the ſin before was ſign'd,
The Puniſhment muſt therefore come behind.

97. Irus *his Obſequies.*

The Poor is like a Quartan; not one Bell
For the Poor's tacite Fun'ral rings a knell.

98. *The Epitaph of* Croeſus *and* Irus.

Under a Marble Tomb lies *Croeſus*, there;
But *Irus* where? The Poor lies ev'ry where.

99. *Of*

99. *Of* Momus.

That I might love, approve, or praiſe in thee,
Or that I envy might, I nothing ſee.

100. *unite no number.*

Of Forreign writers, and Britannicks Tone,
Of no number am; yet I am one.

The End of the First Book.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS OF John Owen AN OXONIAN AND CAMBRO-BRITAN.

To
William Sidley, Knight and Baronet.

The Second Book.

1. *To a Critical Courtier.*

Labor,	Labos,	*Engliſhed*	*Labour*,
Arbor,	Arbos,		*A Tree*,
Honor,	Honos,		*Honour.*

THeſe words, the ſame in ſenſe, but not in ſound:
He's wiſe that with the laſt of them is crown'd.

2. *Faith.*

Reaſon demonſtrates God, makes it our Creed;
And by this Reaſon, Faith is Reaſons deed.

3. *God.*

3. *God.*

God all things ſees, and yet is ſeen of none;
Sole in all places ſeen, unſeen alone.

4. *To* William Sidley, *Knight, and Baronet*, &c.

Thy ſundry Languages, thy skill i' th' Laws,
Arts, Piety, ſublime thee with applauſe.
Thy counſel many, poor thy money have;
Thus Vertue leads the Journey to the Grave.
Live ſo to Chriſt, thy Countrey, to thy King,
Thy ſelf, till Angels thee to Glory bring.

5. *To* John Sidley, *only Son of the aforenamed* William Sidley.

Thou *Janus* art, but ſole in name, now young;
Thy Father emulate, in Deed ere long.
Thou ſhalt be *Janus*, hard 'tis to precel
Thy Father, if thou equal'ſt him, 'tis well.

6. *A perpetual Equinoctial, To a blind man.*

Thy Days and Nights are equal; thou canſt ſee
Nor Day, nor Night, Æquators all to thee.

7. *To* Ponticus, *an Anabaptiſt.*

Wouldſt keep good diet, for thy Souls Salvation?
Sup oft, waſh once in thy Regeneration.

8. *The Gods of Inconſtancy.*

Romans, *Vertumnus*, *Greeks*, *Proteus* ador'd;
What people make not each of theſe their Lord?

9. *Wheel-greaſe.*

Men greaſe their Axle-trees leſt Wheels ſhould creak:
But Lawyers muſt be greas'd to make them ſpeak.

10. *Of* Harpalus, *the reputed Father of two Sons.*

The Son, that bears thy name, is not thine own:
But he that bears anothers, thine is known.

11. *The Creation of Woman.*

When *Paul* the Goſpel preach'd, his language then
Was us'd, (*a*) not unto Women, but to men:
O Brethren pray, (but not O Siſters pray)
The Prieſt in ſaying of the Maſs doth ſay.

When

When *Moſes* moſt exactly doth relate
The things, which God in order did create,
God ſolely good, who nothing made in vain
Or uſeleſs, God (ſaith *Moſes*) did explain,
And call his Works all good, excepting one,
When he the Woman made of *Adam*'s Bone.

(a) *Men, Fathers and Brethren.*

12. *Of* Papinianus *and* Ponticus.

He ſaith he cannot err, and yet doth err;
This that he may, but errs not doth averr.

13. *Of* Tuſtonus.

Tuſton is dead: Now dead, his Coyn doth come,
Riſing out of his Cheſt, as from a Tomb.

14. *Of Sin and Puniſhment.*

The Doctors place Sin with Non-Entities:
Why place they not its Puniſhment there likewiſe?

15. *Of the* Moors *who paint Angels Black, and Devils White.*

Art cannot Metamorphoſe Black to White;
But Art makes White take Black, though black as night.
Divines affirm no Devil can repent:
Satan's not White, then Black's his Element.

16. *L' Argent faict tout.*

Whence comes it that after ſo many ſlain,
Engliſh and *French* each in their own Land raign?
The (*a*) Shield, O generous *France*, advanc'd thy Van:
(*b*) An Angel, *England*, was thy Guardian.

(a) *L' eſcu.* (b) L' Angelot.

17. *Of a certain Drunkard.*

Nothing's more thirſty than dry pratling: *Beſs.*
Thy Wife prates more than thee; why drinks ſhe leſs?

18. Verona, Placentia, Beneventum,
To an Italian.

Few paſs *Verona* from, to *Benevent*;
Thou ſhalt be *Placent*, if * *Bene-volent.*

* *Ben-venuto per tutto.*

19. *Time, Truth, Hatred.*

Truth is Times Daughter, Hatred's Mother is,
Then Hatred's Nephew unto Time by this.

20. *Daughter*

20. *Daughter of Time.*

I who Times Daughter was in times of yore,
Am I Times Daughter now, as heretofore?
Daughter of thoſe, not of theſe Times am I:
Times Daughter 's Chriſt, th' Eternal Deity.

21. *Wedlock Love.*

No weddings, but much Love's in Heaven above:
On Earth are many Weddings, but no Love.

22. *The Decalogue, the Lords Prayer, and the Apoſtles Creed.*

One Love, ten Precepts: One Hope, ſeven votes:
Twelve Articles, one Faith, Religion notes.

23. *To* Caliſtratus.

Pain'd with the Spleen, ſaid I, 's a painful thing?
The Spleen doth laughing cauſe, doth weeping bring.

24. *The Sun.*

Three Planets higher, lower three there be;
Thy Vertue, *Sol*, 's amid the double three.

25. *A Metaphor.*

Bare knowledge knows not Natures voice; no ſound
Of Natures words in Dictionary's found.
Farmers by Figures do their Senſe expreſs,
Ruſticks their talk with City language dreſs.
Mans as to words, t' his life doth figures give;
'Tis figur'd all, and, as we ſpeak, we live.

26. *Chriſt a Divine, Phyſician, Lawyer.*

Chriſt, here on Earth was a Phyſician,
A Preacher, is in Heaven, a Judge, God-Man.

27. *Of Law,* Engliſh-Welſh-French.

Di-rect (*a*) the *French* doth ſay, (*b*) *Welſh* ſay Cor-rect,
But Law's call'd (*c*) Right in th' *Engliſh* Dialect.
Erring's directed, Errors are by Law
Corrected, Laws Rule rules, keeps all in awe.

(a) *Droit.* (b) *Cyſ-raith.* (c) *Right.*

28. Caſtor *and* Pollux.

In Heaven the two Brother-Stars agree;
In Earth, I doubt, ſcarce two ſuch Brothers be.

29. *What*

29. *What is deferr'd is not auferr'd.*

Long Life deferrs but takes not Death away;
What differs then, to die this, or next day?

30. *Venale Honours Apology.*
To the Baronets.

Gold, Honour, Lands, are Goods which Fortune lends;
And what on mans Arbitrement depends:
Health, Beauty, Strength, the Bodies Goods: Theſe (three,
And the Minds Goods from Price- from ſale are free.
'Tis madneſs to ſell Bodies, ſinful, Souls:
Fortune to ſell, to buy, no Law controuls.

31. *Authority and Reaſon.*

In humane words, not who, but what I weigh:
In words divine, not what, but who doth ſay.

32. Luci-fer.

The ſplendid Planet *Venus* doth adorn
With her reſplendent Ray the Night, the Morn;
In Heaven ſhe ſtill waits upon the Sun:
Why then, the light on Earth, ſhould *Venus* ſhun?

33. *Of the end of the world.*

The Worlds beginning, *Geneſis* unt' us
Moſes declar'd; could not its (*a*) *Exodus*.

(a) Exitus.

34. *To* Pontilian.

Whether two Wives, both good; or one, a bad
Were beſt to marry with, thy Querie's had?
If I muſt chooſe, I then would chooſe the leaſt
Of both theſe Evils, one, though bad, is beſt.

35. *Love is the fulfilling of the Law.*

Of the ten Precepts keep two, of the two
Keep one, that's Love; it will ſuffice: This do.

36. *Devotion.*

The pious people caus'd the Clergy's weal;
Ungrateful off-ſpring of religious Zeal.

37. *Of*

37. *Of Heaven and Earth.*

Th' Earth's greateſt part is hid, Heav'n ſpreads abroad:
I think that th' Earth's aſham'd of Men, her load.

38. *To* Aulus, *On* Sextus,
Of Quintus.

Me *Sextus* envies, him I pity, I:
Quintus, who me not envies, I envy.

39. *Of* Pollio.

Thy Wife thou doſt forſake, but why? Before
Thou didſt her wed, thou ſaidſt, ſhe was a Whore.
A Pre-contract doth Wedlock break, I know;
But why a Pre-contact ſhould do't, me ſhow?

40. *Meer trifles. To* ———

Thou truly ſaidſt that Whores meer trifles are;
For Harlots skins are always baſe and bare.

41. *To baniſh'd* Pannicus.
A Probleme.

In Exile, free thou liv'ſt as't were, the while
Thy native Soil did thee from it exile.
Which of theſe Fortunes gives thee beſt content?
Freedome abroad, or from home Baniſhment?
Rather I would (for I diſcloſe my mind)
From home live free, than live at home confin'd.

42. *The Evening.*

The Sun declin'd behind leaves little light,
So Gods ſole back was ſhew'd to *Moſes* ſight.
The Morning.
Wee ſee bright *Phœbus* ſhine in th' Orient,
Th' *Antipodes* on's Back, look diſcontent.

43. *Baptiſm, to the* Jew.

Baptiſm doth cure, but Circumciſion wound;
The Laws wounds are by Baptiſm rendred ſound.

44. Heatuontimoroumenos.
Self-vexing.

While Death to ſhun, Life to preſerve, poor Man
Doth vex himſelf the ſpace of all his ſpan.

Brute

Brute Beasts enjoy the present Life's supply,
Living they live, and when they die, they die.

45. *To* William Sidley, *Knight and Baronet.*

Thy noble worth doth Gold, doth Honour merit;
Yet both flag far beneath thy gen'rous spirit.

46. *To* J. P.

A brisk, wise Wife, that *Latine* speaks and *Greek*,
That can dispute in Logick, thou dost seek;
One, that the Major and the Minor takes,
And from bad Premisses worse sequence makes.
One that was vers'd in puny Naturals
While puny Maid, now Mistress of her Art in all's.
One that can render all Opponents mute,
And of all entities can well dispute.
If such a Wife, so rational, were mine,
I would exchange with thee, though brute were thine.

47. *On* Ramista, *bipartite.*

Thou first defines't, then what was defin'd
Thou dost divide, defin'st-divid'st each kind;
The whole thou in so many parts dissect'st,
That now thy comment's longer than the Text's.

48. *To Saint* Paul, *Of the City of God.*

Thou for thy self, when threatned with the Scourge,
A Citizen of *Rome* to be, didst urge:
But in the fatal day of final Doom
Wilt serve to plead that priviledge of *Rome*?

49. *Christ.*

Christ came into this World, saw mortal men,
Death overcame, returned into Heaven.

50. *To* W. Cambden, *Of his* Britannia.

Great *Britains* Isle, almost forgot, almost
In *Lethe*'s Lake of black Oblivion lost,
In name, in fame by thee reduc'd alive,
Thou shalt in her, while she survives, survive.

51. *To*

51. *To* Perpenna.

Like a Parentheſis thy fore-head is
Horn'd, Creſcent-like: An hard Parentheſis.
An hard Metatheſis; Thy Wife too free-
Of fleſh, all fleſh, doth make all Horn of thee.

52. *Of Vices and Riches.*

No man doth crimeleſs live, or Colnleſs here,
A full fill'd Purſe from crime is ſeldome clear.

53. *Apology of Death, and the Shambles.*

If Death no Youths, Butchers no Bullocks kill'd,
The World with Fools and Calves would ſoon be fill'd.

54. Eve *and* Proſerpine *compar'd.*

The Serpent *Eve* ſeduc'd, and *Proſerpine*
Was caught by *Pluto*'s ſpecious deſign:
Eve fell from Paradiſe to prejudice
For eating th' Apple which ſhe thought no Vice.
And *Proſerpine* might have eſcaped *Dis*,
Had ſhe not been ſurpriz'd in that Abyſs.
Death captiv'd *Eve*, and *Pluto Proſerpine*,
This, of feign'd *Jove*, that, Child of *Jove* divine.
Both took forbidden things, this Flow'rs, that Fruit,
Like Puniſhments to their like Sins did ſuit.

55. *Aſtrologer and Geographer.*

You two the total World divide: The Stars
Aſtrologers, th' Earth claim Geographers.

56. *To* Fannia, *Noble, Fair, Poor.*

Fann'a, thou fain wouldſt with ſome rich man wed,
But for thy Poverty canſt not be ſped:
Though thou be nobly born, of fair aſpect,
The ſordid Lover Wealth doth more affect:
In Categoricks, ſubſtance ſole we find
More prevalent in Love, than form or kind.

57. *Con-ſci-ence.*

Love's Verbal now, not regal as of yore;
Belief depends on ſenſe, not reaſons ſcore.

Reli-

Religion ſoars i' th' Head, not ſinks i' th' Heart,
It in the Brain, not Breaſt doth act its part.

58. *An unſpotted Sacrifice.*

Gods Temple's th' Earth, Altar, the Croſs, the Prieſt,
The Sacrifice, and Sacrificer's Chriſt.

59. *Of Mortal and Venial Sin, To Chriſt.*

Thy Death hath clear'd the Sins men double call;
Thy Croſs doth Mortal Sins make Venial.

60. *Upon in-hoſpitable perſons.*

I to thoſe houſes am no Page, nor Gueſt,
Whoſe Gates are to the Threſholds faſt, when Feaſt.

61. *Another, the ſame.*

His own, none others let him be that's mine,
Let him be friendly that's my Friend, in fine.

62. *Suffer little Children to come unto me.*

The wanton fleſh doth youth to ſin ſeduce;
Old age in wickedneſs is more profuſe.
Hence I ſuſpect that few (ſcarce one in ſeven)
Of old men, or of young men enter Heaven.

63. *Of* Paracelſus.

She Salt of th' Earth Chriſt his Diſciples nam'd:
Why then that th' Earth is ſalt have * Chymiſts fam'd?

* Paracelſians.

64. *Of Eggs.*

The ſecond Perſon humane form aſſum'd,
The third like an Egg-breeding Dove was plum'd:
The great Creator Birds and Fiſhes bleſt,
Egg-breeders, not Life-breeders had his Teſt.

65. *Of* Rome, *and the World.*

Old *Rome* was ſquare, and then the World was round,
The World's now ſquare, and new *Rome* Wheels hath (found.

66. *Magical Generation.*

If *Satan* man ſuccumb in Womans ſtead,
No Child from ſuch coition can proceed:

But

But if like man h' incumb a Woman, thence
Some monſtrous birth may chance t' have Effluence.

67. *Of Bread and Butter.*

In *Geneſis*, I (*a*) *Bara*; (*b*) *Menin* find
In th' Iliads; two *Welſh* words, one (*c*) divin'd.

(a) Bara, *the firſt Word in* Geneſis. (b) Menin *the firſt in* Homers *Iliads.* Bara, *in* Welſh *ſignifies Bread,* Menin, *Butter.* (c) *by Scripture.*

68. *The Age of* Moſes *and* David.

Mans life is (*a*) ſix-ſcore years, as *Moſes* ſaid,
And (*b*) he, ſo many years liv'd, undecay'd:
King *David* ſaid, man in his Pilgrimage
Lives (*c*) threeſcore years and ten, (*d*) ſuch was his age.
Each of them liv'd ſo long, before they di'd,
As each had ſaid; his Death each propheci'd.
He who taught *Moſes*, *David*, (the Divine)
Their days to number, wills thee (*e*) number thine.

(a) Gen. 6. 3. (b) Deut. 34. 7. (c) Pſal. 90. 10. *This Pſalm is called a Prayer of* Moſes *the man of God.* (d) 2 Sam. 5. 4. (e) Pſal. 90. 12.

69. *Even and uneven Number.*

Each Number hath its mid, odd half doth want;
What's even hath its half, of mid is ſcant.

70. *Phyſicians and Lawyers compared.*
To Galen.

Galen, the fea red Tyrants fear thee; Why?
The Life and Death of Kings in thee doth lie.
Phyſicians next to God, are Arbiters
Of Life and Death; none can their Pow'r reverſe.
A Judge may Sentence give of Death (though loth)
Not without Crime and witneſs, thouſans both.

71. *Of King, People, Law.*

Kings, Shepheards: People, Sheep: Laws, Fodder (are:
For ſick Sheep, Doctors, Kings, Laws cure prepare.

72. *Ortho-*

Orthography, *and Orthodox Faith,*
To the Hebrews.

If the Right hand the Right side should decline,
And the left hand the left side: Both disjoyn.
But if the left incline to th' right, the right
Incline unto the left hand, Both unite.
You *Jews* right Writers, we right Teachers are,
The Spirit's ours, yours is the Letter bare.

73. *Few are chosen.*

Each, and sole man adores the Pow'r divine;
Each and sole man offends against the trine:
Each, and sole man the Saviour came to save;
Sole man, yet not each man this Boon shall have.

74. *Of salt Pits. Ambiguous.*

Though generous *English* have Ingeniousness,
Yet Salt they prize at little, Wit at less:
Though *English* Salt be white, and *Gallick* brown;
Yet that *French* Salt sells dearer than our own.

75. *Novelty.*

What's new, will not continue new; nor will
A pleasing Novelty be pleasing still.
What new then solely pleaseth not, 'cause new,
But that best pleaseth whence good doth ensue.

76. *Man, no man.*

Man's born by Nature, man did Arts invent;
Art is mans work, not man Arts instrument:
None follow Natures Rules, by Art all live:
And now mans work t' Himself a Work doth give.

77. *Authors of Sin.*
To Grammarians, *Authors of Errors.*

Autor and Auctor you too much confound;
Pythagoras his (*a*) saying was renown'd.
Th' unhappy Tree produc'd Original Sin;
Whence *Adam* ate; but did not first begin.

The Serpent Autor was, *Eve* did proceed:
Adam not (*b*) Autor, (*c*) Auctor was indeed.

(a) Ipſe dixit; *He hath ſaid it.* (b) *Beginner, or Author.* (c) *Increaſer.*

78. *Anagram of* Diabolus, *The Devil.*

Διάβολος, Βία δόλος.

Vis, Fraus, Force, Fraud.

The Devil like a Lion ſeeks to find
Souls, to devour with force, more fierce than Wind:
He, Fox-like, ſpreads cloſe frauds, and ſecret ſnares,
Surprizing, or by Force, or unawares.

79. *To Teach and Do,* Acts 1. 1.

Preachers good words teach people to believe;
But their good Works more lively Doctrine give.
He preacheth beſt, whoſe Words and Works do (preach;
Their ill Works hurt more, than their good Words (teach.

80. *Uſury and Lot.*

Be with thy Lot content; Uſurious gain
Is ſinful, with thy Lot content remain.

81. *Invention of Truth.*
To the Dubious.

Pythagoras ('tis ſaid) when Truth he found,
Did ſacrifice an Oxe, with Garlands crown'd:
Truth now's ſo rarely ſeen with mortal eyes,
A Calf's enough for thee to ſacrifice.

82. *Circumciſion and Baptiſm.*

Thou, Chriſt, waſt Circumcis'd, thou waſt Baptiz'd,
Though neither thou did'ſt need; yet both were priz'd:
Sins, which both cannot purge, though joyn'd together,
Why may not I, O Chriſt, have one of either?

83. *The Wiſdome of* Solomon,
and of Siracides.

Wiſdomes two Books Apocryphal we call;
Wiſe men muſt then be ſtill Apocryphal.

84. *On*

84. *On Covetous Persons.*
Sell all that thou hast, and give to the Poor.

This killing Letter doth all misers kill;
What, say they, doth the Spirit herein will?
The Spirit wills, what you will not, your store
To give, but you give nothing to the poor.

85. *Of* Sextus.

Is the Church visible? Thou ask'st: Why? Ours
Is visible, invisible is yours.

86. *An Exiles Comfort.*

Not banish'd while I live, while Earth doth stand,
Nor exil'd shall I be while th' Earth's call'd Land:
When dead, exil'd from Earth I shall at rest
In Heaven be blessed among the blest.

87. *Man, an Hunter, Fisher, Fowler.*

I hunt for Riches, Fowl for Praise and Honour,
I Fish for Mysteries: Would know their Donor.
While Fool, I strive to know, Proud, Honours crave,
Sordid seek Wealth, I travel to my Grave.

88. *Of the same.*

The Dog hunts on the Ground, Fish swim in Seas,
The winged Birds poys'd are in th' Air at ease,
A wise man Fish-like sounds things hid-profound;
Proud men soar Bird-like, covetous hunt like hound.

89. *Foot-mens Comfort.*

An Horse int' Heaven did not *Castor* bear,
Nor rode *Triptolemus* in's Chariot there:
Heav'ns way's strait-narrow, Foot-men travel it;
The broad way's most for Horse and Chariot fit.

90. *Of wax.*

I treibly useful am, for Church, Laws, Health:
I bring Divines, Physicians, Lawyers, Wealth.

91. *Of a certain Fair Fickle woman.*

The King of Stars thee decks, the Queen directs
The Sun thy Face, the Moon thy Breast aspects.

92. *Of the Soul and Body.*
A Problem.

The *Greeks* their Slaves did Bodies call, because
The Soul's free from the servile Bodies Laws:
A Lord's the Bodies Lord, a King's its King,
But not the Souls: From God Souls solely spring.
Bodies begotten are; But Souls divin'd,
Deduce from God their unbegotten kind.

93. *Of Christs Miracles.*
To one incredulous.

Thy Faith's not great, wonders thou canst do none;
Nor hast thou Faith to credit what are done.

94. *The old Testament.*

A Testament, while the Testator lives,
Is of no force, invalid, nothing gives:
Yet Gods word's call'd th' old Testament: But why?
Sith God, who did ordain it, cannot die.

95. *The New Testament.*

This was of Christ call'd the new Testament,
By few first, now by general consent:
Yet not a letter of this Book was writ,
While the Testator liv'd t' attestate it.

96. *All things are full of Errors.* Cic.

Physicians are sick, Lawyers mistake,
Many Divines pass to th' infernal Lake.

97. *Against all Nations.*

One only God, one man did make on Earth;
One man, once made, to many Gods gave Birth.

98. *On Atheists.*

Fear first taught to fear God: But now, alas,
The fear of God without all fear doth pass.

99. *To his* Mecænas, William Sidley, &c.

Who to thee wisheth not old *Nestors* years,
Would wishes serve, before thou climb the Sphears?

I wiſh thee not more years, one year wiſh I,
I wiſh thee *Plato*'s year, before thou die.

100. *On* Cotta, *a poor and fooliſh writer.*

Thou ſayſt thou wantſt new Clothes; That's true, I grant:
But I think, rather, thou new Wit doſt want.

The End of the Second Book.

EPIGRAMS OF John Owen AN OXONIAN AND CAMBRO-BRITAN.

To his *Mecænas*, *Roger Owen*, Knight.

The Third Book.

1. *To* Roger Owen, *his* Mecænas.

IT is thy Vertue, Vertue to propoſe
To be thy Study, this thy Judgement choſe:
Where thou moſt Vertue find'ſt, thou lov'ſt it there,
While thou with the moſt vert'ous art Compeer.

2. *To* Ponticus, *Sound-unſound.*

In health and wealth thou doſt with Pride abound:
But, when thou ſhalt be ſick, thou wilt be ſound.

3. *What a Clock is't?*

Death creeps on Life, and Age on youth: The while
'Tis ask'd, What is't a Clock? Hours us beguile.

4. Bacchus *his Deifying.*

Wine Truth doth ſpeak, doth ſecret things diſplay;
Dry Souls are ſilent, moyſt things open lay:
Wine hearts doth open; Rheniſh Wine deſcries
The Reins; Who *Bacchus* then a God denies?

5. *Of ſilent* Labienus.

If wiſe, th' art fooliſh not to ſpeak; but if
A Fool (as th' art) it is thy Wiſdome chief.

6. *Faith in wax.*

Without or Wax or Seal men once lent money;
But now without them both none will lend any.

7. *To* Firmicus. *Of the ſeven Planets.*

The Sun's like Gold, the Moon ſhews Silvers ſmile;
Venus like *Coppreſs* (*Cyprus* was her Ile)
Quick-ſilver'd *Mercury*; ſtern *Mars* ſtrikes dead
With fatal Steel; *Jove*'s Time, and *Saturn* Lead.
The laſt five of the ſeven take to thee:
One Sun's enough, one Moon's enough for me.

8. *Of a certain Niggard.*

Verſes can from the Skies deduce the Moon,
As ſoon as from thy Purſe produce one Boon.

9. *Wedlocks Primacy.*

The man by day, by night the feminine
Bears rule: So Sun and Moon alternate ſhine.

10. *Of a certain Woman.*

Thine Head wears Feathers, Corks thy Feet up rear:
From Head to foot thy lightneſs doth appear.

11. *Faith.*

I ſee the Stars, the Pole's imaginary;
Eyes view the Skies, but Faith to God doth carry.

12. *To* Thomas, *Baron of* Elleſmer,
Chancellour of England,
&c. 1612.

Thou late one Son, one-only Daughter late
Haſt loſt, yet haſt one Son preſerv'd from fate:

He

He of the three like *John*, ſole Son to thee;
Summeſt of all, the Sum of all the three.

13. *Contempt of the World.*

Wilt live an happy life? Thy Life contemn:
He wretched lives, whoſe life unt' him's a Jem.

14. *To* Robert Cary, *Viſcount* Rocheſter, *and* Henry Danvers, *Baron of* Danteſay, *&c.*

Five Jacobines you gave me, even then
When I five Diſtichs gave you from my pen.
I merit not your Love, nor Gifts; by which
(If ſo dear were the reſt) I might be rich.

15. *To his Friend, A Batchelor.*

Doſt burn with luſt? 'Tis ſin: Eſpouſe a Bride;
The fleſh will be the better mortifi'd.

16. *Of* Baldinus.

He Books unworthy light, to Light brought forth:
Yet Books deſerving Fire, elſe nothing worth.

17. *The Decalogue and Creed.*

Why's my Belief, than Life, bound more unto?
'Cauſe 'tis more eaſie to believe than do.

18. *Knowledge and Charity.*

I muſt know two things, two things love muſt I,
God and my Self, God and my Neighbour by.

19. *Of Tythes. To the Laitie.*

What Fruit comes hence, beſt fruit's beyond compute,
After the Ninth, before th' Eleventh Fruit:
How good is God? who takes not for his due
More than the tenth, but gives the tenth to you.

20. *Of God and the World.*

This World in God exiſts, God is not here:
We are i' th' World, O would in God we were.

21. *The Right of Tythes and Firſt-Fruits.*

God is the Firſt and Laſt; moſt juſtly then
The Firſt-fruits and the Tythes he claims of men.

22. *Faith, Hope, and Charity.*

Sole Love with us doth Heaven penetrate,
Faith, Hope are uſeleſs; Both within that Gate.
There's nothing to believe, all's in our Eine;
Nothing to Hope for, for w' injoy the Trine;

Love's ever there, Love after Death's alive,
While God himſelf in Heaven doth ſurvive.

23. *Of* Polydorus.

Clos'd in a Cheſt, as dead, he money keeps;
Quick-ſilver 'tis not, 'tis or dead, or ſleeps.

24. *To my ſelf.*

Owen, the Printer ſought thy Book to buy,
The price thou ask'ſt, he gave it readily.
The Book is printed, and thou buyeſt it;
Owretched man, thou ſell'ſt and buy'ſt thy Wit.

25. *Of one uxorious.*

Thou ſitt'ſt at Stern, but thee thy Boat doth guide;
Which Pinnace-like thee bears with Wind and Tide.

26. *Of Husband and Wife.*

Two in one Fleſh.

If Love unite not Hearts, eſpous'd together,
Both of them are not one, but two are either.

27. *Man Solar.*

The Sun contrary to the Globe doth run:
Let then mans courſe of Life be like the Sun.

28. *Of* Sylvanus.

The force of's wit is fi'ry, *Sylvan* ſays;
And thence concludes, that Fire doth nothing raiſe.

29. London.

The barren City fruits converts to dung;
The fertile Fields turn Dung to fruits e're long:
Thou debtor art for Food and Life to th' Clown;
He debtor is for compoſt to thy Town.

30. *To his Friend and Kinſman*
Theodore Priſe, *Theologer.*

In things uncertain thou my certain Friend
Haſt been, and ſtill to be ſo doſt intend:
What words profeſs, thy Deeds expreſs, I grant;
Thy life to th' vocal tongue is conſonant.

31. *Of Atheiſts and* (a) *Polytheiſts.*

The poor his wants, as many Gods doth fear;
Rich Averice doth wiſh no Gods there were.

Poor

Poor Penury ſins leſs than Plenty doth;
That thinks on Gods, but this t' have God is loth.
(a) *Many Gods.*

32. *Solicitude. To* Ponticus.

By day, by night thy Wife with clamours fills
Thine Ears, and with ſolicitude thee kills:
What cure is there from this thee to ſecure?
In Solitude thou mayſt be ſafe and ſure.

33. (a) FAS.

Faith, Hope, and Love's the way to ſcale the Sky,
Without theſe three no man can ſoar ſo high.
Hope on the left, Faith is on Love's right-hand;
Love, the chief Vertue, in the midſt doth ſtand.
(a) Fides, Amor, Spes.

34. *To the Learned and Judicious Knight,* Roger Owen.

Thou mayſt ſeem to be young (moſt learn'd) to ſome,
If either I were Deaf, or thou wert Dumb:
None will thee young, unleſs he's Deaf, ſuppoſe;
Nor old, unleſs he doth his Eye-lids cloſe.

35. *Eight.*

The Saviour of the world twice four did bleſs;
And *Noah*'s ſaving Ark ſav'd eight; no leſs.

36. *Of mans Primacy. A Probleme.*

Why did the Lord from *Adam*, *Eve* create?
Becauſe with him ſhe ſhould not b' adæquate.
Had ſhe been made of Earth, ſhe would have deem'd
Her ſelf his Siſter, and his equal ſeem'd.

37. Conjux. *Man and Wife.*

Sith Wives their Husbands ſubjects are: Then why
Doth *Conjux* Wife and Husband ſignifie?
Why doth this Word *Conjux* conjoyn them, when
Wives moſt perverſe, are moſt averſe to men?

38. *Epigram.*

We, that have fancies t' Epigrammatize,
Can out of any Wood make Mercuries:
I'm vers'd in Words, as Galeniſt in Herbs;
He's maſter of his Herbs, I of my Verbs.

39. Of

39. *Of* Paula, *a moſt lectick woman.*

Doſt wonder, why th' art call'd moſt lect? 'Tis ſoon
Reſolv'd, becauſe thou ſleep'ſt in *(a)* Lect till Noon.

(a) *Bed.*

40. *Of a certain litigious Lawyer.*

Wert not cauſe-maker thou, thy need to ſerve,
Thou, no cauſe-pleader, might'ſt for hunger ſtarve.

41. *Scripture Reading.*

The Thief, the Traveller are arm'd with Sword;
Phanaticks, Catholicks, all read Gods word.

42. *To* John Williams, *a* Cambro-Britan, *Dr. in Divinity, Principal of Jeſus Colledge in* Oxford.

Thou doſt the Scriptures ſearch, both old and new;
Thou *Janus* art, before-behind do'ſt view.

43. *To* John Williams, *a* Cambro-Britan, *a Divine, and fellow of St.* Johns *Colledge in* Cambridge.

Ingenious youth, do not thy Talent hide,
The *Cambrians* Honour ſhall by thee abide.

44. *To* John Williams, *a* Cambro-Britan, *the Kings Goldſmith in* London.

Thy civil wit doth more than civil ſeem;
Thee wiſer than a Citizen I deem.

45. *To all thoſe three.*

You three my Kinſmen are, and each my Friend,
Three *Johns*, and I your *John* am to mine end.

46. *To the Creditor.*

Thy Debtor is thy Servant, he, that pays
Thy Friend, thy Maſter Payment that gainſays.

47. *Truth in the deep. To one painted.*

Falſe things appear, Truth's hid; 'Tis ſeen in thee;
Thy Face is painted, thy facts tainted be.

48. *Of* Phyllis.

Thou tak'ſt, but wilt not *Gratis* give a kiſs;
Thy Gift not grateful, but ingrateful is.

49. *Gravity and Levity.*

Though light and pond'rous things are oppoſite,
I would not have mine head too grave, too light:

Ill[s]

Ills oppoſite I hate: I would not have
My Wife to be too light, nor yet too grave.

50. *Of a Pratler, ſick with the Cholick.*

Thy Tongue is looſe, thy Body cloſe; Both ill:
With Silence this, with Loquence that doth kill.

51. *Of* Theologaſter, *a Sophiſter.*

What is thy knowledge without Goodneſs? Vain.
Ceaſe then to know much; rather Goodneſs gain.

52. *Action and Paſſion.*

Who doth much ill, ſhall ſuffer much for it;
But who much ſuffers, doth leſs ill commit.

53. *Repentance and Reminiſcence.*

I wretch am griev'd when I recount my ſins;
But, when I count my ſuff'rings, Joy begins.

54. *The Damned.*

Thy ſad Fate's like *Decembers* 'leventh Ray;
A long night follows thy ſhort-cloudy Day.

55. *The Bleſſed.*

Like *Junes* eleventh Day thy Fate ſhines bright,
A long-long day ſucceeds thy ſhort-ſhort Night.

56. Fœlix *and* Feſtus.

Feſtus (*a*) *infeſtus* was to thee Saint *Paul*;
And *Fœlix* was (*b*) *infœlix*, worſt of all.

(a) *unlucky.* (b) *unhappy.*

57. Democritus *and* Heraclitus.

This wept for the then times Defaults, and Crimes;
That laughed at the Follies of the times.
Mortals will ſtill be fooliſh, wretched, frail;
That this may laugh, that ever may bewail.

58. *Always the ſame.*

Let Faith, Hope, Charity be ſtill the ſame;
The ſame thy Wit, ſtill kept within its frame.

59. *Of ignorant-arrogant* Linus.

Thee, double ignorance doth captivate,
Thou nothing know'ſt, and know'ſt not that thy ſtate.

60. *Of the Poet* Mævius.

Non-Entities and Evil, like we call;
Thou mak'ſt, though many Verſes, none at all.

61. Hele-

61. Helena *and* Penelope.

Fame hath fair *Helen* mounted to the Skyes;
Glory *Penelope* doth Eternize.
Penelop's-*Helen*'s Names ſhall never die:
Becauſe this would, that would not falſifie.

62. *Of Life.*

Nature mans life, as Spiders Webs, doth weave;
Each Labour's long, apt to decay-deceive.

63. *Of* Paula.

Thou with thy Bodies uſe, with uſury
Thine Husband trades; He this, thou that, doſt ply.

64. *Of a Covetous Miſer.*

To number, add, or multiply thy ſtore,
'Tis nothing; but divide, thou ſhalt have more.

65. *Verity and Vertue.*

Never ſo few, who now learn well to live;
Never ſo many, who good Doctrine give:
Many, theſe times, the ways of Faith diſplay;
But they who taught the ways, taught not the way.

66. *Modern Writers.*

We carp at former Works, and Words; yet we
Now writers, but the formers Echoes be.

67. *The Worlds three Rulers.*

Let the Divine be ſage, to b' all unt' all;
The Lawyer wiſe, Phyſician literal.

68. *The Authors Vote.*

I wiſh not Poverty, nor riches great,
Too little, nor too much: Enough's compleat.

69. *Forbidden Books.*

We covet things forbid, deni'd, deſire;
A Wife cloggs youth, a Damſel ſets on Fire:
One, though deform'd, injoy'd, ſeems fair by night:
Forbidden Books are read with moſt delight.

70. *On* Feſtus.

I'm to thee truſty, truſtleſs th' art to me;
But why? Thou ſay'ſt, th' art next thy ſelf, ſo be.
Be next thy ſelf; Thou ſhalt not me be next;
I love not by bad Neighbours to be vext.

71. *The false Church.*

What Church doth not her self Christs Spouse declare?
How many yet of them but Harlots are?
If the false Church doth not her self deceive,
Christ shall, than *Solomon*, more Spouses have.

72. *To* Decianus.

The World, thou sayst, is wicked: True; but thou
Art one of them that makes it wicked now.

73. *Of* Dindymus.

A Batchelor in *Venus* Art thou art;
Thou shalt (when *Pander*) act a Masters part.

74. *To* G. T. 1606.

Thy Servants Scholar, and his Lord to be,
An Honour is, a Misery to thee.

75. *Rule of State.*

The common Wealth was once the Rule of Right:
But now new Rules of Right are brought to light.

76. *Of a certain Cross-wearing Hypocrite.*

Belzebub's thought to th' Cross an Enemy,
Which seeing, he doth turn, return, and fly;
But not from ev'ry Cross: For though thy Breast
Thou cross, yet Satan in thine Heart dost rest.

77. *Christ's Life and Death.*

For me Christ did, and suff'red many things:
God in his Deeds, Man in his Sufferings.

78. *The wise mens Star.*

A Star t' Astronomers unknown, was lent
To light the Kings, to Christ, from th' Orient:
The wise men by that Star found Christ, the King:
O may my Star, my Faith, to Christ me bring.

79. *The Golden Calf broken by* Moses.
Exod. 32. 20.

The Golden Calf which *Aaron* did calcine,
Moses destroy'd, made it less Belluine.

80. *The Triumvirs* { *Divines*, *Lawyers*, *Physicians*.

These of the World the grand Triumvirs be:
What are Divines? Divinest of the three.

81. *To*

81. *To the Historiographer.*

In History speak'st free? That bad may be:
Speak'st nothing false? Silence may censure thee.
Dissimulate or simulate, who writes
An History, must serve all appetites.

82. *Of the Deluge, and end of the World.*

The wicked World with sinful Lusts inflam'd,
Was drown'd by Water: So those Lusts were tam'd.
The now-new World, in Charity grown cold,
Shall be consum'd with Fire as was that old
With Water: Physick thus makes cures intire
By contraries; Fire Water, Water Fire.

83. *Debtor and Creditor.*

I owe thee nought but Evangelick Love;
The with Apostolick Faith, I prove, approve.

84. *Of God and the Devil.*

God would have all men sav'd: The Devil none:
These no mens persons do respect, not one.

85. *Of Good and Evil.*

Thee Good, shall have Rewards, the Bad, severe
Torments hereafter: That hath hope, this fear.

86. *Do likewise. To* Attalus, J. C.

Thou practise must to Theory conjoyn;
Read the Saints lives; do likewise then in thine.

87. *The Redeemer.*

To thee my Sight, my Tast hath sole relation;
Thou art my Sun, my Salt, my sole Salvation.

88. *Money's Method.*

'Tis vertue great, of Gold to get tuition;
Its good use greater, greatest its fruition.

89. *Of Writers in these times.*

A fatal error causeth fools to write:
Enough they seem to gain, when seen in Light:
While they self-pleasing, rashly write, poor Elves;
They seldome others please, who please themselves.

90. *A Paradox.*

Though Atheists all descend int' Hell, there roar:
None Atheist now's in Hell, there was before.

91. *Of* Gaurus.

Thou praiſeſt nothing, all reproveſt; ſee
While thou none pleaſeſt, no man pleaſeth thee.

92. *To my ſelf.*

Owen, would'ſt know what friends thou canſt procure?
By weight, not number count, thou ſhalt be ſure:
The number, and the Finger oft beguile;
Though Love be Fire, it pond'rous is the while.

93. *Difference between Kings and Tyrants.*

Good-Godly Kings what's Juſt and Right perpend:
But Tyrants, what they will, command-commend:
A good Kings Treats I prize 'fore Tyrants Threats;
This, what he ſpeaks, commands; that but intreats.

94. *Of a certain* ——

Bedlam for Fools, *Bride-well* for Knaves is beſt;
To which of theſe thou wilt thou mayſt b' a Gueſt.

95. *The Mother Church.*

You be Chriſts Brethren, His Spouſe; thereby
I am your Siſter, call'd your Mother, why?

96. *Of Sects.*

Five Senſes in a man the Sophiſt finds,
Three Souls: But who can tell how many minds?

97. *Life in the Blood.*

Moſes, the Legiſlator, did confine
Life in the Blood; in Chriſt's Blood I do (*a*) mine.

(*a*) *My Life.*

98. *To* Thomas, *Baron of* Elleſmer, *Chancellour of* England, *a Conſolation upon the death of* Mary, *his only Daughter, an excellent Woman*, 1612.

Neſtor, no doubt, and old *Mathuſalem*
Saw many Funerals, and wept for them:
Long livers live, oft ſee their Childrens Urns:
An happy man, unhappy Fortune mourns.
I, of thy Children grieve thy Loſs to ſee;
But glad, that they ſaw not the loſs of thee.

99. *On a fooliſh Writer.*

Thy Books eternal are: My vote I ſpend;
For neither they beginning have, nor end.

100. *To*

100. *To his three* Mecænates,
E. N. G. S. *and* R. O.

You ſtrive, ſtill may you ſtrive, which of you three
Should be the beſt *Mecænas* unto me.
This Striſe (a ſtriſe-leſs ſtriſe) I will foment;
And wiſh your Emulation permanent.
You by this noble Striſe have nothing loſt;
And I thereby great profit have ingroſt.

101. *Upon the Death of Prince* Henry, 1612.

Dead is the Prince, bewail'd with Floods of Tears,
Great *Britains* Hope, his Parents Joys and Fears.
His ſecond no man, but his German Brother;
And, but his German Siſter, not another.
A Prince, while living, honour'd, dead, belov'd;
Both of his Countrey, while he liv'd, he prov'd.
While I theſe things with weeping Eyes perpend
Salt Tears from both mine Eyes like Floods deſcend.
Reader, believe me, this me ſo doth touch,
That I can ſpeak no more I weep ſo much.

102. *To the Prince his Ghoſt.*

Thou, living, didſt m' an yearly Stipend give;
Loſt now, becauſe thou didſt no longer live.
Yet, O I wiſh thou hadſt ſurviv'd, though I
Had nothing gain'd by thy ſuperſtity.
Though neither of us now can t' each incline,
Yet who can barr my thanks unto thy Shrine?

103. *To the ſame Prince* Henry.

I ſaid (*a*) thou ſhalt my *Cæſar* be, but I
Muſt now, alas, Thou waſt my *Cæſar*, cry.

(a) *Epigram* 1. *lib.* 1. *To* E. Noel.

The End of the Third Book.

THE

The Epilogue.

To the Readers.

The *British Owen*, with his *Latine* verſe,
Is here rais'd up in *Engliſh* from his Hearſe:
Here many things of note accoſt your Eye:
'Twere pity ſuch-ſo many things ſhould die.
Not, but that they ſurvive in what he writ,
Yet all our *Engliſh* underſtand not it.
If any thing ſeem in the Scene obſcene,
'Tis waſh'd, and here wrapp'd up in Linnen clean;
You need not fear to lodge between the Sheets,
They be perfum'd with Aromatick Sweets.
I wiſh t' ye all a ſweet-a ſafe repoſe
By day, by night: And thus the book I cloſe.

Tho. Harvey.

Epitaphium Johannis Owen in Templo Divi Pauli Londini.

Parva tibi ſtatua eſt, quia parva, Statura, Supellex
& Parva, volat parvus magna per ora Liber;
Sed non parvus honos, non parva eſt Gloria, quippe
Ingenio haud quicquam eſt majus in Orbe tuo:
Parva domus texit, Templum ſed grande; Poetæ
Tum verè vitam, cum moriuntur, agunt.

Poſuit
Reverendus Pater
D. Johannes Williams, Epiſcopus Lincolnienſis, Magni Sigilli Angliæ cuſtos.

This Epitaph thus Engliſhed.

Thy Statue, Stature, thine Eſtate, thy Book,
All little, great Men yet on this do look:
Nor is thine Honour, or thy Glory ſmall,
For greater wit than thine, is not at all:
Thy little houſe in a great Temple lies,
A Poet lives not truly till he dies.

Tho. Harvey.

FINIS.